THE

VVORKS OF OF THE FAMOVS

AND VVORTHIE KNIGHT

Sir DAVID LYNDESAY of the Mont,

alias Lyon King of Armes.

Newly corrected according to the Originall.

Iob. 7.

Militia eſt vita hominis ſuper terram,
Vivet etiam poſt funera virtus.

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AN ADHORTA-
tion of all Estates, to the reading *these present warks.*

Ean that it is most worthy for to be
Lamented of every warldly wight,
To see the warkes of pleasant *Poetry*,
To lye sa hid, and sicket from the sight,
Of those in hart who does reioyce aright,
In vulgar tongue for to behold and heare
Vertue and vice discloss'd, and brought to light.
In thair richt colour plainly to appeare.

Therefore (good Reader) haue I trauell taue
Vntill one Volume now briefly for to bring,
Of *David Lyndesay* the whole warks like sae
Knicht of the Mont, Lyoun of Armis king
Who in our days now did lately ring,
Whose pregnant practise and whose ornate style,
To be commendit be me, needis na thing,
Let warks beare witnes, quhilks he hes done compyle.

Thoght *Gawine* Douglas Bishop of Dunkell
In ornate meter surmount did euery man:
Thoght *Kennedie* and *Dunbar* bure the bell
For the large race of Rhethoricke they ran,
Zit neuer Poet of our Scottish clan
Sa clearely shew that Monster with his marks
The Romaine GOD in whom all guile began
As does gude *Dauid Lyndesay* in his warks.

Wherein na flait he spaires, bot stoutly shew them,
How they both God and man had sore offended
With flatherlukes of flattery he neuer clew them
Of what degree sa euer they descendit.
Their auld misdeed he prayed them aye to mend it
Emperour nor King, Duke, Earle Prince nor Paipe,
Gif they to quell Christs Flocke zit full pretendit
Goddis iust judgements na way should they eschaip.

With prety Problemes and sentences most sage,
With pleasant Prouerbs in his warks all where,
With stately stories agreeing to our age,
With similudes seemely he does declare,
With well wailed words, wise and familiar,
Of quaint conuoy, t historyous Gem iocond,
Intill his Ballis to speak he did not spare,

Againſt all vice, aye where it did abound.

Princes approch, cum Rulars in ane randoun,
Reid heir ze Lords of the meyner menze,
The end of hicht, your pride learne to abandon,
Cum ſchameles, ſchaulings of Sathanes Senze,
Reynnant in vice aye ſtill with open Renze,
Of proud Prelates read here the ſudden fall,
Wha for to ſtoup zit did neuer denze,
Vnder the necke of him, that create all.

Come teyneſull Tyrannes trimilling with your traine,
Come nouchty Newtralls with your baleſull band,
Ze haue ane clok now reddy for the raine,
For faire weather, ane vther aye at hand,
Idolaters draw neir to Burgh and land
Read here your life at large, both mair and mis
With hypocrites aye flyding as the ſand,
As Hamiok how of wit, and vertue thin.

Oppreſſors of the poore cum in till Pares:
Flatterers flocke ſtaward, for I heard tell,
Ze had ane ſaw richt ſicker for all faires,
Lawyers and Scribis, who hes your Soulis to ſell
Craftſmen and Merchants, gif ye do mell
With fraud or falſet, then I you deſire,
Read in this Buke, the ſpeech gif ye can ſpell
What juſt reward ye ſhall haue for your hyre.

Among the reſt now Courtiers come hither,
Though ye be skeich, and skip aboue the skies
Zit conſtantly I pray you to conſider,
Into this Scrow, what *Lyndeſay* to you cries,
Come all degrees, in Lurdanie quha lyis
And faine would ſee of ſinne the ſcarſeſull ſine,
And learne in vertue how for to vpriſe,
Read here this Buke, and ze ſal find it fine.

With Scripture and with ſtories naturall,
Richly replenisht from end till end,
Intill this buik who liſt to reade they ſal
Find many Leſſons largely to commend,
The braid difference, wherein well may be kend,
Betweene vertuous and vitious liuing,
Let vs therefore our life in vertue ſpend,
Sen vice of mankind, is the hail miſchieuing.

Let *Lyndeſay* now as he were yet on line,
Paſſe forth to ſight, with all his ſentence hie,
Vnto all men thair dutie to diſcriue,
Wherein they may ane liuelie Image ſee,
Of his expreſſit mind in Poetrie,
Printed as he it publiſht with his penne.
That himſelfe ſpake I think it beſt for me
Gif ſhe it to God, quhilk gaif ſe gift to men.

THE

THE EPISTLE

Nuncupatory of Sir DAVID LYNDESAY of the Mount Knight, on his Dialogue of the miſerable Eſtate of the world.

THou little quair of matter miſerable
Wellaucht thou cauered for to be with ſabil
Renounce and Greene, the purpur red & white
To delicate men thou art not delectable,
Nor yet till Amorous folkis amiable,
To reade on thee, they will haue na delite,
Warldly people will haue at thee deſpite,
Quhilk fixit hes their hart, and haill Intentes
On ſenſuall Luſt, on Dignity and Rentes.

We haue na King thee to preſent alas,
Which to this Country beene ane careſull eaſe
And als our Queene of Scotland heretrix,
She dwels in France, I pray God ſaue her Grace
It ware too long for thee to rin that race,
And far langer or that young tender flower
Bring hame till vs one King and Gouernour
Alacke therfore we may with ſorrow ſing,
Quhilk muſt ſa long remaine without ane King.

I know not to quhome thy ſimpleneſs to ſend,
With cunning men from time that thou be kend.
Thy vanities na way they will advance,
Think and the proud ſie things to pretend,
Notwithſtanding the ſtraucht way ſall thou wend
To them quha hes the Realme in gouernance,
Declare thy mind to them in circumſtance,

Ga firſt till Iames our Prince and Proteſtour,
And to his Brother our ſpirituall Gouernour.

And Prince of Prieſtes in this Nation,
After reuerend Recommendation,
Vnder their feet thou lawly thee ſubmit,
And make them humble ſupplication,
Gif they in thee find wrang Narration,
That they would pleaſe thy faults to remit,
And of their grace if they doe thee admit,
Then ga thy way where euer thou pleaſes beſt
Be they content make reuerence to the reſt.

To faithfull prudent Paſtors Spirituall,
To Noble Earles and Lords temporall
Obediently till them thou thee adãres
Declairing them this ſhort memoriall,
How Mankind been to miſery made thrall,
At length to them the cauſe plainely confeſſe,
Beſeek and them all lawes to ſuppreſſe,
Inuentit be lewd mens tradition,
Contrare to CHRISTS *inſtitution.*

And cauſe them clearlie for till vnderſtand,
That for the breaking of the Lords commaund,
His three fold wand of flagellation,
Hes ſcurgit this pure Realme of Scotland
Be mortall wars both by ſea and land,
With many terrible tribulation,
Therefore make to them true Narration,
That all the wars, this dearth, hunger and peſt,
was not but for our ſinnes manifeſt.

Declare to them how in the time of Noy

All utterly GOD did the world destroye
As holy Scripture makes mention,
Sodome, Gomor, with their Region and Roy
GOD spared not man, woman nor boy.
But all were brint for their offension,
Ierusalem that maist trimmphant town
Destroyit it was for their iniquity,
As in the Scripture plainely thou may see.

Declare to them this mortall misery,
Be sword and fire, dearth, pest and powerty,
Proceedes of sinne, gif I can right describe,
For lacke of Faith, and for Idolatrie,
For Fornication, and for Adulterie,
Of Princes, Prelates, with many a man & wife,
Expell the cause, then the effect belaue,
Sall ceis, when that the people does repent,
Then GOD shall slack his bow quhilk yet is bent.

Make them request quhilk hes the gouernance
The sincere word of GOD for till aduance,
Conforme to CHRISTS *institution,*
Without hypocrisie or dissimulance,
Should not Iustice hold euenly the Ballance,
On Publicanes maka punition
Commending them of gude condition,
That being done, I doubt not but the Lord
Shall of this country haue miserecord.

Though GOD with many terrible effrayes,
Hes done this country scourge by diuers wayes
Be just judgement for our grieuous offence,
Declare to them they shall haue merry dayes
After this trouble as the Prophet sayes.

When GOD shall see her humble repentance,
Till strange people though he hes given licence
To be our scourge endwring his desure,
Will when he list that scourge cast in the fire.

Pray them that they put not their esperance
In mortall men, onely them till aduance,
But principally in GOD Omnipotent,
The need they not to charge the Realme of France
With Gunnis, Galast nor other ordinance,
So that they be to GOD obedient,
In thir premisses be they not negligent,
Displayand CHRISTS *Banner hie on hight*
Their enemies at them shall haue no might.

Go hence puir Buike whilke I haue done endite
In rurall ryme, in manner of despight,
Contrare the warldis variation,
Of Rhetherike here I proclaime thee quite,
Idolsters I feare shall with thee flyte:
Because of them thou makst narration,
But cure thou nocht the indignation
Of Hypocrites and false Pharisience
Howbeit on thee they crie a loud vengeance.

Requeist the Gentle Reader that thee reades
Though ornate termes into thy park not spread
As they in thee may haue experience,
Though barraine fieldes beares nought but weeds
Yet brutall beasts sweetly on them feedes,
Desire of them none other recompence,
But that they would reade thee with patience,
And if they be in any way offended
Declare to them it shall be well amended.

THE

A PROLOGVE OF THE MISE-rable Eſtate of the VVarld betweene Experience and the Courteour.

MVSING and marveling on the miſerie,
From day to day in earth quhilk does increſſe:
And of ilke ſtate the inſtabilitie,
Proceeding of the reſtleſſe buſineſſe:
Quhereon the maiſt part does their minde addreſſe
Inordinatlie in hungrie Covetice,
Vain-glore, deceate, and vther ſenſuall vice.

Bot trembling in my bed I might not ly,
Quherefore I went forth in a May morning,

Comfort to geue my melancholy,
Some-quhat before freſh *Phebus* vpryſing,
Quhere I might heare the birds ſweetly ſing,
Into a Parke I paſt for my pleaſure,
Decored well be craft of Dame *Nature*.

How I receiued comfort naturall.

For to diſcriue at length it were too lang:
Smelling the wholſom herbs Medicinall,
Quhereon the dulce and balmie dew down dang,
Like Orient Pearles on the twiſts hang,
Or how that the *Aromatick* odours,
Did proceed from the tender fragrant flowres.

Or how *Phebus* that King *Etheriall*,
Swiftlie ſprang vp into the Orient:
Aſcending in his Throne Emperiall,
Whoſe bright and Bureall beams reſplendent,
Illuminate all into the Occident,
Comforting every corporall creature,
Quhilk formed were in earth by Dame *Nature*.

Whoſe donk impurputed veſtment noeturnall,
With his imbrowdered mantle *Matutine*:
He left into his Region *Aureall*,
Which on him waited when that he did decline
Toward his Occident Palace *Veſpertine*,
And roſe inhabite gay and glorious,
Brighter then gould, or ſtones precious.

But *Cynthia* the horned nights Queene,

She

She lost her light, and led a lower saill:
When once her Soverain Lord that she had seene,
And in his presence waxed darke and paill,
And over her visage caste a misty vaill.
So did *Venus* the Goddes amorous.
With *Iupiter*, *Mars* and *Mercurius*.

Right so the olde intoxicate *Saturne*,
Perfaving *Phœbus* powre his beams bright
Aboue the earth, then made he no sojorne,
But suddenly did lose his borrowed light,
Which he durst never shew but on the night:
The *Pole-Artik*, *Vrses* and *Stars* all,
Which situate are in the *Septentrionall*.

To erring ships that are without all guide,
Convoying them vpon the stormie night:
Within their frostie circle did them hide,
Howbeit that stars haue no other light
But the reflex of *Phœbus* beams bright,
That day durst none into the heaven appeare,
Till he had circuite all our *Hemysphere*.

Me thoght it was a sight Cœlestiall,
To see *Phœbus* so Angel-like ascend
Into his firie chariot triumphall,
Whose beawtie bright I could not comprehend,
All warldlie cure did from me then wend:
When fresh *Flora* spredforth her Tapestrie,
Wroght by Dame *Nature* queynt and curiouslie.

Painted with many hundreth heauenly hewes,

Glade of the ryſing of that royall Roy,
With bloomes breaking on the tender bewes,
Quhilk did provoke my heart to naturall joy,
Neptune that day and *Eolus* held them coy,
That men on far might heare the birds ſound,
Quhoſe noiſe did to the ſtarrie heauen redound.

The pleaſant *Powne* prunzeand his fedrem fair,
The mirthfull *Mavis* made great melody:
The luſtie *Lark* aſcending in the air,
Numbring her naturall notes craftely,
The gay *Gouldſpinke*, the *Merle* right merely;
The noiſe of the noble *Nightingails*
Redounded throgh the Mountains, Meeds and Vails.

Contemplating this mirthfull harmony,
How every Bird dreſt them for to advance:
To ſalute *Nature* with their melody,
That I ſtood gazing almoſt in a trance,
To heare them make their naturall obſervance,
So royally that all the Rotches rang,
Through repercuſſion of their ſuggered ſang.

I loſe my time, alas, for to rehearſe,
Sic vnfrutefull and vaine deſcription:
Or wryte into my rurall ragged verſe
Mater without edification:
Conſidering how that my intention,
Bene to deplore be mortall miſeries,
With continuall carefull calamities.

Conſiſting in this wretched vaile of ſorrow,
Bot ſad ſentence ſould haue a ſad indite:

So

So tearmes bright I lift net for to borrow,
Of mourning matter men hes no delite:
With roufty tearms therfore I will now wryt,
With forrowfull ſighs aſcending from the ſpleine,
And bitter tears diſtilling from mine eine.

Without any vain invocation,
To *Minerva*, or to *Melpomine*:
Nor yet will I make ſupplication
For help to *Cleo* or to *Calliope*,
Sic marred Muſes can make me no ſupplie,
Proſerpine I refuſe and *Apollo*,
And right ſo *Euterpe*, *Iupiter* and *Iuno*

Quhik hes bene to pleaſant *Poets* comforting,
Quherefore becauſe I am not ane of tho:
I do deſire of them no ſupporting,
For I did never ſleepe in *Parneſſe*,
As did the *Poets* of long time ago:
And ſpecially the ordate *Ennius*,
Nor dranke I never with *Heſiodus*.

Of *Greece* the perfite *Poet* Soverain,
Of *Helicon* the ſource of *Eloquence*:
Of that melliſluous famous freſh fountain,
Quherefore to them I ought noreuerence,
I purpoſe not to make obedience
To ſic miſchant *Muſes* or *Mahumetrie*,
Before time vſed into *Poetrie*.

Rouing *Rannuſia* Goddes of deſpite,
Might be to me a *Muſe* right convenable:
If I deſired ſik helpe for to indite

This

This mourning mater, mad and miſerable,
I muſt go ſeeke a *Muſe* more comfortable,
And ſuch vaine ſuperſtition to refuſe,
Beſeeching the great GOD to be my *Muſe*.

By his wiſdome all maner of thing was wroght,
Gen. 1. The high Heavens with all their ornaments:
And without matter made all thing of noght,
Hell in mid *Center* of the Elements,
That heavenly *Muſe* to ſeek my whole intent is,
Pſal 89 The which gaue ſapience to King *Salomon*,
Reg. 11 To *David* grace, and ſtrength to ſtrong *Sampſon*.

Mat 4 And of poore *Peter* made a prudent preacher,
And by the power of his Deitie
Act 9. Of cruell *Saul* he made a cunning teacher,
I muſt beſech right lowly on my knie,
His high ſuper-excellent Majeſtie,
That with his heavenly ſpirit he me inſpire,
To write nathing contrarie his deſire.

Beſeeching eke his Soveraigne Son IESV,
Which was conceiued by the holy Spirit:
Luke 1 Incarnate of the purified Virgine true,
Mat. 27 And into whom the Prophecie was compleet,
Luk. 24 That Prince of pryce, moſt humble and man ſweete,
Ioh. 19 Which vnder *Pilate* ſuffered paſſion,
Vpon the Croſſe for our Salvation.

And by that cruell death intolerable,
Lowſed we were from bonds of *Beliell*:
And moreover it was ſo profitable,
That to this houre came never man nor ſhall,

In

In the triumphant joy imperiall,
Of life, althogh that they were never ſo good,
But by the vertew of that precious blood. Heb. 6

Wherefore in ſtead of the Mont *Parnaſſo*,
Swiftlie I ſhall goe ſeek my Soveraine:
To Mont *Calvarie* the ſtraight way ſhall I go,
To get a taſte of that moſt freſh fountaine,
That ſource to ſeek my heart may not refraine,
Of *Helicon* which was both deep and wide,
That *Longinus* did graue into his ſide.

From the freſh fountaine ſprang a famous flood,
Which redoleut River throgh the world runnes:
As Criſtall clear, and mixed is with blood,
VVhoſe ſound aboue the higheſt heavens dinnes,
All faithfull people purging from their ſinnes,
VVherefore I ſhall beſeech his Excellence,
To grant me grace, wiſdome and eloquence.

And bath me with the dulce and balmie ſtrands,
VVhich on the Croſſe did ſpeedily out-ſpring:
From his moſt tender feet and heavenly hands,
And grant me grace to write or dite no thing,
But to his high honour and laud loving:
VVithout his helpe there may no good be wroght,
To his pleaſure, good works, word or thoght.

Therefore, O Lord, I pray thy Majeſtie.
As thou didſt ſhew thy high power divine:
Firſt plainlie into *Cane* of *Galilie*,
VVhere thou converted cold water into wine,
Convoy my matter to a fructuous fine,

And

And saue my sayings baith from shame and sin,
Take heed, for now I purpose to begin.

¶ A Dialogue of the miserable Estate of the Warld betweene Experience and the Courteour.

Nto that Parke I saw appeare
Ane aged man quhilk drew me neer
Quhose baird was wel three quarters lang,
His hair doun ouer his sholders hāg
The quhilk as any snaw was quhite,
Quhom to behald I thocht delite:
His habite Angel-like of hew,
Of cullour like the Saphcir blew.
Under ane Holme he reposed,
Of quhose presence I was rejoysed.
I did him salute reuerently,
Sa did he me richt courteouslie.
To sit doun he requested mee,
Under the shadow of that tree:
To saue me from the Sunnes heat,
Amang the flowres soft and sweet.
For I was wearied with walking.
Then we began to fall in talking,
I asked his name with reuerence,
E. I am (said he) Experience.
C. Then sir (said I) you can not faile,
To giue ane desolate man counsaile.
You do appeare ane man of fame,
And since Experience is your name.

I pray

I pray zow Father Venerabill,
Geue me sum counsaill confortabill.
E. Quhat bene (quod he) thy vocatioun
Wakand sic Supplicatioun?
C. I haue (quod I) bene to this houre,
Sen I could ryde ane Courteour.
Bot now Father, I thynk it best,
With your counsaill to lefe in rest:
And from thyne furth to tak myne eis
And quyetlie my God to pleis,
And renunce Curiolite.
Leuing the Court, and lerne to de.
Oft haue I sailit ouer the strandis,
And trauellit throuch diuers landis:
Baith South & North, Eist & West,
Zit can I neuer find quhair rest:
Doith mak his habitatioun,
Without zour supportatioun.
¶ Quhen I beleue to be best eisit,
Most suddandlie I am displeisit:
From troubill quhen I fastest fle,
Than find I most aduersitie.
Schaw me, I pray zow hartfullie,
How I may leue most pleasandlie:
To serue my God, of kingis king:
Sen I am tyrit for trauelling.
And lerne me, for to be content,
Of quyet lyfe, and sober rent:
That I may thank the king of glore,
As thocht I had ane Williour moze:
Sen euerilk Court bene partant,
Full of Inuy, and Inconstant.
Quhat I but trouble left in tell,

Now in my age, I think it best.
E. Thow art ane greit fule, Sone (said he,)
Thing to desyre, quhilk may nocht be:
Zarning to haue Prerogatyue,
Abouc all Creature on lyue:
Sen Father Adam creat bene,
Into the Campe of Damasene:
Wycht no man say, vnto this houre,
That euer he fand perfite plesour:
Noz neuer sall, till that he se,
God in his Deuyne Maieste:
Quhairfoir prepare the foz trauell,
Iob. 8. Sen mennis lyfe bene bot battell.
All men begynnis foz till de,
The day of thair Natiuite:
And Journelly thay do proceid,
Till Atropos cut the fatall threid.
And in the bzeue tyme that thay haue,
Betuix thair birth, vnto thair grane:
Thow seis quhat trubbillis,
Quhat miseratill Calamitetis:
Quhat trouibill, trakkell, and debate,
Seis thow in euery mortall State.
Begin at pure law Creatouris,
Ascending fyne to Demetouris:
To greit Princes, and Potestatis,
Thow sall nocht find in nane estatis:
Sen the begynning generallie,
Noz in our tyme, now specyallie:
Bot tedious trauellis bekynes,
But ony manet of quietnes,
C. Pzudent Father, quod I, allace,
Zet tell to me ane takkenn eyes

Ze

Ze say that no man to this heur,
Hes found in eirth perfite plesour:
Without infortunate variance.
Sen we bene thrall to sle mischance:
Quhy do we set so our Intents,
On Ryches Dignitie, and Rents:
Sen in the eirth bene no man sure
One day, but troubill till indure:
And werst of all, quhen we leist wene,
The crueill deith, we mone sustene.
Gif I zour Fatherhede durst demand,
The cause I wald fane understande
And als Father, I zow implore,
Schaw me sum troubill gone afore:
That hering vtheris indigence,
I may the mair haue pacience:
O Sarrowis in tribulatioun,
Bene wretchis Consolatioun
E. (Quod he) efter my small cunnyng,
To the I sall make answerying:
Bot ordourlie for to begin,
This Miserie proceidis of Sin:
Bot it war lang, to be defynit,
Howall men ar to Sin inclynit:
Quhen Sin aboundantlie doth ring
Iustitie God makith punischyng.
Quhairfoir greit God into his handis
To dant the warld, hes diuers wandis:
Efter our cuill conditioun,
He makis on vs punitioun:
With Hounger, Deirth, and Indigence,
Sum tyme greit Plaigis, and Pestilence:
And sum tyme with his bludy wand,

Throw cruell weir, be Sey, and Land:
Concluding all our miserie,
Proceedis of Sin alluterie.
C. Father (quod I) declare to me,
The cause of this Fragilitie:
That we bene all to Sin inclynd,
In werk, in word, and in our mynd:
I wald the verite wer schawin,
Quho hes this feid among vs sawin:
And quhy we ar condampnit to dede,
And how that we may get remede:
E. (Quod he) the Scripture hes concludit,
Men from felicite wer denudit,
Be Adam our Progenitour,
Genes. 3. Unquhyle of Paradyce possessour:
Be quhose most wilfull arrogance,
Wes Mankynd brocht to this mischance:
Quhen he wes Inobedient,
In breking Goddis Commandement:
Be Solicitatioun of his Wyfe,
He lost that Heavinlie pleasant Lyfe:
Rom. 5. Eiting of the forbiddin tree,
Thare began all our Miserie.
So Adam wes cause Radicall;
That we bene fragill Synnaris all.
Adam brocht in this Natioun,
Sin, Deith, and als Damnatioun:
1. Ioan. 1. Quho will say, he is no Synnar,
Christ sayis, he is ane greit Lear.
Mankynd sprang furth of Adamis loynis,
And tuke of him flesche, blude and bonis:
And sa efter his qualite,
All ar inclynit Synnaris to be.

But

But zit, my Sone, diſpare thow nocht,
For God, that all the warld hes wrocht
Hes maid ane Soueranе Remede,
To ſaik vs baith from ſin and dede,
And from eternall Dampnatioun:
Thairfoir take Conſolatioun,
For God, as Scripture doith recorde
Hauing of Adam Miſericorde,
Send doun his onely Sone Jeſu,
Quhilk lichtit in ane Virgin tru,
And cled his hich Diuinitie
With our pure vyle Humanitie,
Syne from our ſinnis to conclude,
He weſche vs with his precious blude
Howbeit throw Adam we mon de:
Throuch that Lord we ſall raiſit be,
And euerilk man he ſall releue,
Quhilk in his blude doith firm beleue
And bring vs all vnto his gloire,
The quhilk throw Adam bene forloire
Without that we throw laik of Faith
Of his Godheid incur the wraith:
Bot quho in Chriſt firmely beleuis,
Sall be releuit from all miſcheuis.
C. Quhat faith is that, that ze call ferme:
Hir gar me vnderſtand that terme.
E. Faith without Hope and Cheritie,
Auailith nocht, my Sone (ſaid he)
C. Quhat Cherite bene, that wald I knaw.
E. Quod he, my Sone. that ſall I ſchaw:
Firſt luſe thy God aboue all thing,
And thy Nichtbour but fenzeing:
Do none iniure, nor vrellanie,
Bot as thow wald war done to the:

Quhilk

Apoc.2.
Rom.3.
Hebr.10.
Ioan.3.
Hebr.11.
1.Cor.13.
Iam.2.

Quick Faith, but Cheritable werkis,
Can neuer be, as wryttis Clerkis:
Moze, than the fyze, in till his micht,
Can be but heit, noz Sunne but licht.
Geue Cheritie unto the faillis,
Thy Faith noz Hope, na thing auailis:
The deuill hes Faith, ⁊ trimmillis foz dzeid,
But he wantis hope, and lufe in deid.
Do all the gude, that may be wzocht,
But Cheritie, all auailis nocht:
Quhairfoir pzay to the Trinite,
Foz till suppozt thy Cherite.

Now haue I schawin the, as I can,
How Father Adam the first man,
Bzocht in the warld, baith Sin and dede,
And how Chzist Jesu maid remede:
Quhilk on the day of Judgment,
Sall vs deliuer from tozment:
And bzing vs to his lesting gloze,
Quhilk sall indure foz euer moze.
But in this warld thow gettes no rest,
I mak it to the manifest:
Thairfoir, my Sone, be diligent,
And lerne foz to be pacient:
And unto God set all thy trest,
All thing sall than cum foz the best.

C. Father I thank zow hartfullie
Of zour confoze and cumpanie:
And heuinlie Consolatioun,
Makand zow Supplicatioun:
Gif I durst put zow to sic pyne,
That ze wald pleis, foz to deuyne:
And gar me clerlie vnderstand,

How

How Adam brak the Lordis Commund:
And how throw his transgressioun,
wes punist his Successioun.
E Wy Wone (quod he) wald thow tak cure,
To luke on the Diuyne Scripture:
Into the Buke of Genelis, Gene. 25.
That historie thair thow sall nocht mis:
And alswa sindrie cunning Clerkis,
Hes done tchers into thair werkis:
Of Adamis fall, full ornatly,
Ane thousand tymes better nor I:
Can wryte of that vnhappie man,
Bot I sall do the best I can:
Schortlie to schaw that cairfull cace,
with the suppoyt of Goddis grace.

An Exclamation to the Reider. V.

Twiching the wryting of Vulgar,
and Maternall language.

Gentill Reider, haue at me none
inuyte,
Thinkand that I presumptreously
pretend, wryte:
In vulgar toung so hie mater to
Bot quhair I myss, I pray the till amend,
Till vnderstit, I wald the cawse wer kend,
Of our most miserabill trauell and toyment,
And How in earth no place is permanent.

Howbeit

Howbeit that diuers deuot cunning Clerkis
In Latyne toung hes wrytten sundrie bukis.
Our vnlernit knawis lytle of thair werkis:
Wyze than thay do, the rauing of the rukis
Quhairfoir to Colzearis, Carteris, & to cukis
To Jok and Thome, my Ryme salbe directit,
Quhilk cunning men, howbeit it wulde lactit.

Thocht euerie coumoun may not be an clerk
Nor hes no Lrid, except thair tolig maternall
Quhy suld of God, ȝ maruellȝ heuinlie werk
Be hid frō thame, I think it nocht fraternall
The Father of heuin, quhilk wes, & is eternall
To Moises gaue the Law, on Mont Sinay,
Nocht into Greik nor Latyne, I heir say.

He wrait the Law, in Tablis hard of stone,
In thair awin vulgare language of Hebrew,
That all the Barnis of Israell euery one
Micht knaw the Law, & so the same ensew,
Had he done wryt, in Latyne or in Grew,
It had to thame bene bot ane cauldrie Jeit.
Ze may weill wit, God wrocht all for the best.

Aristotell, nor Plato, I her tane,
Wrait nocht thair hie Philosophie naturall:
In Dutche, nor Denee, nor toung Italiane,
Bot in thair most ornate toung Maternall,
Quhose fame and name dois regne perpetuall,
Famous Virgill, the Prince of Poetrie.
Nor Cicero, the flour of Oratrie.

Wrait not in Caldie language, nor in Grew,
Nor put into the language Saracene:
Nor in the naturall language of Hebrew,
Bot in the Roman language as may be seene,

Which was more proper language as I ween,
When Romans rang dominators indeed.
The ornate Latine was their proper leede.

In the meã tyme whe that these holde Romans
Ouer all the world had the dominion:
Made Latine schules their glore for to admãce,
That their language might be ouer all comõn,
To that intent, by my opinion,
Trusting that their Empyre should ay indure,
But of Fortune always they were not sure.

Of languages the first diuersitie,
Was made by Gods malediction:
When Babylon was builded in Chaldie,
These builders got no other affliction
Before the tyme of that punition (like
Was but one tongue which Adam spake him
Here now of tongues their bene three score & (twelue.

Notwithstanding I think it great pleasure,
Where cunning men hes languages sercw:
That in their youth by diligent labour,
Hes learned Latine, Greeke and alde Hebrew,
That I am not of that sort sore I rew:
Wherefore I walde all bookes necessare,
For our Faith, were into our tongue vulgare.

Christ after his glorious Ascention,
To his Disciples sent his holie Spirit
In tongues of fire, to that intention,
That being of all languages repleere,
Throughal the world with words fair & sweete
To euirie mã the Faith they should forth showe,

In their owne lede deliuering them the Law.

Therfore I thinke a great derision,
To heare Nunnes and Freers night and day,
Singing and saying Psalmes and Oraison,
Not vnderstanding what they sing or say.
But like a Starling or a Popingay.
Which learned are to speake by long vsage,
Them I compare to Birds in a cage.

Right so children and Ladies of honours,
Playes in Latine, to them an vncouth lede:
Vsing their Matins euen-song & their hours,
Their Pater noster, Aue, and their Creede:
It were as pleasant to their spirit indeed,
God haue mercie on me for to say thus,
As for to say, Miserere mei Deus.

Saint Hierome in his proper tongue Roman,
The Law of God translate he did translate
Out of Hebrew and Greeke, in Latine plane,
Which hes ben hid from vs long time god wate
Vntill this time but after my conſate:
Had Saint Hierome ben borne into Argyle,
In Irish tongue his Bookes had done cõpyle.

Prudent Saint Paul doeth make narration,
Touching the diuers leed of euerie land:
Saying, there bene more edification
In fiue words that folke doeth vnderstand,
Nor to pronounce of words ten thousand
In strange language, I wait not what it meins
I thinke such prating is not worth two preins.

Vnlearned people on the holie day
Solemnelie they heare the Euangell sung:

Not

Not knowing what the Priest doeth singe or say
But as a Beill when that they heare it rung.
Yet wald the Priests in their mother toung,
Palle to the Pulpet and that doctrine declare,
To laick people it were mair necessare.

I wald Prelats and Doctors of the Law
With vs laick people were not discontent:
Though we vnto our vulgare toungue did knaw
Of Christ Jesus, the Law and Testament,
And how that we suld keip Commandement,
Bot in our language let vs pray and reid,
Our Pater noster, our Aue, and our Creide.

I wald sum Prince of great discretioun,
In vulgair language plainlye gart translait
The needfull Lawis of this Regioun,
Than wald thair not be half so great debait,
Amang vs people of the law Estait:
Gif euerie man the perrile did knaw,
We nedit nocht to treit the Men of Law.

To do our nichtbour wrang we wald be war,
Gif we did keip the Lawis punishment:
Thair wald not be sic brawling at the Bar,
Nor men of Law lowp to sic Royall rent,
To keip the Law, gif all men wer content,
And ilk man do, as he wald be done to,
The Judges wald get lyeil thing ado.

The Prophet Dauid king of Israel,
Compyld the pleasand Psalmes of the Psaltair
In his awin proper toung, as I heir tell,
And Salomon quhilk was his Sone and Air,
Did mak his Buik into his toung vulgair,
Quhy suld not thair sayings be to vs knawen,

In ony language, I wald the cauis wer knawin.

Let Doctors write their curious questions,
And argumentis, lowne full of Sophistrie:
Their Logick and their bigd oppinounis,
Their darke iudgments of Astronomie:
Their Medicine and their Philosophie,
Let Poets schow their glorious ingyne,
As euer they pleis, in Grick, or Latyne.

Bot let vs haue the buikis necessar,
To commoun weil and our Saluatioun:
Iustlie translatit in our toung vulgair,
And als I make thee supplicatioun,
O Gentle Reader, haue na indignatioun,
Think and I mell me with sa hie mattar
Now to my purpois forwart will I fair.

Vi. The creatioun of Adam and Eue.

When God had maid the Heuins bricht,
The Sune and Moone for to gue licht,
The sterrie heuin, and Christallyne,
And by his sapience Deuyne,
The Planets in thair Circles round,
Ay hirling about with merie sound:
Of quhome Phebus was principall,
Just in his lyne Ecliptickall:
And gaue by Deuyne sapience,
To euerye Star thair influence:
With motioun continuall,

Quhilk

Quhilk doeth indure perpetuall:
And fartheſt from the Heuin Empyre,
The Eirth, the Water, Air, and Fyre:
He clad the Eirth with Herbis, and Treis,
All kynd of Fiſches in the Seis.
All kynde of Beſtis he did prepair,
With Fowlis fleing in the Air:
Thus be his Word all thingis was wrought,
Without materiall, made of nocht.
So by his wisdome infinyte,
All was maid pleſand and perfyte.

Quhen heuin and eirth, with thair contentis,
Wer endit, with thair ornamentis:
Than laſt of all the Lord began,
Of maiſt vyle Eirth to mak the man:
Nocht of the Litie, nor of the Roſe,
Nor Cypre Tre as I ſuppoſe:
Nouther of Gold, nor precious ſtanis,
Of Eirth he made fleſche, blude, and banis:
To that intent God maide him thus,
That man ſuld nocht be glorius,
Nor in him ſelf na thing ſuld ſe
Bot matter of Humilitie:
Quhen man was maid, as I haue tauld,
God in his face did him behauld:
Breithand in himane lyke he Spreit:
Quhen al thir Wardis wer compleit,
He maid man to his ſimilitude,
Preceiland into pulchritude:
Dotet with the giftes of Nature,
Abuſe all eirthlie Creature:
Syne pleſandlie did him conuoy,
To ane Regioun repleit with ioy.

Of all pleasure quhilk buir the pryce,
And callit erthlie Paradyce.
And brocht be Diuyne Prouidence,
All beistes and birdis to his presence,
Adam did craftelie inspone,
Ane speciall name to euerie one.
And to all thingis materiall,
A name he gaue in speciall:
How he thame namit, zit bene kend,
And sall be to the warldis end.
Into that Garding of pleasance,
Two treis grew maist to aduance:
Abuue all vther quhilk buir the pryse,
In middis of that Paradyse,
The ane was callit the Trie of Lyfe,
The vther Trie began our stryfe:
The Trie to know baith gude and euill,
Quhilk be presumptioun of the Deuill,
Began our miserie and wo:
Bot lat vs to our purpois go.
How God gaue Adam straitt command,
That Trie to tuich not with his hand:
All vther frutes of Paradyse,
He bade him eate at his deuyse:
Sayand, gif thow eit of thys Trie,
With doubill Deith then thow sal die:
Thairfoir I the command, beware,
And from this Trie thou stand a far:
Bot Father Adam was allane,
Without cumpanie of onie ane:
Then thocht the Lord it necessar,
To creat to him ane helper.
God put in Adam sicht sapour,

That

That for to sleepe he took pleasure:
And laid him downe upon the ground,
Then when Adam was sleeping sound:
He tooke a rib forth of his side.
Then filled it with flesh and hide:
And maid a woman of that bone,
Fairer of forme was neuer none.
Then to Adam incontinent,
That faire Ladie he did present:
Which shortlie said, for to conclude,
Thou, art my flesh, my bones, and blude.
And Virago he called her than,
Which is interpreted, made of man.
Which Eua afterward was named,
When for her fault she was defamed.
Then did the Lord them sanctifie.
Saying, Increase and multiplie.
By this men should leaue all their kin,
And with their wiues make dwelling:
And forth ane take leaue father and mother,
And loue them best aboue all other.
For God hes ordained them trewlie,
To be two soules in one bodie.

¶ My witte is weake for to indite,
Their heauenlie pleasure infinite:
Was neuer no earthlie creature,
Since that time had perfite pleasure.
They had puissance Imperiall,
Aboue all things materiall
And cunning Clarkes doe conclude,
Adam preceiled in pulchritude:
Most naturall and the fairest man,
That euer was since the world began:

Except

Except Christ Jesus Gods owne Sonne,
To whom was no comparison.
And Eua the fairest creature,
That euer was formed by Nature.
Thogh they were naked as they were made,
No shame either of other had.
No hat pleasure might a man haue more,
Nor haue his Ladie him before?
So lustie pleasand and perfyte,
Readie to serue his appetite.
They had no other care I wisse
But past ther tyme with ioy and blesse.
No wylde beastes did to them repair,
So did the fowles of the Air,
With noise most angelicall,
Making them mirthes musicall,
The fishes swimming in the strands,
Were whollie all at their commands.
All Creatures with one accord,
Obeyed him as their soueraine Lord:
They suffered neither heate nor colde,
With euerye pleasure that they wolde:
And to the death they were not thrall,
And right so should we haue bene all:
For he and all his successours,
Should haue possessed these pleasures.
Then from that ioy Materiall,
Gone to the glorie Imperiall,
They had if I can right deserue,
Great ioyes in all their wits fiue:
In hearing, seeing, gusting, smelling,
Iudging that desired dwelling:
Hearing the birdes harmonies,

Talking

Taistīg the frutes of diuers trees:
Smelling the balmie dulce odours,
wych did proceed from fragrant flowrs:
Seing so many heauenlye hewes
Of blomes breaking on the bewes.
Of touching eke they had delyte,
Of others bodies soft and whyte:
Doubtlesse indurīg that pleasure,
They loued other par Amour.
No marueil though that so should be,
Considering this their great beawtie.
And God gaue them commaund expresse,
To multiplye and to increase:
That their seede and successione,
Might plenish euerie Nationē.
I list not tarie hir to declare,
All properties of that place prēclare:
How hearbes and trees grew so greene,
Nor of the tempēzate Aīr serreene:
How frutes indeficient,
Were alyke ripe and redolent.
Nor of Fountaīs nor of the Floodes,
Nor of the flowrs pulchritudes:
That matter Clarkes doe declare,
wherfore of them I speake na mair.
The Scripture makes no mention,
How long they raīg in that Region:
But I beleeue the tyme was short,
As diuers Dertors doe report.

Of

Vii. Of the miserable Transgresion of Adam.

FAther how happed that meschance,
(Said I) show me the circumstance:
Declare to me that careful cace,
How Adam lost that pleasant place
From him and his successione:
How did proceede that transgressione?
E. (Said he) after my rude ingyne,
I shall rehearse thee that ruyne.
¶ When God the Plasmetour of all,
Into the Hevin Imperiall,
Did create all the Angels bright,
He mad an Angell most of might:
To whom he gaue preheminence
Aboue them all in sapience:
Because all other he did prefere.
Named he was bright Lucifer:
He was so pleasant and so fare,
He thoght himselfe without compaire:
And grew in gay and glorious,
Began to be presumptuous:
He thoght that he wolde set his seate,
Into the Northand make debate.
Contrare the Maiestie diuine,
Which was the cause of this ruine:
For he incurred Godes yre,
And banisht from the heauenes Impyre:

With Angels many a Legion,
Which were of his opinion:
Innumerable with him therefell,
Some lighted in the lowest hell:
Some in the Sea did make repair,
Some in the Earth some in the Aire:
That most vnhappie company,
At Father Adam had inuy:
Perceauing Adam and his seede,
Into their places to succeede.
The Serpent was the subtilest
Aboue all beastes, and craftiest
Then Sathan with a fallcontent,
Did enter into the Serpent:
Imagining some craftie wyle,
How he might Adam best begyle:
And cause him breake Commandement,
But to the woman first he went:
Trusting the better to preuaile,
Full subtillie did her assaile:
With facound wordes false and fair,
He grew with her familiair:
That he his purpose might aduance,
Beleeuing in her inconstance.
What bene the cause Madam (said he)
That ye forbeare yon pleasant tree:
Which bene peereelesse and precious,
Whose frute bene most delitious?
I will (said she) thereto accord,
We are forbidden by the Lord.
The which hes giuen vs libertie,
To eate of euerie fruite and tree:
Which growes into Paradise.

Breake we Commandroe are not wise.
He gaue to vs a straict Commaund,
That tree not to touch with our hand,
Eate we of it without remeede,
(He said) doutlesse we shall be dead.
Beleeue not that (said the Serpent)
Eate you of it incontinent:
Repleete you shall be with science,
And haue perfite intelligence:
Like God himselfe of euill and gude,
Then hastilie fell to conclude:
Hearing of this preroguatiue,
She pulled downe the feute belyue:
Throgh counsaile fo this false Serpent,
And eate of it incontinent:
And put her husband in beleeue,
That pleasant feute if he walde preeue:
That he should be als sapient,
As the great God Omnipotent:
Thinke you not that a pleasant thing,
That we like God should euer Ring.
He hearing this narration,
And by her solitation:
Moued by prydefull ambition,
He eate on that condition.
The principall points of this offence,
Wo is pryde, and inobedience:
Desiring fo to be equall,
To God, the Creator of all.
Alas Adam, why did thou so.
Wo by caused thou this most all wo?
Had thou bene constant, firme and stable
Thy glore had bene incomparable.

Where was thy Consideration,
Which had the Dominations
Of euerie liuing creature,
That God had formed by Nature:
To vse them at thy awne deuyse,
Was thou not Prince of Paradise,
Was neuer man since then on lyue,
That God gaue such Prerogatiue,
He gaue thee strength aboue Sampson,
And sapience more then Salomon,
Young Absolon in his time most faire,
To thy bewtie was no compaire,
Aristotle thou didst precell,
Into Philosophie naturall,
Virgil into his Poetrie,
Nor Cicero in Oratrie:
Were neuer haile so Eloquent,
Why break thou Gods Commandement,
Where was thy wit that woulde not see,
Farre from the presence of that tree,
Saue not thy maker the free-will,
To take the goode and leaue the ill:
How might thy fore-fault be excused,
That Gods Commandement refused:
Throgh thy wifes preswasion,
Which hes bene the occasion
Since that tyme many noble men,
By the euill counsaille of women,
Haue all together destroyed bene,
As in the Hystories may be seene:
Which now we needs not to declare,
But forward to our purpose fare.
When they had eaten of the fruit,

Of ioy then were they destitute:
Then gan they both for to thinke shame,
And to be naked thought defame,
And made them breekes of leaues greene,
That their secretes should not be seene,
But in the state of innocence,
They had no such Experience.
But when to sinne they were subiected,
To shame and sinne they were coacted:
And in a busse they did them close,
Ashamed of the Lords voice:
Which called Adam by his name,
(Said he) my Lord I think great shame
Naked to come in thy presence:
Thou had no such Experience.
(Said GOD) when thou wert innocent,
Why break thou my Commandement:
Alas (said Adam) to the Lord,
The bettie I shall record:
This woman that thou gaue to me,
Caulde me eate of yon pleasant tree.
Right so the woman her excused,
And said, the Serpent me abused.
Then to the Serpent God said thus,
O thou deceauer venemous:
Because the woman thou begiled,
From thencefoorth shalt thou be exyled:
Curled and waried shalt thou bee,
So shall thy seede be after thee:
Colde earth shall bethy foode also,
And creeping on thy brest shall go:
And I shall put enimitie,
Betweene the woman euer and thee:

Betweene thy seede and womans seede,
Shall be continuall mortall seede.
Howbeit thou hast wrought these mischiues,
It shall not be as thou beleeues:
Of such seede shall be in woman sowne.
That thy power shall be downe throwne:
Treading thy head that thou may feele,
And thou shalt treade him one the heele.
This was his promise and meaning,
That the immaculate Virgine,
Should beare the Prince Omnipotent,
Which should tred down that false serpent:
Sathan and all his complents,
And them confound alutterlie.

(Said I) If Sathan Prince of hell,
Spake in the serpent, as you tell.
And beastes can no way sinne at all,
Why was the serpent made so thrall?
I heir men say before that houre,
The serpent had a fair figure:
And went vp straight vpon his feete,
And had his members all compleet:
As other beastes vpon the bent.

E. (Said he) for he was instrument
To Sathan, in his miserie,
Punishe he was, as you may see:
As by Experience thou may knaw,
Expres into the common Law:
A man convict of bougerie,
The beast is hunt as well as he:
Howbeit the beast be innocent,
And so befell of this serpent.
It was the Fiend full of dispite,

Of Adams fall which had the wite:
As he hes had of many moe,
But to our purpose let vs goe.
Then to the woman for her offence,
God did pronounce this sore sentence:
All pleasure that thou had be sorow,
Shall changed be in lasting sorrow.
To her that thou should with mirth and ioy,
Had borne thy birth without teen noy:
Now all thy children thou shalt bare.
With dolour and continuall care:
And thou shalt be for ought thou can,
Euer subiect vnto the man,
By this sentence God did conclude,
Women from libertie denude:
Which by experience you may see,
How Queenes of most high degree,
Are vnder most subiection:
And sufferis most correction,
For they like birdes into a cage,
Are keeped ay vnder thairclage.
So all wemen in their degree,
Should to their men subiected be:
Howbeit some yet will striue for state,
And for the maistrie make debate:
Which if they lack both euen and morow,
Their men will suffer meikle sorrow.
Of Eue they take that qualitie,
To desire soueraintie.
And then to Adam said the Lord,
Because that thou hast done accord
Thy will, and harkned to thy wife,
Now shalt thou lose this pleasant life,

Thou

Thou wert to her obedient
But thou breade my
Curſed and barren the earth ſhall be,
Where euer thou goeſt, till that thou die:
But thiſtell, nettle, bearre and thorne
But labour it ſhall, worke me ſome
For foode thou ſhalt
But eate the hearbes
Wore labouring till
From thence
I made thee of the
And thou to earth
Then made he them
Of skinnes an vgged
Them to preſerue from heate and colde,
Then grew their bodyes manifolde.
Now Adam you are like to be
With your gay garments glorious
To them theſe woords
Then cried they both
When from that Earth
Vaniſht they were
Into this wretched
With daylie labour
After whoſe doleyous departing,
The Lord
Unto the Ingell
That none ſhould
At the which
With flamming fire
To keepe that
Should not
For if they of the tree had

Perpetuallie they might haue liued.
So Adam and his wife also,
Of Paradise lost possession,
And by his time apparall,
Were men to misserie made thrall,
Why Sonne hold my words pleasure fer,
This world began with misery,
With miserie it daily proceedes,
Whose fine shall be our dead.

C. Father (said I) what kind of life
Led Adam with his wife,
After their banishment?

E. (said he) continuall lamenting:
My heart hes yet compassion,
How they went wandring vp and doun:
Weeping with many loud cries,
That they had lost that pleasant place:
In wildernesse to be cryde,
Where they found nought but trees wylde:
Wanting them for to deuore,
Which all obedient were before.

C. Father (said I) in what Countrie
Did Adam liue, after that he
Was banished from that delite?

E. The Clarks (said he) hes put in write:
How Adam dwelt with mickle trauell,
In Armenie, in that same dwell:
Which after was the Iewishland,
Where yet his Sepulture doeth stand:
I will not take to determe
The woe of Adam and his wife:
Nor how that they had soones two,
Cain and Abell and no mo,

Nor

Nor how cursed Cain his enuy,
Did slay his brother cruelly,
Nor of that murthring was of theyr nowne,
When they twaine alone were left alone:
I dell lay slaine vpon the ground,
Curst Cain flet and after vagabonded,
Nor how God of his spetiall grace,
Sent them the third louing face of face:
Most like Adam of flesh and bloode,
Seth was his name gratious and goode,
Nor how by gods prouerb sacrifice,
Did slay Cain vnhappilie,
Adam as Clarkes doe determine,
Begate with Eue his wofull wiue,
Of men children thirtie and tow,
And of daughters alike also:
By this thou may well beleeue and,
That Adam saw many generations,
That of his body did discend,
Ere he out of the world did wend:
Adam lined in earth but weie,
Complecte nine hunderth and thirtie peie:
And all his dayes were but sorrow,
Remembring both euen and morrow
Of Paradise the prosperitie,
And then of his great miserie:
His heart might neuer be rayed,
Remembring how the heauen was closed
From him and his successions,
And that by his transgression.
After his death as I heare tell,
His soule discended to the hell:
And there remained prisoner,

In that Dungeon three thousand yeare,
And more, so did they still endeure:
Till Christ his bloud had them bought,
Then by that meanes Samson,
They were deliuered out of prison.
I haue declared vnto you I can,
The miseries of the first Man.

HOW GOD DESTROYED

All liuing Creatures in Earth for Sinne, and drowned them by a terrible Flude in the time of Noe.

PRudent Fathers & ancients,
Declare to me ere you goe hence:
All that was for sinne, God did destroy
All Creatures in the tyme of Noy?

E, (Said he) I tremble for to tell,
That into trouble how to beleild:
The cause here is abhominable,
And the matter so miserable.
But for to show the circumstance,
Manifestlie of that mischance,
First I must make thee vnderstand,
How Adam gaue expelle commaund:
To those that came of Seths bloode,
Because they were gratious and goode:
Should not conuerse with Cains kin,
which were inclyned all to sin.
To obserue that Commaundement.

Cain

Cain past into the Orient:
With his wife called Calmana,
Which was his owne sister also:
Where his offspring did long remaine,
Hard by the Mountaine of Taurane.
And Seth did long time leade his life,
With Dalboza his prudent wife:
Which was his sister goode and faire,
In Damascene made their repaire.
In that Countrie of Seths clan,
Distended many holy man
So long as Adam was liuand:
The people did obserue command:
When he was dead and laid in ground,
All people greatlie did abound:
And Cain slaine, as I haue showne,
And Seths daies all ouer blowne,
The sonnes then of Seths bloude,
Seeing the pleasant pulchritude
Of the Ladies of Cains kin,
Howbeit they knew well it was sin:
Oppressed with sensuall lustes rage,
Did take them into Mariage:
And so corrupted was that bloode,
The good with euill and euill with goode.
Then as the people did increase,
They did abound in wickednesse:
As holie Scripture doeth rehearse.
Which I abhorre to put in verse:
Or tell with tongue I am not able,
The sooth beeing so abhominable:
How men and women shamefullie,
Abused themselues vnnaturallie:

Of whose foull abhominatioun,
And filthie fornicatioun:
I thinke great shame to put in write,
Euen as Paul Orose doth indyte.
And if I wolde at length declare,
It were enough to fyle the aire.
Great Clarkes of antiquities,
Hes written many trew stories:
Of which are worthie to be commended
Howbeit they be not comprehended,
At length in the diuine Scripture,
But I shall doe my busie cure:
To take the best (as I suppose)
That most pertaines to my purpose:
And with support of Christ our King.
I purpose to conclude nothing,
Of the olde Philosophie,
Contrarious to his Excellence:
Howbeit that som mens traditions,
Be contrare Christs institutions:
Of them thogh some-thing I declare,
Now let vs proceede farther maire.
And with a language lamentable,
Declare this matter miserable.

C. Father the causes wolde I knaw,
Why they of Nature brake the Law.

E. I trust (quod he) that wilfulnesse,
Entered throgh sleuthfull idlenesse.
The deuill with all the craft he can,
When he perceiues an idle man,
Or woman giuen to idlenesse,
He getteth easilie entresse:
And sa by this occasioun,

And

And the Fiendes perſwasion
The whole world vniuerſallie,
Corrupted was aluterlie.
C. What was the cauſe they idle wer,
That cauſe (ſaid I) to me declare?
E. (ſaid he) by my imagination,
For lack of vertevous occupation:
For of Craft they had small vſage,
Of Marchandice or labourage,
The earth was then ſo plenteous,
Of frute and wine delicious:
The Hearbes were ſo comfortable,
Delitefome and Medicinable:
The Fountaines freſhe and redolent:
To labouring they tooke little tent,
All maner of Beaſtes of their pleaſure,
Did multiplie without labour:
The time betweene Adam and Noy,
To ſee the earth it was great ioy;
Planted with precious trees of price,
Foure famous floodes of Paradice,
Ran through the earth in ſundrie partes,
Spreding their braunches in all aurts.
The water was ſo ſtrong and fine,
They wolde not labour to finde wine:
The frute and hearbes were ſo good,
They made no care for other foode.
And ſo the people tooke no cure
But paſt the time at their pleaſure:
In finding new inuentions,
To fulfill their intentions.
And ſo the Lord Omnipotent,
That he made Man did him repent:

And

And shew vnto his seruant Noy,
That he wolde all the worlde destroy,
Except himselfe and his menye:
Alas (said Noe) when shall that be?
Then said the Lord, since that thou spekes
I shall prolong the terme of yeeres:
Tarying vpon their repentance,
Ere I fulfill my iust sentence.
In the meantyme fall thou to worke,
Incontinent and builde an Arke.
Which Noe began obediently,
And wrought on it continually:
And to the people daily preached.
To cry for grace he them teached.
And to them plainly did declare,
That God his rodde no more wolde spare:
But on them he wolde worke vengence,
To Noe yet they gaue no credence.
And se they were incumsellable,
Using their lust abhominable,
And tooke his preaching in despite,
By following their fowll delyte,
More and more still that vnkinde day,
Which all the worlde put in affray.

C. Father you made me vnderstand,
When Adam brake the Lords commaund:
To augment his affliction,
God gaue his malediction
Vnto the Earth which was to fore,
That it should barren be and dore:
And without labour beare no tryne,
Nor fruite but thistell dorre and thorne,
Now say you in the time of Noy,

Now

To see the Earth it was great ioy:
Planted with frutes good and fare,
The sooth to this to me declare:
These sayings two make me consider,
How you make them agree together.

E. God made that promise sickerlie,
Howbeit it came not instantlie:
(Quod he) as Clearkes doe conclude,
But after when the furious flude
Destroied the Earth aluterlie,
Then came that promise sickerlie:
Euen as God did giue command,
Adam should not touch with his hand;
Nor eate of the forbidden tree,
If he did so, that he should dee:
Howbeit he died not but weir,
After that day nine hundreth yeer,
Right so the Prophet Esaias,
Speaking of Christ the great Messias:
Saying, the Childe is to be borne,
To saue mankinde, that is forlorne.
As he had bene borne instantlie,
Yet was he not borne verilye:
After that saying many a yeare:
As in the Scripture thou maiest heare,
A thousand yeare who reckons right,
Is as no houre into Gods sight.
Examples many I might tell,
Were it not tedious for to dwell.

¶ To our purpose let vs proceede,
Shewing the hight, the length and breed:
And quantitie of Noes Arke,
Which was a right excellent warke:

Of Pyne tree made, bound well about,
Laid ouer with pick within and out:
Ioyned full close with nailes strong,
And was three hundreth cubite long:
Fiftie in breedth, thirtie in hight,
Three chambers ioyned well and wight:
And euerie loft aboue an nother,
With out Anchor, Oare or Ruther.
A right cubite as I heare tell,
Of measure now might be an ell.
In the mid side a doore their wes,
For beastes a full easie entres:
This Arke which was both long and large,
Made in the bottome like a Barge:
Couered with boordes well aboue,
Most like an house with set on rufe:
Whose riging was one Cubite braede,
Wherein there was a window made.
Some saies wel closed with Christal clear,
Wherthrogh the day-light might appeare,
This worke the more was to be prysed,
Because by God it was deuysed:
The making of this Arke but weir,
Indured well an hundreth yeir.
When Noe had ended this warke,
God did him close within the Arke:
With him his wife and sonnes three,
With their wifes and no more menze.
Of all the fowles of the air,
Of euerie kinde entred on pair:
Right so two beastes of euerie kinde,
For why it was the Lords minde:
That Generation should not faill,
Wherefore of Femall and of Maill,

Of

Of euerie kinde were keeped two:
But to rehearse my heart is wo,
The dolent lamentation,
That ruine of euerie Nation:
Saying, alas a thousand syte
When winde and raine begamne to rise:
The Rocks with reird began to ruse,
when vglie clouds did ouer driue:
And darkned so the heauens bright,
That Sun nor Moone might shew no light:
The terrible trimbling of Earth quake,
Made buildings bow, and cities shake:
The thunder rent the cloudes sable,
with fearefull noise inestable.
The fire flaughts flew ouer throgh the fels,
Then was their not but shouts and yelles.
when they were emed without remeed,
All Creatures to suffer dead:
All Fountaines from the earth vp sprang,
And from the heauen the raine do won dang:
Fourtie dayes and fourtie nights,
Then ran the people to the hights:
Some climbs on craigs some climbs on trees
Some to the highest Mountaines flees:
with more terror then I can tell,
But all for nought, the floodes fell:
And winde did rout with such a reard,
That euerie wight wasted his weard:
Crying, alas that they were borne,
Into that floode to be forlorne.
Man might make no helpe to their wiues,
Nor yet support their childrens liues.
The floodes rose with so great mights,

That they ouer couered all the hights.
They might no more their liues length,
But swimde so long as they had strength.
And so with cryes lamentable,
Ended their lyfes miserable.
Aboue Mountaines that were most hie,
Fiftie Cubites did rise the sea.
Men may imagine in their minde,
All creature into their kinde:
Both beastes and fowles in the air,
In their maner made meikle care.
The fishes thaght them selues begylde,
When they swimde throgh the wods wilde
The whales tumbling among the trees,
Wilde beastes swimming in the seas:
Birdes with many a pitieous pew,
Affrayedlie in the earth they flew:
So long as they had strength to flee,
Then swattered downe into the sea.
Nathing on earth was left on life,
Beastes nor fowles man nor wife:
For whollie God did them destroy,
Except them in the Ark with Noy:
The which lay fleeting on the floode,
Waltring amoug the streames woode,
With many terrible affraies,
Remained ane hundreth and fiftie dayes.
In great langour and heauinesse,
Ere wind or ratne began to cease.
Sometime effectouslie praying,
Sometime the beastes vesying.
For by the Lords commandement,
He made prouision sufficient:

For

For Noe dwelt in the Arke no doubt,
A yeare complete ere he came out:
How at more length in holie writ,
This dulefull Hystorie bene indite,
And how that Noe gane to retoire,
When Conduites of the heauen did close:
So that the raine no more discended,
Nor yet the Floode no more ascended,
When he perceiued the Heauens clear,
He sent forth Corbie Wellingere,
Into the Aire for to espy,
If he saw any Mountaines dry:
Some saies, the Rauen forth did remaine,
And came not to the Arke againe.
Forth flew the Doue at Noes command,
And when she did perceiue dry land:
Of an Olyue she brake a branche,
That Noe knew the floode did stanche:
And there no more she did sojorne,
But with the branche she did returne,
That Noe might clearlie vnderstand,
That fellon Floode was decreasland:
And so it did till at the last,
The Arke vpon the ground stack fast:
On the toppe of a Mountaine hie,
Into the land of Armenie.
And when Noe had gone espy,
How that the Earth began to dry:
Then threw he downe the doores all,
And lowsed them the which were thrall,
The fowles flew forth into the air,
And all the beasts by pair and pair
Past forth to seeke their pasturages,

Their was none but eight perſonages:
Noe his three Sonnes and their wiues,
On Earth that left was with their liues:
Whom God did bleſſe and ſanctifie,
Saying, Increeſe and multeplie.
God wait if Noe was blyth and glade,
When of that priſon he was freid.
When Noe had made his Sacrifice,
Thanking God of his benefice:
He ſtanding on Mount Armenis,
Where the Countrie might eſpy:
We may beleeue his heart was ſore,
Seeing the Earth which was before:
The floodes ſo pleaſant and perfite,
Which to beholde was great delite:
That now was barren made and bair,
Before which fruetuous was and faire,
The pleaſant trees bearing frutes,
Were lyand rewin vp be the ruitis:
The hollum herbis and feagrant flouris,
Had tynt baith vertew and colouris:
The feildis greene, and fluriſt miedis,
Were ſpulzeit of thair pleſand weidis.
The eirth quhilk firſt wes ſo faire ſozmit,
Wes be that furious fluide defozmit:
Quhare vmquhyle wer, the pleſand plainis,
Wer holkit Glennis, and hie montanis:
From clattring craigis, greit and gray,
The eirth was weſchin quyte away.
Bot Noe had greiteſt diſpleſuris,
Behald and the dede Creaturis:
Quhilk wes ane ſicht rieht lamentabill,
Men, weuyen, beiſtis innumerabill:

Seyng

Seyng thame ly vpon the landis,
And sum wer fleitting on the strandis:
Quhatillis, and monstouris of the seis,
Stickit on bobbis among the treis.
And quhen the flude was decressand,
Thay wer left weiterug on the land.
Afoze the Flude, during that space,
The Wey wes all into ane place.
Wicht so the eirth, as bene decydit,
In syndrie partis was nocht deuydit:
As bene Europe, and Asia,
Deuydit ar from Africa.
Ze se now diuers famous Ilis,
Stand from the meine land mony mylis.
All thir greit Ilis, I vnderstand,
Wer than equall with the ferme land.
Thare was none sey Mediterrane,
Bot onely the greit Occeane:
Quhilk did not spyld sic bullering strandis,
As it dois now ouerthoze the landis.
Than by the raiging of that Flude,
The eirth of vertew wes denude:
The quhilk afoze was to be pryst,
Quhose be wtie than war dilagylit,
Than was the maledictioun knawin,
Quhilk was be God till Adam schawin.
I reid how clerkis dois conclude,
In during that most furious Flude:
Weth quhilk the eirth was so suppreit,
The wynd blew furth of the south west
As may be sene be Experience,
How throw the watteris violence,
The hich montanis in euery ane,

At bair forgane the South west part:
As the montanus of Cyprus,
The Alpes and Rochis in the laig:
Richt so the Rochis greit and gray,
Quhilk standis into Norroway,
The hichest hillis in euery art,
And in Scotland, for the most part:
Throuch weiterang of that furious Flude,
The craigis of eirth war maid denude.
Trauelling men, may considder best,
The montanis bair, nyrt the South west.
C. Declare (quod I) or ze conclude,
How lang leuit Noe efter the Flude.
E. (Quod he) in Genesis thou may here,
How that Noe wan sax hundreth zere,
The tyme of his greit punishement,
Genes. 9 And ay to God obedient:
And was the best of Sethis blude,
And alas he leuit efter the Flude,
Thre hundreth and fyftie zeiris,
As the Sampn Scripture witnes beiris,
And was or he randerit the spreit,
Nyne hundreth and fyftie zeiris compleit.
To schaw this historie miserabill,
At lenth, my wittis ar nocht abill:
And als my Bone (as I suppose)
It langis nocht till our purpose:
To schaw how Noeis sonnis thrie,
Gan to increes and multiplie.
Nor how that Noe plantit the wyne,
And drank till he was drounkin syne:
And sleipit with his membris bair,
And how Cham, maid for him na cair,

Bot

Bot leuch to se his Father lo,
Howbeit his bretheer war richt wo.
Nor how Noe, but restrictioun,
Gaue Cham his maledictioun:
And put hym vnder seruitude,
To Sem and Japhet that war gude.
Nor how God maid ane conuenent,
With Noe, to mak na punischement:
Nor be na Flude the pepill dyoun,
In signe of that conditioun,
His Rane Bow set into the air,
Of diuers heuinlie colouris fair:
For to be ane perpetuall sing,
Be Flude to mak na punissing:
This historie, gif thow list to knaw,
It leuth the Bibill sall the schaw.

THE SECVND BVKE:

I. Contening the building of Babilon be Nimrod. And how King Ninus began the First Monarchie of thair Idolatrie. And how Semiramis gouernit the Impyre efter hir husband King Ninus.

Father I pray zow, to me tell,
The first Infortune that befell,
Immediatlie efter the Flude,
And quha did first sched saikles blude:
And how Idolatrie began?
E. (Quod he) I sall do as I can:
Efter the Flude, I find na historie,
Worthy to put in memorie:
Genes. 9 Till Nimrod began to ring,
Abuse the pepill, as ane King:
Quhilk wes the principall man of one,
That beildar wes of Babilone.
C. That historie Maister wold I knaw,
(Quod I) gif ze the suth wald schaw:
Quhy, and for quhat occasioun,
Thay beildit sic ane strang Dungeoun?
E. Than said to me Experience,
I sall declare with diligence,

Those

Thoſe queſtionis at thy command,
Bot firſt Sone, thow mon vnderſtand
Of Nimrod, the Genealogie,
His ſtrenth, curage, and quantitie:
Howbeit Moyſes in his firſt buke,
That hiſtorie lichtlie did ouerluke,
Of hym na mair he doith declare,
Except he was ane ſtrang Huntare:
Bot vtheris Clerkis curious
As Orose doith, and Josephus:
Diligentlie Nimrod at mair length,
Baith of his ſtature, and his ſtrenth.
This Nimrod was the fourt perſoun,
From Noe be lyne diſtending doun.
Noe genert Cham, Cham genertt Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, the ſuthe bene thus.
This Nimrod grew ane man of micht,
That tyme in eirth, wes none ſo wicht:
He wes ane ſtyand ſtout and ſtrang,
Perforce wyld beiſtis he doun thrang:
The pepill of that haill Regioun,
Come vnder his dominioun.
Na man thair wes in all that land,
His ſtal wairtnes that durſt ganeſtand,
Na marvell wes thocht he wes wicht
Ten cubitis large, he wes of wicht,
Proportionat in lyntth and breid,
Efferand to his hicht we reid.
He grew ſo greit and glorious,
So prydefull and preſumptuous:
That he come Inobedient,
To the greit God Omnipotent,
This Nimrod was the principall man

That firſt Idolatrie began.
Than gart he all hepepill call,
To his preſence baith greit and ſmall:
And in that greit Conuentioun,
Gene. 11 Did propone his Intentioun.
Myfreindis (ſaid he) I mak it knawin.
The greit vengeance that God hes ſchawin,
In tyme of our fore Father Noy
Quhen he did all the warld deſtroy
And dround thame in ane furious Flude,
Quharefore, I think we ſuld conclude:
How we may mak ane ſtrang defence,
Againis ſic watterig violence.
For to reſiſt his Furious Ire,
Contrair baith to Flude and Fyre.
Lat vs ga ſpy ſum pleſand feild,
Quhare ane ſtrang bigging we may beild,
Ane Cietie, with ane ſtrang Dungeoun,
That none Ingyne may ding it doun.
So hich, ſo thick ſo large and lang,
That God till vs ſall do na wrang:
It ſall ſurmont the Planetis ſeuin,
That we from God may win the heuin.
Thoſe pepill with ane ſerme intent,
All till his counſell did conſent:
And did eſpy ane pleſand plaig,
Hard on the Flude of Euphrates.
The pepill thare did thame repair,
Into the plane feild of Sinear:
Quhilk nowof Chaldie beiris the name,
Quhilk did lang tyme flureis in fame.
Thair greit Fortres thair did thay found,
And baiſt till thay gat couer ground.

All

All fell to wark, baith man and chyld,
Sum holkit clay, sum brint the tyld,
Nimrod, that curious Campioun,
Deuysar wes of that Dungeoun.
Na thing thay spairit thair labouris,
Lyke bellie beis vpon the flouris:
Or Emmettis trauelling into June,
Sum vnder wrocht, and sum abune:
With strang Ingenious Masonrie,
Vpwart thair wark did fortifie,
With brynt tyld, stonis large & wicht,
That Toure thay raiss to sic hicht
Abuse the air is Regioun,
And Iunit of so strang fassioun:
With Syment maid of pik and ter,
Thay wist nane vther morter.
Thocht fyre or watter it assailit,
Contrair that dungeoun nocht anailit.
The land about was fair and plane,
And it rais lyke ane hich montane:
Those fulische pepill did intend,
That to the heuin it suld ascend:
So greit ane strenth wes neuer sene,
Into the warld with mennis ene.
The wallis of that wark thay maid:
Twa and fyftie faldome braid:
Ane faldome than, as some men sayis,
Micht bene twa faldome in our dayis
Ane man wes than of mair stature,
Nor twa be now, thareof be sure.

Iosephus haldis opinioun
Bayand the hicht of this Dungeoun,
Of lange passis of mesure bene,

Fyue thouſand, aucht ſcoꝛe & fourteyne.
Be this rakning, it is full richt.
Fyue mylis, and ane half in hicht:
Ane thouſand paiſ, tak foꝛ ane myle,
And thow ſall find it neir that ſtyle:
This toure in compas round about,
Wer mylis ten, withouttin dout:
Abouut the Cetie of Staidis,
Foure hundreth, and four ſcoꝛe I wis:
And be this noumer in coumpas,
Abouut the ſcoꝛe of mylis it was.
And as Oꝛoſius repoꝛtis,
Thar wes fyue ſcoꝛe of bꝛaſin poꝛtis.
The Tranſlatour of Oꝛoſius
In till his Cronicle wꝛyttis thus.
That quhen the Sunne is at the hicht
At none, quhen it doig ſchyne maiſt bꝛicht:
The ſchaddow of that hiduous ſtrenth,
Sex myle, and mair, it is of lenth.
Thus may ze Judge into zour thocht,
Gif Babilon be hich oꝛ nocht.

How

How God maid the diuerſitie of Languagis, and maid impediment to the Buildaris of Babilon. II.

THan the greit God Omnipotent,
To quhom al thingis bene prælèt,
That wes, and is, and euer ſalbe,
Ar prælent till his Wateſſe:
The hid ſecretis of mannis hart,
From his prælence may nocht depart:
He ſcand the ambitioun,
And the pryde till prælumptioun:
How thir proude pepill did prætend,
Up throuch the heuennis till aſtend:
Quhilk wes greit folie till deuyſe,
Sic ane prælumptuous interpryſe:
For quhen thay wer moſt diligent,
God maid thame ſic impediment;
Thay wer conſtraynit with harris ſoze
From thyne departe and beild no moze.
Sic Languagis on thame he laid,
That none wiſt quhat ane vther ſaid.
Quhare wes bot ane language afoze,
God ſend thame languagis thre ſcoze.
At that tyme all ſpak Hebrew,
Than ſum began for to ſpeik Grew:
Sum Dutche, ſum language Saralyne,
And ſum began to ſpeik Latyne.

The

The Maister men, gan to ga wylde,
Cryand for treis, thay brocht thame tyld:
Sum said bring mortar heir atanis,
Than brocht thay to thame stokis and stanis.
And Nimrod thair great Campioun,
Ran rage and lyke ane wyld Lyoun,
Manassing thame with wordis rude:
Bot neuer ane worde thay vnderstude,
Afore thay fand hym gude and kynd,
But than thay thocht hym by his mynd.
Quhen he so furiouslie did flyte,
Than turnit his pryde into despyte.
So dirk Eclipsit wes his glore,
Quhen thay wald wirk for him no more.
Behald how God wes so gracious,
To thame quhilk wer so outragious:
He nather brauk thair leggis nor armis,
Nor zit did thame none vther harmis:
Except of toungis diuisioun,
And for fynall concluſioun,
Constraynit thay wer for till depart,
Ilk cumpanie in ane syndrie art.
Sum past into the Orient,
And sum into the Occident.
Sum South, sum North, as thay thocht best,
And so thair policie left wast.
Bot how that cietie was repairit,
Heir efter it salbe declairit.

Of the

Of the first invention of Idolatrie. How Nimrod compelled the Pepill till adorne the fire in Chaldea. III.

NOw sir (said I) shaw me the mã
Quhilk first Idolatrie began.
E. That sall I du with all my hart,
Bot lone (said he) or we depart.

Quhen Nimrod saw his purpose failled,
And his great labour not availled:
In maner of contemption,
Departed forth of that Region.
And as Orosius doeth rehearse,
He past into the land of Perse:
And many ane zeir did there remaine,
And syne to Babilon came againe,
And fand hudge pepill of Chaldie,
Remainand in that great citie,
That were glade of his returning,
And did obey him as their King.
Nimrod his name for till aduance,
Among them made new ordinance:
Sayand, I think ze are not wise,
That to none God makes sacrifice.

Than to fulfill his false desire,
He gart be made ane flammand fire,
And made it of sic dreid and hicht,
He gart it burne baith day and nicht.
Than all the pepill of that land,
Adored the fire at his command.
Prosterned on knies and faces,
Beseikand their new God of graces

To giue them mair occaſion.
He made them great perſwaſion.
This God (ſaid he) is maiſt of micht.
Schawand his bemes on the nicht.
Quhen Sunne and Mone are baith obſcure,
His heauenlie bricht nes does indure.
Quhen mens members ſuffers caild,
Fire warms them euen as they waild.
Then cryed the pepill at his deſire,
There is na God except the fire.
Or there was any Imagerie.
Began this firſt Idolatrie:
At that time there was na vſage,
To carue, nor for to paint Image.
Then made he proclamation,
Quha made na adoration
To that new God, without remeid,
Into that fire ſould ſuffer deid.
I finde na man into that land,
His tyranie that durſt gainſtand.
Bot Abram and Aram his brother,
That diſobeyed, I finde none vther:
Quhilk dwelland were in that Cuntrie,
With their father called Tharie:
Their brether Nimrod did repriue,
Sayand to him, Lord with your liue,
This fire is bot ane element,
Pray ze to God Omnipotent:
Quhilk made the heauens be his micht.
Sunne, Mone and Starres to giue licht.
He made the fiſhes in the Seas,
The Earth with beaſts, herbs, and trees.
And laſt of all for to conclude,

He

He made man to his similitude.
To that great God giue praise and gloir,
Quhose King indures euer moir.
Then Nimrod in his furious ire,
Thir brether baith keist in the fire:
Abraham be God he was preserued,
Bot Aram in the fire he sterued.
Quhen Thare heard his sonne was dead,
He did depart out of that stead:
With Abraham, Nachor, and their wines,
As the Scripture at length describes.
And left the land of Chaldea,
And past to Mesopotamia.
And dwelt in Charan all his dayes,
And died there as the storie sayes.
The life of Abraham I suppose,
Na thing langes to our purpose:
Into the Bybill thou may reid,
His vertcous life in word and deid.
Now to thee I haue shawen the man,
That first Idolatrie began.

Of the great Miserie and skaiths that comes of weirs: And how King Ninus began the first weirs, and strak the first Battell. IIII.

FAther I pray zou with my hart,
Declare to me or we depart:
Quha first began thir mortal weirs.
Quhilk euery faithful hart effeirs
And euery politie downe thrawes,
Erpes against the Lords Lawes?
Sen Christ our King Omnipotent,

Left peace intill his Teſtament.
How does procid this crueltie,
Againſt juſtice and equitie.
In land quhair any weires bene,
Great miſerie there may be ſene.
All thing on earth that God hes wrocht,
Weir does deſtroy and put to nocht.
Cities with many ſtrang Doungeoun,
Are brunt, and to the Earth dung doun.
Virgins and Matrons are deflored,
Temples that richlie bene decored,
Are brunt, and all their Prieſts ſpuilzied,
Pure Orphelines vnder feit are fuilzied.
Many auld men maid childeries,
And many childer fatheries.
Of famous Schules the Doctrine,
Baith Naturall, Science and Diuine:
And euerie vertue tramped doun,
Na reuerence done to Religioun.
Streuths deſtroyed aluterlie,
Fair Ladies forſed ſhamfullie.
Young Widowes ſpuilzied of their ſpouſes,
Pure labourars bounded from their houſes.
There dare na Marchant take on hand,
To trauell nether be ſea nor land:
For bout thours that does them confound,
Sum murdrieſt bene, and ſum are dround.
Craftſmen of curious Ingine,
Aluterlie put to ruine.
The Beſtiall reft, the commons ſlane,
The land but labouring does remaine.
Of Policie the perfite warkes.
Buildings, Gardines, pleaſant parkes:

Aluterlie destroyed beue,
Great Granges vnuz there may be seue.
Riches beue turned to powertie,
Plentie intill inconuritie.
Death, hunger, derth, it is well kend,
Of weir, this is the fatall end.
Justice turned in tyranie,
All plesour in aduersitie.
The weir aluterlie doun thrawes,
Baith the Cruill and Cannon lawes.
Weir genners murther and mischeif,
Sore lamenting without releif.
Weir doeth destroy Realmes and kings,
Great Princes weir to prison brings.
Weir shedds meikill saikles bluide,
Sen I can say of weir na guide.
Declare to me, sir gif ze can,
Quha first this miserie began.

¶ Ane short descriptiõ of the foure Monarchies. And how King Ninus began the first Monarchie. V.

IF weirs said he, ye greit outrage
Began into the secund age:
Be cruell, pridefull, couetous kings,
Reuers but richt of vthers rigs
Howbeit Cain after the fluide,
Was first shedder of saikles bluide.
Ninus was first and principall man,
Quhilk wrangous conquelling began.
And was the man withoutten faill,
In earth that strak the first battell:

And first inuented Imagerie,
Quhair throuch came great Idolatrie.
Bot mair knaw or we further wend,
Of quhom king Ninus did descend.
Ninus gif I can richt define,
He was from Noe the fyft be lyne.
Noe genuit Cham. Cham genuit Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, Nimrod Belus:
And Belus Ninus but lesing,
Of Assyria the secund king.
And beildar of that great Citie,
The quhilk was called Ninive:
And was the first and principall man,
Quhilk the first Monarchie began.
C. Father (quod I) declare to me,
Quhat signifies ane Monarchie?
E. The suith (said he) Sone, gif thou knew
Monarchie bene ane terme of Grew:
As quhen ane Province principall,
Hadhaill power Imperial:
During thair dominations,
Abuse all kings and Nations.
Ane Monarchie, that men dois call,
Of quhome I find foure principall:
Quhilk hes roung since the warld began.
C. Then (said I) Father, gif ze can,
Quhilk foure be they, schaw me I pray zow
E. My Sone (said he) that shal I say zow:
First rang the kings of Assyrians:
Secundlie rang the Persians.
The Greikes thridlie, with sword and fyre
Perforce obteined the third Empyre,
The fourt Monarchie, as I here,

the

The Romans vpaked many ane yeare.
Lat vs first speik of Ninus king,
How he began his conqueising.
¶ The auld Greik Historiciane,
Diodorus, he writtes plane,
At richt great lenth of Ninos king,
Of his Impyre and Conqueising,
And of Semiramis his wife,
That tyme the lustiest on lyfe.
It wer to long to put in wryte,
Quhilk Diodore hes done indyte.
Bot I shall schaw, as I suppose,
Quhilk maist belanges thy purpose,
Quhen Nimrod, Prince of Babilone,
Out of this wretched warld was gone
And his sone Belus dead allswa,
The first king of Assyria,
This Ninus quhilk was secund king,
Triumphantlie began to regne,
And was not satisfeit, nor content,
Of his awne Region, nor his rent:
Thinkand his glore for to advance,
Be his great people and puissance:
Throuch pryde, covetice, and vane glore
Did him prepare to conqueis mere:
And gaddered furth ane great armie,
Contrare Babilon and Chaldie:
Quhairof he had ardent desyre,
To ioyne that land to his Impyre.
Howbeit he had thairto na richt
Bot be his tyrannie and micht,
Withouten feir of God or man,
His conqueising thus he began.

His

THis pepill beand in array,
To Chaldea tuke the reddie way.
Quhen that the Babilonians,
Together with the Chaldeans:
Heard tell King Ninus was cummand,
Wade proclamations throuch the land:
That ilk man after their degrie,
Sould come and saik their awin Cuntrie,
Howbeit they had na vse of weir,
They past forward withoutten feir.
And put themselfes in gude ordour,
To meit King Ninus on the bordour.
In that time ze sall understand,
There was na harnes in the land:
For till defend, nor till inuade. (made.
Quhairthrow mair slauchter there was
They saucht throw strenth of their bodies,
With gaddes of iron, with stones and trics.
With sound of horne, and hiddeous cry,
They rushed togethir richt rudely.
With hardie heart, and strenth of hands,
Till thousands dead lay on the lands.
Quhair men in battell naiked bene,
Great slauchter sone there may be sene.
They saucht sa lang and cruellie,
And with vncertaine victorie:
Na man might judge that stude on far,
Quha gat the better nor the war.
Bot quhen it did approch the nicht,
The Chaldeans they tuke the flicht.
Then the King and his companie,
Were richt glade of that victorie:
Because he wan the first battell.

That

That ſtriken was on earth but faill.
And peaceable of that Regioun,
Did take the haill Dominioun.
Then was he king of Chaldea,
Illurii as of Illyria,
As for the King of Arabie,
In his conqueſt made him ſupplie.
Of this zit wes he not content,
Bot to the Realme of Mede he went:
Quhere Fernus King of that Countrie,
Did meete him with ane great armie.
Bot king Ninus the battell wan,
Quhere ſlane were many nobill man.
And to their king wald giue na grace,
Bot plainlie in ane publick place,
With his ſeuen ſonnes and his Ladie.
Cruellie did them crucifie:
Of that triumph he did reioiſe,
Syne forward to the feild he goes.
Then conqueſt he Armenia,
Perſe, Egipt, and Pamphilia.
Capadoce, Lide, and Mauritane,
Caſpia, Phrygia, and Hyrcane.
All Africa and Aſia,
Except great Inde and Bactria.
Quhilk he did conques afterward,
As ze ſall heare or we depart.
Now wald I for we farther wend,
That his Idolatrie were kend.
Syne after that without ſoroyne,
Till our purpoſe we ſall retoyne.

How

¶ How King Ninus invented the first Idolatrie of Images.

VI

NInus ane Image he gart mak.
For king Belus his fathers saik
Maist lyk his father of figure,
Of quantitie and pourtzature.
Of fyne Gold was ȝ figur made
Ane craftie Croun vpon his head,
With pzetius stones in taikning,
His father Belus was ane king.
In Babilon he ane temple made,
Of craftie work both ritch and braide.
Quhairin that Image glorioustie.
Wes thzoned vp triumphantlie.
Then Ninus gaue ane strait command,
To all the people of that land.
All weill intill Assyria,
As in Sinar and Chaldea.
Und r his domination.
They suld mak adoration,
Upon their knees to that figure,
Under the paine of sore failture.
Their was na Lord in all that land,
His summond ng that durst gane stand.
Then zoung and auld baith great and small.
To that Image they prayed all:
And changed his name, as I heir tell,
Fzom Belus to their great God Bell.
In that temple he did devyse,
Pzeists for to mak sacrifice,
Be consuetude, than came ane law,
None vther God that they wald knaw,

And

And als he gaue to that Image,
Of Sanctuarie the Priuiledge:
For quhatsumeuer great tranſgreſſor,
Ane Homicide, or oppreſſor,
Sceand that Image in the face,
Of their great gilt gat the kings grace.
C. Declair to me I weit Sir (ſaid I)
Was there na mair Idolatrie?
Eſter that this fals Idole Bell,
Wes throned vp as ze me tell,
E. Wy Sone (ſaid he) incontinent,
The vnuells throuch the warld they went.
How King Ninus as I haue ſaid,
Ane curius Image he hade maid.
To the quhilk all his Nation,
Hade deuote adoration:
Then euerie Cuntrie take conceit,
They wald King Ninus counterfait.
Quhen ony famous man was deid,
Set vp ane Image in his ſteid.
Quhilk they did honour from the ſpleue,
As it immortall God had beine:
Images ſum made for the nains,
Of fyne Gold, ſum of ſtoks and ſtains.
Of ſiluer ſum, and Fuorie bane,
With diuers names to euerie ane,
For ſum they called Saturnus,
Sum Jupiter, ſum Neptunus.
And ſum they called Cupido,
Their God of luſe, and ſum Pluto.
And ſum the windie Eolus.
Sum Mars made lyke ane man of weir,

Enar-

Enarmed well with sword and speir:
Sum Bacchus, and sum Apollo.
Of names they had aue hundreth mo.

¶ Quhen aue Ladie of great fame,
Was dead, for till exalt her name:
Ane Image of her portrature,
Wald set vpin aue Oratour,
The quhilk they called their goddes,
As Venus, Iuno, and Pallas.
Some Cleo, some Proserpina:
Some Ceres, Vesta, and Diana.
And some the great Goddes Minerue,
With curious tullours they wald carue.
Amang the Poets thou may see,
Of false Goddes the genealogie.

So thir abhominations.
Did spred euerthort all Nations:
Except gude Abraham as we reid,
Quhilk honoured God in word and deid.
For Abraham had his beginning,
Into the time of Ninus king.
Ninus began with tirane,
And Abraham with humilitie.
Ninus began the first Empire,
Abraham of weir had na desire.
Ninus began Idolatrie,
Abraham in spirit and veritie.
He prayed to the Lord alane.
False Imagerie he wald haue nane.
Of him discened I heare tell,
The twelfe tribes of Israell.
Thir pepill made adoration,
With humbill supplication.

Till

with humble supplication.
Till him quhilk was of kings king,
That heaven and earth made of nathing.
Dead Images they held at nocht,
That were with mens hands wrocht.
Bot the Almichtie God of life,
My Sone now haue I done declrife
Thir questions at thy command,
The quhilks thou did at me demand.
C. Quhat was the cause (sir make me sure)
Idolatrie did sa lang indure,
Out throuch the warld sa generallie,
And with the Gentiles specialie?
E. (Quod he) some causes principall,
I fande in my memorall.
First was throuch Princes commandement,
Quhilk did Idolatrie inuent.
Sine singular profite of the Priests,
Painters, Goldsmiths, Maions, Wrichts,
Thir men of craft full curiouslie,
Made Images so pleasandlie:
And sauld them for ane sumptuous price,
To be their craftie Merchandice.
They were made rich aboue measure,
As for the Priests I thee assure,
Large profite gat ouerthort all lands,
Throuch sacrifice and offerands.
And be their fained sanctitude,
Abused many ane man of gude.
As in the time of Daniell,
The Priests of this Idoll Bell:
Quhen Nabuchodonosor King,
In Babylon royallie did ring:

Thir

Thir priests the King gart vnderstand,
That Image made be mens hand,
He was ane glorious God of liue,
And had sic ane prerogatiue,
That be his great power diuine,
Wald eat Beif, Mutton, Bread and wine.
And so the King gart euery day,
Befoir Bell on his alter lay,
Fourtie fresh Wadders fat and fine,
And sax great rouboures of wicht wine:
Twelf great loaues of bowted floure,
Quhilk was all eaten in ane houre:
Not be that Image deif and dum,
Bot be the Priests all and sum.
Dani. 3. As in the Bybell thou may ken,
Quhole number were thrie score and ten:
They and their wyfes euerilk day,
Eat all that on the Altar lay.
Then Daniell in conclusion,
Shew the King their abusion:
And of their subtiltie made him sure,
How vndirneth the tempell flure,
Throuch ane passage they cam be nicht,
And eat that meat with candell licht.
The King quhen he the mater knew,
Thir Priests with all their wyfes he slew.
Thus subtellie the King was syled,
And all the peipill were begyled.
Wy soune (said he) now may thou ken,
How be the priests and craftsmen.
And be their craftines and cure,
Idolatrie did sa lang indure.
Behald how Iohn Boccacius.

Hes

Hes written warks wondrous:
Of Gentiles superstition,
And of their great abusion.
As in his great Bybe thou may see,
Of fals Goddes the genealogie:
Of Demogorgon, in speciall,
Jour Grandsire till the Goddes all.
Honoured amang Archadians,
And of the false Philistians.
With their great deuillish god Dagon,
With others Idoles many one,
Bot I abhor the trueth to tell,
Of the Princes of Israell.
Chosen be God Omnipotent,
How they brak his commandement.
King Salomon as the Scripture sayes,
He doated in his latter dayes:
His wanton wifes to compleis:
He cured nocht God to displeis. 2 Reg. 2
And did commit Idolatrie,
Worshipping carued Imagerie:
As Moloch god of Ammonites,
And Chamos god of Moabites.
Astaroch god of Sodomiens,
So for his inobediens,
And foull abhomination,
Were punist his succession.
His sonne Roboam, I heare tell,
Tint the ten Tribes of Israell.
For his fathers Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thou may see.

Of Images vsed amang Christiane Men.

VII.

Ather zit ane thing I wald speir
Behald in euery Kirk & Queir,
Thrwch Christendome in burgh and land,
Images made with mans hand
To quhome be giuen diuers names,
Sum Peter and Paul, sum John & James:
Sanct Peter carued with his keyes,
Sanct Michaell with his wings and weyes
Sanct Katherin with her swerd and wheill,
Ane Hynd set vp beside sanct Geill.
It were to lang for to descriue.
Sanct Frances with his wounds flue.
Sanct Tred wall als there may be sene,
Quhilk on ane prick hes baith her ene.
Sanct Paul well painted with ane swerd,
As he wald fecht at the first werd.
Sanct Apolline on auiter stands,
With all her teith intill her hands.
Sanct Roch well seiled men may see,
An' byle new broken on his thie.
Sanct Eloy he does stately stand,
Ane new horse schoe intill his hand.
Sanct Niniane of ane rotten stock,
Sanct Dutho boyed out of ane block.
Sanct Androw with his Croce in hand,
Sanct George vpon ane horse rydand.
Sanct Anthonie set vp with ane sow,
Sanct Bryde well carued with ane Kow.
With coastlie colours fine and fair,

Ane

Ane thousand ma, I micht declair:
As sanct Cosme, and Damiane,
The Sowtars sanct Crispiane.
All thir on aulter stareis stands,
Pzeists cryand for their offerands.
To quhom we Commons on our knies,
Does worship all thir Imageries:
In kirk in Queir, and in the Cloister,
Pzayand to them our Pater noster:
In pilgramage from toun to toun,
With offerand, and with Oyl fum:
To them ay bidland on our beids,
That they may help us in our needs.
Quhat differs this, declare to me,
From the Gentiles Idolatrie?

E. Gif that be tre wi that thou repoits,
It goes richt neir the famine sorts:
Bot we be counsell of Clergie,
Hes licence to make imagerie:
Quhilk of vnlearned bene the bukes,
For quhen lawed lerit vpon them lukes:
It bringes to remembrance,
Of Sanctis lyues the circumstance.
How the faith for to fortifie,
They suffered paine richt patientlie,
Seand the Image of the Rude,
Wen sould remember on the blude,
Quhilk Christ intill his Passion,
Did shed for our Saluation:
Or quhen thou sees ane portrature,
Of blessed Marie Virgin pure:
Ane bony Babe vpon her knee,
Then in thy mynde remember thee,

The wordis quhilks the Prophet ſaid
How ſhe ſould be haith mother & maid:
Bot quha that lits doun on their knees,
Prayand till any Imageries:
With Oriſon or offerand,
Knelaud with cap into their hand.
Na difference betwe, I ſay to thee,
From the Gentiles Idolatrie.
Richt ſo of diuers Nations,
I read the abhominations,
How Greiks made their deuotion haill
To Mars, to ſaik them in battell.
Till Jupiter ſome tuke their voyage,
To ſaik them from the ſtormes rage.
Some prayed to Venus from the ſplene
That they their loues micht obteine.
And ſome to Juno for richtes,
Their pilgramage they waild addreſs.
So does our commen populare,
Quhilk were to long for till declare.
Their ſuperſtitious pilgramages,
To many diuers Images.
Some to Sanct Roch with diligence,
To ſaik them from the peſtilence.
For their teith to ſanct Apolline.
To ſanct Tredwall to mend their ene.
Some makes offerand to ſant Eloy,
That he their horſe may well conuoy.
They run quhen they haue jewels tint.
To ſeik ſanct Yuth ere euer they ſtint
And to ſanct Germane, to get remeid,
For maladies into their heid.
They bring mad men on fute and horſe,

And

And binds them to sanct Mungoes Cros.
To sant Barbara they cry full fast,
To saik them from the thunder blast.
For gude Nonelles, as I heare tell,
Some takes their way to Gobziell.
Some wiues sant Margaret does exhort.
Into their birth them to supporte.
To sanct Anthonie to saik the sow,
To sanct Bryde to keip Calfe and Kow.
To sant Sebastiane they run and ryde,
That from the shot he saik their syde.
And some in hope to get their heill,
Runnes to the auld Rude of Kerrell.
Howbeit thir simpill pepill rude,
Think their intention be bot gude.
Woe be to Preists. I say for me,
Quhilk sould shaw them the veritie.
Prelats quhilks hes of them the cure,
Sall make answeir therefor be sure.
On the great day of iudgement.
Quhen na tyme beis for to repent.
Quhere manifest Idolatrie,
Sall punisht be perpetuallie.

Ane exclamation agains Idolatrie. VIIJ.

AMpruident pepill, ignorant & blind,
By quhat reason, law, or authrizie,
Or quhat Autentick Scripture
can ye finde,
Lesome for till commit Idolatrie?
Quhilk bene to bow your bodie or your knie,
With deuote humble adoration,

Till any Idoll made of ſtane nor trie,
Giue and to them offer and or oblation.

Quhy do ye giue the honour, laud gloir
Pertening to God, quhilk made al thig of nocht
Quhilk was, and is, and ſall be euer mair,
Till Images be wemies handis wrocht:
O fuliſhe folke, quhy haue ye ſuccour ſocht
Of them quhilk can not helpe you in diſtres?
Zit reaſonablie reuolue into your thocht,
In ſtock nor ſtane can be na holines.

In the deſert the pepill of Iſraell,
Moyſes remaining in the Mount Sinay:
They made ane maiſten Calfe of fine mettell,
Quhilk they did honour as their God veray.
Bot quhen Moyſes diſcended, I heare ſay,
And did conſidder their Idolatrie,
Of that pepill thrie thouſand gart he ſlay,
As the Scripture at lenth does teſtifie.

Becauſe the holie Prophet Daniell,
In Babylon Idolatrie repreued:
And wald not worſhip their falſe Idoll Bell,
The haill pepill at him were ſa aggrieued,
To that effect that he ſould be miſchieued,
Deliuered him to rampand Lyons ſeuen,
Bot of that dangerous den he was releiued,
Throuch miracle of the great God in heauen.

Behald how Nabuchodonoſar King,
Into the vale of Dirtan, did prepare
Ane Image of fine gold, ane marueillous thing.
Thrie

Tuyle scoze of Cubits hich and sax in square,
As mair cleirlie the Scriptures dois declare:
To quhom all peiple be proclamation,
Dani. 3.
With bodies bowed, and on their knies bare,
Richt humblie they made adozation.

Ane great wonder that day was sene alsa,
How Nabochadonasar in his ire
Tuke Sidzach, Misach, and Abednago,
Quhilk wald not bow their knie at his desire,
Till that Idoll: gart cast them in the fire,
Foz to be brunt, oz he heired of that feid.
Quhen he beleued they were brunt bane & hire,
Was not consumed ane small hair of their heid.

The Angell of the Lord was wt them sene,
In that hait furnes passing vp and doun:
Intill ane rosie Garth, as they had bene,
None spot of fire distaining their goun:
Of victozie they did obtaine the Croun,
And were to them that made adozation
To that Idoll, oz bowed their bodie doun,
Ane witnessing of their damnation.

Quhat was the resle, at me thou may demand
That Salomon bled name Imagerie,
In his triumphant temple foz till stand?
Of Abraham, Isac, Jacob, noz Jesse,
Noz of Moses, their sailguard throuch the sea,
Exo. 20.
Noz Josue, their valiant Campion,
Deut. 5.
Becaulle God did command the contrarie,
They sould not vse sic superstition.

Behald how the great God Omnipotent,
To preserue Israell from Idolatrie,
Directed them one strait commandement,
They sould not make, nane earned imagerie
Neither of gald, of siluer, stane, nor tree,
Nor giue worship till any similitude,
Beand in grauen, in earth, nor in the sea,
Bot onely till his soueraine celsitude.

Barn. 6. Pſa. 115

The Prophet Dauid plainlie did reprene,
Idolatrie, to their confusion:
In graue stock & stane that did beleue,
Declairing them their great abusion.
Spe[illegible]k and in maner of derision,
How dead Idols, be mens hands wrocht,
Quhom they honored, with humbill action,
Were in the market daily sauld and bocht.

The deuilles seand the euill condition
Of the Gentiles, and their vnfaithfulnes:
For till augment their superstition,
In those Idoles, they made their entres,
And in them spak as stones dos expres:
Then men beleued of them to get releif,
Thay gaid them help in all their distres,
Bot finallie that turned to their mischeif.

Traist well in them is nane diuinitie,
Quhe teth and rosit their fair cullour does fald,
Thocht they haue feit, one sute they can not flee,
Howbeit the temple burne about their heid:
In them is neither friendship nor remeid,
Iustic figures quhat fauour can ye finde?

with

With mouthes nocht, ȝeris thocht they be maid,
All men may see, they are dum, deif and blind.

Howbeit they fall doun flatlings on the flure,
They haue na strenth themselfis to raise againe,
Thocht rattons ouer thē run, they tak na cure,
Howbeit they byte their nebb, they feill na pain,
Quhy sould men ȝe sabines to them sing or sane
Sen growand trees, that ȝe erst beares frute,
Are maist to ȝow like, I maketh to their plane,
Nor curtted stobbs wanting baith croy and cute.

Of Edinburgh the great Idolatrie,
And manifest abhomination,
On their feast day, all creature may see,
They heir ane auld stob Image throw thy toun
With talburne, trumpet, shalme, and Clariount:
Quhilk hes beyne bled many ane yeare bygone,
With Preists and Friers into procession,
Sic like as Baal was borne throw Babilon.

Schame ȝe not ȝe secular Preists and Friers
Till ȝe great sayer sillyis to consent?
Idolaters ȝe haue beine many yeares,
Expres againes the Lords commandement:
Quhairfoir brether I counsell you repent,
Giue na honour to sacrid stock nor stone:
Giue laud and gloir to God Omnipotent,
Allanerlie, as ȝe reid in ȝour Iohn.

Fy on you Friers that blesfoyes preich,
And dois assist to sic Idolatrie,
Quhy do ye not the ignorant pepill teach,

How ane dead Image carued of ane tre,
Is it were halie, could not honoured be?
Nor borne on Burges backs vp and doun.
Bot ze thaw plainlie your hypocrisie,
Quhen ze passe forneth in processioun.

Fy on you fosteraris of Idolatrie,
That till ane dead stock does sic reuerence:
In presence of the pepill publicklie,
Feare ze not God, to commit sic offence?
I counsell you, do it with diligence,
To gar suppres sic great abusion,
Do ze not sa, I dreid your recompence,
Sall be not eise, bot eirans confusion.

Had S. Frances bein borne out throw the toun,
Or S. Dominick, thocht he had not refused:
With them till haue past in processioun,
Intill that rate, some wald haue you accused.
Now men may se, how that ze haue abused,
That nobill toun, throuch zour hypocrisie,
The pepil trows that they may richt weil vse it,
Quhen ze passe with them into companie.

Some of you hes bene quiet counsellours,
Prouokand Princes to shed saikles blude:
Quhilk neuer did your prudent predecessours,
Bot ze like furious & hairtles denude
Of Charitie, quhilk erst Christ on the rude,
For Christis flock, without malice or ire:
Conuerted fragill faltours, I conclude,
Be Goddes word, without fyre or fyre.

Weld

Reid ye not how Christ hes giuen command
Gif thy brother doeth eathe thee vill offend,
Then secretlie correct him hand for hand, Mat. 18.
In friendlie maner, ere thou farther wend,
Gif he will not heare thee, then make it kend,
Till ane or twa, be ree to nareation,
Gif he for them, will not his mis amend,
Declare him to the Congregation.

And gif he yit remaines obstinate,
And to the holie Kirk in contumabill,
Then like ane Turk hald him excommunicat,
And with all faithfull folke abhominabill,
Banissing him, that he be no matrobill,
To dwell amang the faithfull companie:
Quhen he repents, be not unmercifabill,
Bot him relaue againe richt tenderlie.

Bot ȝe blynd Doctours of blasphemie,
And ȝe of the last found Religion,
Of pure transgressours ȝe haue na pitie,
Bot cryes to put them to confusion.
As cryed the Jewes, for the effusion
Of Christs blude, into their breuand ire,
Crucifige, sa ȝe with ane vnion,
Cryes by, gar cast the faultone in the fire.

Ye mercifull members of the Antichrist,
Erroll and your humane tradition, Mat 15.
Contrair the institution of Christ, Ephes. 6
Effeir ȝe not diuine punition?
Thocht some of ȝow be gude of condition.
Readie for to refaue new reuent wine,

I speik

Ifraell to ran quild Bullis of perdition,
Returns in time ere pvnsorth wine.

Aaron the perverst Prophets of Baall,
Quhilks did consent to the Idolatrie
Of wicked Achab, King of Israell,
Quhose cvmber wes lang hvndreth a thrie,
Quhilks honoured that Idoll openlie;
Bot quhen Elias did proue their abusion,
He gart the pepill slay them cruellie,
Sa at anc houre came their confusion.

I pray you mine in your remembrance,
How the reid Friers for their Idolatrie
In Scotland, England, Spaine, Italy and France,
Upon ane day were punisht pvttconlie,
Behald how your awin brether ar ly falslie
In Dutchland, England, Denmark and Norroway
Are trampled doun with their hypocrisie,
And as the snaw ar melted frae a wall.

I märuel that our Bishops thinks na schame,
To giue ȝow Friers sic preheminence,
Till vse their office to their great defame,
Preaching for them in open audience.
Bot mich ane bishop eik till his awin expence,
For ilk Sermon ten Ducats in his hand,
He wald ere he did waur that recompence,
Ga preach himself, baith into burgh and land.

I traist to see gude reformation,
From time we get ane faithfull prudent King,
Quhilk knawes the treuth, and his vocation,

All Publicans, Iuis alls he will do not thing,
Nor will not suffer do his Saints to ring
Corrupted Scripts, nor fals Pharisiene, Matt. 8.
Against the treuth, quhilk plainly does maning,
Till that King come, we maist take patience.

Now fair wel friends, bet cause I can not flice.
Howbeit I could, ye must hald me excused,
Thocht I against Idolatrie indite,
Orthogt despite that will not be refused:
I pray to God that it thame mair speed
Among the Writers of this Region;
That contrair peruerse wa maist abound.
Bot giue him glore that bure the cruell Croun.

Quhilk teiched us in his Diuine Scripture.
Till richt prayer, the perfit readis way.
As writes Mathew in his sext chapture,
In quhat maner, and to quhom we sould pray.
Ane short compendious Orison euerilk day.
Maist profitabill baith for bodie and saull,
The quhilk is not directed, I heare say,
Bot Iohnnot Iames, to Peter, nor to Paull.

Nor to nane vther of the Apostles tweilf,
Nor to na Sanct, nor Angell in the heauen,
Bot only till our Father God him self,
Quhilk Orison it doeth contene full euen,
Maist profitabill for vs peruersous seuen,
Quhilk we sawed for the Pater noster call,
Thocht ye say Psalmes, nine, ten, or elleuen,
Of all prayer this beine the principall.

Be

Be reason of the Wather quhilk is made,
Quhilk was the Sonne of God, our Saviour.
Be reason als, to quhom it sould be said,
Till the father of heaven, our Creatour,
Quhilk dwelles not in temples in tour:
Je clearlie sees our thocht, will, and intent,
Quhat needes vs, at vthers sek succour,
Quhen in all place thir power dene present?

Ze pylates of the pylgrims, that sould preich,
Quhy suffer ze sa great abusion?
Quhy do ze not the simple people teach,
How, and to quhom, to dres their Oration?
Quhy thoill ze them, to run from toun to toun,
In pilgramage, to any Imageries,
Quhen and to gif thair some salutation,
Prayand to them vpon their knees.

This was the pairt of sum pilgramage,
Quhen klinks into Fife began to son:
With Poke and Thom, then tuke they their voyage,
In Angus to the field of Chapell Dyon:
Then kittock there, als cadye as ane Con,
Without regarde, either to sin or shame,
Gane Lowrie leane, at leasines to loup on,
Far better had bene, till haue bidden at hame.

I haue sene pas ane marvellous multitude,
Young men and women, gangand on their feit
Under the forme of feined similitude,
For till adorne ane Image in Aberdeit:
Many came with their marrows for to meit:
Com-

Committand there foull fornication,
Sam killed the clagged taill of the Armeit,
Quhy thoill ye this abhomination?

Of Fornication and Idolatrie,
Appeit and dlie ye take bot littill cure,
Scand the maruellous infelicitie:
Quhilk hes sa lang done in this land indure,
In your default, quhilk hes the charge e cure,
This bene of truth, my Lords, with your leue,
Sic pilgramage hes made many ane hure,
Quhilk gif, I pleased, plainlie I micht preue.

Quhy make ye not, the Scripture manifest,
To pure pepill touching Idolatrie?
In your preaching quhy haue ye not erpest,
How many Kings of Israell cruellie,
Were punished be God so rigorouslie?
As Ieroboam, and many ma but dout,
For worshipping of carued Imagerie,
Were from their Realmes rudelie ruted out.

Quhy thoill ye vnder your dominion,
Ine crafrie Preist, or famed false Armits,
Abuse the pepill of this Region,
Onely for their particulare profeit?
And specialie the Armeit of Laureit,
He pat the common pepill in beleue,
That blind gat sicht, and cruked gat their feit,
The quhilk that Palzard na way can appreue.

Ye maried men that hes trim wanton wiues,
And lustie dochters of young and tender age,

Quhose

Quhoſe bonetie ye ſould loue as your liues,
Permit them not to paſ in pilgramage,
To ſeik ſuppoꝛt at any ſtock Image,
Foꝛ I haue witten gude wemen paſſe fra hame
Quhilk hes bene trapped with ſic iuſts rage,
Hes done returu, baith with great ſin & ſhame.

Get vp, thou ſleips all to long, O Lord,
And make ane haſtie reformation
On them quhilk does tramp doun thy gratious (word
And hes ane deadlie indignation,
At them quhilk makes trew narration,
Of thy Goſpell, ſhawing the veritie.
O Lord I make thee ſupplication,
Suppoꝛt our Faith, our Hope, and Charitie.

¶ How King Ninus builded the great Cittie of Ninivie. And how he vincuſt Zoroaſtes King of Bactria.

IX.

THis Ninus of Aſſyria King,
Quhē he had made his cōqueſting.
To beild ane Cittie he him dreſt,
Chuſing the place quhere he thocht beſt,
Quhere he had firſt Dominion,
In Aſſyria his awin Region.
Thocht Aſſur as the Scripture ſayes,
Quhilk came afoir King Ninus dayes:
And founded that famous Cittie,
The quhilk was called Niniue.
Bot as rehearſes Diodoꝛe,
Ninus that Cittie did decoꝛe)

So

So maruellous triumphantlie,
As ye sall heare immediatlie.
Upon the flude of Euphrates,
Quhilk to behald great wonder was.
Ane hundreth and fiftie stages,
That Cittie was of lenth I wis:
The walles ane hundreth fure of hicht.
Na wonder was thocht they were wicht.
Sic breid abuke the walles there was,
Thrie Cartes micht hydlings on them pas:
Foure hundreth stages and foure score,
In circuite, but myn or more.
Of towres about these walles I wene,
Ane thousand and five hundreth bene.
Of hicht twa hundreth futs and more,
As writes famous Diodore.

The Scripture makes mention,
Quhen God sent Jonas to that toun:
To schaw them of his punishment,
Out throuch the Cittie quhen he went:
Thrie dayes journay to him it was,
The Sybill sayes it was na les.

Wy Sonne, now haue I schawen to thes,
Of the building of Niniue:
For the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus gart call it after his Name.
Quhen he that great Cittie had ended,
To conques mair yet he intended:
And did depart from Niniue,
And raised vp ane great Armie:
Of the maist stalwart men and stout,
Of all his Regions round about:
In great ordour tuke their journay,

Toward the Realme of Bactria.
Of wicht fute men, I vnderstand,
He had seuentene hundre thousand:
Without horse men, and weir like carts
Quhom he ordoured in sundrie parts:
Quhilk till deserue I am not abil,
Quhose number bene la vntrowabill.

Zoroastes that nobill King,
Quhilk Bactria had in gouerning:
That prudent Prince, as I heare tell,
Did in Astronomie precell:
And fand the Art of Magicis,
With naturall Science mony ma.
Se and King Ninus on the feld,
Forward he cums with speir and sheild.
Foure hundreth thousand men he wes,
In his armie there was na les.
And met King Ninus on the bordour,
Richt valiantlie, and in gude ordour:
On the vangarde of his armie,
On them he rushes richt rudelie.
And of them slew, as I heare say,
Ane hundreth thousand men that day.
The rest that chapes were vnslane,
To Ninus great Host fled againe.
Of that King Ninus was la noyed,
He rested neuer till he destroyed,
All haill the Region vp and doun,
And from the King did reaue the Croun
And made the Realme of Bactria,
Subiected till Assyria.
And in that samin land I wis,
He tuke to wife Semiramis:

Quha

He tuke to wife Semiramis:
Quha as mine authoꝛ does deſcriue,
Was then the luſtieſt on liue.
That beand done without ſodgeoure,
Till Niniue he did returne:
With great triumph of victorie,
As mine authoꝛ does ſpecifie.
Baith Occident and Orient,
Were all to him obedient.
It wald abhoꝛ thee til heare red,
The ſaikles blude that he did ſhed.
Quhen he had rung, as thou may heare,
The ſpace of thrie and fourtie yeare:
Beand in his excellent gloir,
The dolent death did him deuoir.
In quhat ſoꝛt I am not certain,
Some authoꝛ ſayes that he was ſlane:
And left to bruke his heritage,
Ane littill Babe of tender age.
Young Ninus was the Childs name,
Quhilk after fluriſhed in great fame.
Some ſayes, that be his wifes treaſon,
King Ninus died in priſon.
As I ſall ſhaw ere I hyne fare,
Quhilk Diodoꝛe hes done declare.

¶ Of the wonderfull deeds of the Queene Semiramis. X.

NInus loued ſa ardentlie,
Semiramis his faire Ladie:
There was na thing ſhe wald
command,
Bot all obeyed was fra hand.

Sche leand him so amorous,
Sche grew proud and presumptuous.
And at the King she did desire,
Fiue dayes to gouerne his Empire.
And he of his beneuolence,
Did grant her that preemince:
With Septour, Crown, and Rob royal,
And haill power Emperiall.
Till fiue dayes were come and gone,
That she as King could raigne alone.

¶ Then all the princes of the land,
During that time made her ane band,
With banket royall merelie,
Sche treated them triumphantlie.
Sa the first day the pepill all,
Came till her seruice bound and thrall.
Bot ere the secund day was gane,
Sche tuke sic gloir to ring alane,
Be ane decreit made them amang,
The King she put in prison strang.
I read well of his prisoning,
Bot not of his deliuering.
How euer it was intill his sowres,
He did of death suffer the sowres.
And micht not lenth his life ane houre,
Thocht he was the first Conquerour.
Quhose conquesting for to conclude,
Was nocht but great shedding of blude.
Now haue ye heard of Ninus King,
How he began, and his ending.
Howbeit mine author Diodore,
Of him hes writtin meikill more.
Princes for wrangous conquesting,

Doeth

Doeth make oft times ane euill ending.
Thocht he had lang prosperitie,
He ended with great miserie.

¶ Of King Ninus Sepulture. XI.

THe Quene ane sepulture she made,
Where the king Ninus bodie lade:
Of curious crafty wark and wicht
The quhilk had staids nine of hicht
And ten staids of bred it wes,
Wiod ore lapes it was na les.
For aucht staides ane myle thou take,
And thereafter thy number make.
Sa be this compt it was full riche,
Ane myle and als ane staid of hicht.
Except the towre of Babilone,
Sa heich ane warke I read of none.
Semiramis this luikie Quene,
Considdering quhat danger bene:
To haue ane King of tender age,
Quhilk micht not vse na vassalage.
She tuke ane couragious conseit,
Thinkand that she wald make debate,
Gif any made rebellion,
Contrair her Sonne or his Region.
Quhom she did foster tenderlie,
And keiped him full quyetlie.
She laid a part her awin clething,
And tuke the rayment of ane King.
Quhen she was in till armour dicht,
Micht na man knaw her by ane knicht.
She valiantlie went to the weir,

And to giue battell tuke na feir:
Daunting all Realmes round about,
That all the warld of her had doubt.
Wair fortunate in her Conqueſſing,
Nor was her husband Nurps king.

Babilon ſhe did fortifie,
Temples and towres triumphantlie:
Sa pleaſantlie did them prepare,
Quhilk in the Earth had na compare.
Howbeit Nimrod, of quhom I ſpak,
The hiddeous Dungeon he gart make:
And of the Citie the foundament,
To quhom God made impediment,
Quhere Nimrod left, there ſhe begau,
And put to warke many ane man.
Of all the Realmes round about,
Of maiſt ingyne ſhe coche them out.
She had workand with tree and ſtanes,
Twelf hunder thouſand men at anes.
Go reid the buke of Diodore,
And thou ſall finde the nunber more.
On euer ilk ſide of Euphrates,
That nobill Citie biulded wes.
And ſa that Ruuer of renoun,
Ran throuch the mid part of the toun.
Quer thort that ſame ſhe brigs made,
Of maruellous ſtrenth baith lang and braid.
They were fiue ſtaiges large of lenth,
On euer ilk brig ſhe made ane ſtrenth.
The circuite as I ſaid afore:
Foure hundreth ſtaiges and foure ſcore.
The wallis hicht quha wald reſtrue,
Thrie hundreth fute, thrie ſcore and fiue.

Sir

Sax Carts micht passe eicht eastlie,
Abone the wallis of that Cittie.
Sydlings without impediment,
Considder be your judgement,
Gif those wallis were hich or nocht,
And also curiouslie were wrocht.
Ja Diodore beg done define,
Quhilk doth transcend my rude ingine
Of Babylon the magnificence,
To quhom ye wald gine na credence:
Gif I at lenth wald put in wrize,
Quhilk Diodore has done indite.
Compare of Cities findr I none,
Till Ninive and Babilone.
From Ninive in Assyria,
Till Babilon in Chaldea:
Be dryes pleasantlie ye may pas,
Upon the fludes of Euphrates,
Amang the fludes of Paradyce,
This Euphrates may beare the pryce.
All warks quhilks the Quene beg an,
Transcended the ingine of man.
The proud Quene Penthesilea,
The Princes of Amasona:
With her Ladies triumphantlie.
At Troy quhilk fauthe full valiantlie.
Nor yet the fair Maiden of France,
Hanter of English ordinance
To Semiramis in her dayes,
Were na compair, as buikes sayes.
Except triumphant Julius,
Strang Hannibalis, or Pompeius.
Or Alexander the Conqueroure,

I vnderta greater werkis, quhair anis
Walde I rehearse
her wonderfull
It were to me ane great labour
And tedious to the auditour,
Quhat she did in Ethiopia,
And in the land of Media,
Beild and Citties, Castells, Vnder wark,
Parkes and Gardenes of pleasures.
For the craiting of her name,
And immortall to make her fame,
Of Jarcius the hich Mountaines,
She gart riue downe make them plaine
Great Dzontus that Mountaine wicht,
Twentie and flue flaides of hicht:
Till her Palice to draw ane Loch,
Be force of men she ran it throuch.
Had she keiped her chastitie,
She micht haue bene ane Imperice
Quhen she had ouercome her Empice,
Of Venus war she tuik delicis
Ane secret mansion for gart make,
Quhere she pleasantlie micht rake,
Young Gentle men for her pleasure,
The quhilk she vsed aboue measure,
Ane man alone vnabyd of be wall,
To stanche her lust bestiall,
Quhen she was satisfied at lenth,
She gart ane vther come anone,
The lustiest of all the land,
Came quyetlie at her command,
Quhen they at lenth had tane her by,
She slew them all richt cruellie.

Quhen

Quhen her Sonne comes till ages perfite,
Of him she tuke sa great delite:
She causeb him with her ly,
Amang the rest richt quyetly
Some sayes throuch lustfull lustis rage,
She band him into mariage:
And held him vnder tutorie,
To vphald her authoritie.

How the Queene Semiramis with ane great armie past to Inde, and faucht with the King Staurobates. And of her miserable end. XIJ.

When she had lang tim lined in rest
To conques mair she her addrest:
Becaus of diuers she heard tell,
How that the Inde Orientell,
Excelled in great commodities,
As bestiall, cornes, and frutefull trees.
All kinde of spyce delitious,
Golde, siluer, stones pretious.
And how that plenteous land did beare,
Corne, frute, and wyne twise in the yeir
With Elephants innumerabill,
In battell wonder terribill.
She heareand this, and mekill moir,
Beleueand till augment her gloir,
Gart make strait proclamations,
In all and sundrie Nations,
Shawand how it was her desire,
All Princes vnder her Empire,
In Egipt and Arabia,

In Perse, in Mede, and Chaldea:
In Greece, in Caspia, and Syricane,
In Capadoce, Lidia, and Mauritane:
In Armenie, and Phrygia,
In Pamphilie, and Assyria.
That ilk ane after their degrie,
Sould bring till her ane great armie:
In all the gudelie haist they may,
And meit her intill Bactria.
Declairing them that her intent,
Was till pas to the Orient:
And make weir on the King of Inde,
Fra time they knew quhat was her minde.
Then be their selfes like Region,
Came forth'ward with their Garison:
Triumphantlie in gude array,
Till Bactria tuke the readie way.
And made their musters to the quene,
Bot sic ane sicht was never sene:
In battell ray sa many ane man,
Ataines, sen God the warld began.
Bot Spanzie, France, Scotland, England,
Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet Ireland,
Were not inhabite in those dayes,
Nor lang after mine author sayes.
Ethelias he, does specifie,
The number of this great armie:
Say and there came at her command.
Fute men, threttie hundreth thousand:
Of horse men mounted gaylyardlie,
Fiue hundreth thousand verraylie.
Ane hundreth thousand Camels wicht,
On euerilk Camell raid ane Knicht:

Prepared

Prepared to paſſe in to all partis,
There was ane hundreth thouſand Carts.
Twa thouſand Wantes with her ſhe carries,
On Horſe, Cameilles, and Dromodaries.
Bigis for to make ſhe Abſonteids,
Ouerthort Indas that furious ſtude:
Quhilk bene of Inde the out maiſt bordour,
On the quhilk ſtude with riche gude ordour.
Of her Barges ſhe bigis made,
Quhairon her great Oſt ſaiſlie rade.

C. Father I wald men underſtude,
How ſic ane marueilous multitude,
Micht be at anes brocht to the feild,
Readie to fecht with ſpeir and ſheild.
Some men will iudge this bene ane fabill,
The mater bene ſa untrouabill.

E. It may well be my Sonne, ſaid he;
Is be crampill we may ſee:
How Dauid king of Iſraell,
His pepill gart number and tell,
Be Joab his cheefe Capitane,
As holy Scripture ſhawes plane:
Of fechtand men into that land,
He fand thretteine hundreth thouſand.
Sen Dauid in that ſmall Cuntrie,
Micht haue raiſed ſic ane armie.
To this Ladie it was na wonder,
The quhilk had greater Realmes ane hunder.
Nor Dauids ſtrall Region,
Thocht ſhe had many ane Legion,
Of men, ma nor I tauld afore,
Therefore my Sonne maruell no more.

C. Staurobates the king of Inde,

Greatly

Greatlie perturbed in his mynde,
Hearing that sic ane multitude,
To make defence he did conclude:
And send ane message to the Queene,
Praying hir Majestie serene,
That she would of her speciall grace,
Gif him licence to liue in peace,
Fairand of that, thocht he sould die,
That he sould gar her feeble grieue,
And till his God ane vp-gaue made,
Gif na peace micht of her be had;
And gif he wan the victorie,
That he the Queene sould crucifie.
At his bolting the queene made bourds,
Sayand, it sall not be as wourds,
Sall gar me pas from my purpois.
Bot mychtie Straiks as I suppois.
The Messinger syne to the King,
Of her presumptuous answering.
Then Staurobates wise and wicht,
Came forward like ane nobill knicht:
With many ane thousand speir & sheld,
Arrayed royallie on the feild:
Thinkand he wald his land defend,
Or in the battell make ane end.

¶ The Queene vpon the vther syde,
Full of presumption and of pryde:
Hir Banners pleasantlie displayed,
With hardie heart and vnafrayed:
Vpon Indus that famous flude,
They met quhere sched was meikill blude
In Boat, in Balinger, and Barges,
The twa armies on vther charges.

Syne.

Semiramis the wife [illegible]
Quhere dyuers battels [illegible]
So a that the water of the [illegible]
Ran rid mixed with [illegible]
The king of Inde with all [illegible]
From Indus flude he rade [illegible]
Till his cheefe Citie [illegible]
Where in his presence [illegible]
In battell ray and [illegible]
Of richt inuincibill [illegible]
With Elephants and [illegible]
Whilk after ward [illegible]

Semiramis and her [illegible]
In the meiss time [illegible]
Destroyed the boundis [illegible]
Tuke prisoners [illegible]
Sche tuke ane [illegible]
Great Elephants to [illegible]
Sche bad ten thousand [illegible]
Well sewed together [illegible]
With mouth and nose, [illegible]
Quick Elephants as [illegible]
Richt weill stuffed [illegible]
Whereof the Indians [illegible]
Upon Camels and [illegible]
Thole false figures [illegible]
Sere Indians quhen [illegible]
Effeirdlie the [illegible]
For sic ane sicht [illegible]
Of naturall beastes [illegible]
The king him selfe [illegible]
Till he the verite [illegible]
And knew be his [illegible]

They were bot fained fals figures.
Then manfullie thir men of weir,
Fordward they came withouten feir.
Richt fa Semiramis the Queene,
Quhilk for ane man wald ay sklame,
Thir twa armies hard enuellis,
They rushed togither fae ubelis.
With hiddeous cry, and trumpets sound
Till thousands dead lay on the ground.
Semiramis had fra ane number,
Till ordour thrmit was great rumber.
Then the great Elephants of Inde,
Richt strang and hardie of their kinde:
Fordward they came and wald not ceis,
Till throch the middes of the preis,
Of the great host they rudelie rushed,
There men on horse till eird they dushed.
Those feinzed beists withouten spirit,
Were frushed and fruistred vnder feit.
The King of Inde with courage kene,
Met with Semiramis the Queene:
He rydand on ane Elephand,
Bot she wauth them fourght hand for hand,
And gaue the King sa great assay,
That he was wounded the affray:
To strak at him she tuke na feir,
So weill she vsed was in weir:
His straiks she had bot litill compted,
Wer not the King was sa weill mustred:
Either at vther strak sa fast,
Till they were tyred at the last.
The King he thocht himselfe ashamed,
With ane woman to be defamed:

And

And was determed not to flee,
Thocht in that battel he ſould dee:
As men the quhilk diſpared bene,
Ye rudelie ran vpon the Queene:
And throuch the arme gaue her ane wound,
Quhilk till her heard it gaue ane ſtound,
That ſhe conſtrained was to flee,
Then all the reſt of her armie:
Quhen they perſaued that ſhe was gane,
Till Indus ſtude they fled full ane.
The Queene ouer thoꝛt the ſtude ſhe rade,
On bꝛigs quhilks were of boats made,
With her ane ſober rampanie,
Quhilk with her fled affrayetlie.
The Indians followed on the chaſe.
Then on the bꝛigs came ſic ane pꝛaſs
Of ſteand folkes, quhilks was great wonder,
So that the bowgs bꝛake in ſunder:
Some ſanke, ſome doun the riuer ran,
Then dꝛowned were many ane nobill man.
Quhilk was great pitie till deplore,
As wꝛytes Kampus Diodore.
And finallie foꝛ till conclude,
Was neuer ſhed ſa meikill blude
At ane time, ſen the warld began,
Noꝛ ſlane ſa many ane ſaikles man:
And all throuch the occaſion,
And thꝛ pꝛydefull perſwaſion,
Of this ambitious wicked Queene,
Sic ane was neuer heard noꝛ ſeene.
Staurobotes the King of Inde,
Greatlie reioyſed in his minde,
Of this triumph and victoꝛie,

Semi-

Semiramis with heart full sorie,
Seand sa many taue and slane,
Till her Countrie returned agane:
Lamentand Fortunes variance,
Quhilk wrocht her sa great misthance,
Afore quhilk was sa fortunate,
And then of comfort desolate.
Her Sonne ane man of perfection,
Considderand his subiection:
His libertie he did desire,
That he micht gouerne his Empire.
Seand his mother vitious,
And with that sa ambitious:
As mine author dois specifie,
He slew his mother cruellie.
Quhat vther cause or intention,
I finde na speciall mention.
Some sayes to be at libertie,
Soms sayes for her adulterie.
None vther cause I can deuise,
Except punition deuyne.
Of this fair Ladie courageous,
Behald the ending dolorous.
Quhilk was but twentie yeares of age,
Quhen she began her vassalage.
And rang triumphantlie but weir,
The space of twa and fourtie yeir.
Quhen she was slane, she was threscoir,
With yeares twa, she was no moir.
As Diodore writes in his buke,
His Chronicle quha list to luke.
Of this Ladie I make ane end,
Thinkand na way I can commend

Wemen for till be manlie,
Nor men for to be womanlie,
For quhy? it bene the Lords minde,
All Creature till vse their kinde.
Men for till haue preeminence,
And wemen vnder obedience.
Thocht all wemen inclyned be,
Till haue the soueranitie.
As this Ladie, quhilk wald not rest,
Till she her husband had suppreſt,
Till that intent that she micht ring,
Allane to haue the gouerning.
Ladies na way I can commend,
Presumptuouſlie that does pretend,
Till vse the office of ane King,
Or Realmes take in gouerning.
Howbeit they valiant be and wicht,
Going in battell like ane Knicht.
As did proud Penthesilea,
The Princes of Amazona,
In mens habite againe reason,
Sic like I thinke derision,
Ane Prince to be effeminate,
Of Knichtlie courage desolate:
Neglectand his authoritie,
Throuch beaſtlie lenſualitie.
Accompanied baith day and nicht,
With wemen mair nor valiant Knichts
Sic Kings I discommend at all,
Exempill of Sardanapall.
C. Father, ſaid I, ſhaw me how lang
The ſucceſſion of Ninus rang.
E. That ſall I do with diligence,

My

My Sonne, said he, ere I go heuce.
Sen I haue shawen at thy desire,
Quhat man began the first Empire.
Now wald I it were to thee kend,
Of that Empire the fatall end.

XIIJ. ¶ How King Sardanapalus for his vitious life, made ane miserabill end.

BEtwix this Conqueror Ninus,
And lewdiall Sardanapalus:
I can not finde na speciall storie,
Worthie to put in memorie:
Except quhilk I haue done deserit
Of Semiramis King Ninus wife.
Bot I can finde na gude at all,
To write of King Sardanapall,
Quhilk was the lax and thretty King,
Be lyne from Ninus discending:
At lenth his life for to declare,
I thinke it is not mecklare.
Because that many cunning Clarks,
Hes him deseryued in their warks.
How he was last of Assyrians.
Quhilk had the haill preeminence,
That time of the first Monarchie,
In Chronicles as thou may see.
The last and the maist vitious King,
Quhilk in that Monarchie did ring.
That Prince was sa effeminate,
With lewdwall lust inforciate.
He did abhor the companie,
Of his maist nobill Cheualrie:

That

That he micht haue the maist delite,
Till vse his beastlie appetite:
Conuersed with women nicht and day,
And clothed him in their array,
Sa that na man that him had sene,
Could judge ane man that he had beue:
Sa in huredome and harlatrie,
Did keip himselfe sa quyetlie.
The Princes of Assyrians,
Of him they could get na presens,
Thus liued he continuallie,
Agains Nature inordinatlie.
Quhen to the Perses and the Medes,
Reported was his vitious deeds:
With the Rewlers of Babilone,
They did conclude all in till one:
They wald not suffer for till ring
Aboue them, sic ane vitious King.
Bot Arbaces ane Duke of Mede,
He derflie tuke on hand that deed.

¶ Bot first he came to Ninyue,
To see the Kings Maiestie,
And till ane of the Kings guarde,
He gaue ane secret rich reward:
Till put him in ane secreet place,
Quhere he micht see the Kings grace:
And be vnseene with any wicht,
Bot he saw neither King nor Knicht,
Intill his Maiesties companie,
Except women allanerlie:
And as ane woman he was cled,
With women counselled and led,
And shamefullie he was stirand,

with spindle and with rock spinnand.
Quhen Arbaces that sicht had seene
His courage raise vp from the spene:
And thocht it small difficultie,
For till deprive his Majestie.

¶ Then raised he the Persianes,
With Medes and Babilons
Enarmed well with spear and sheilds,
Triumphantlie they take the feilds.

¶ The King raised Assyrianes,
Together with the Chaldeans:
And them resisted as they micht,
Bot finallie he take the sicht:
To saue him selfe in Ninive,
Then seiged they that great Cittie,
Continuallie twa yeare and moir,
As writes famous Diodore,
Till that the flude of Euphrates,
Araise with sic ane furiousnes,
Quhere throch ane great parr of the toun,
Be violence was doung in doun.
Then quhen the King sa wna remeid.
Bot to be taken, or to be dead:
As man dispared full of yre,
Gart make ane furious flammand fire,
And take his golde and jewels all,
Wit Sceptour, Croun, and Rob royall:
With all his tender creatures.
That of his Cozes had greatest cures.
Together with his lustie Queenes,
And all his wanton Concubines:
And in that fire he did them cast,
Syne lap him selfe in at the last.

Quhere

Quhere all were brunt in pouder small,
Thus ended King Sardanapall:
Withoutten anye repentance,
As may be kene be this sentence,
Here followeing, quhilk he did indite,
Befoir his death in great despite:
Quhilk is ane richt ungodlie thing,
As ye may see be his dyting:

Sa. Xpisophorus Sardanapali.

Cum te mortalium morbis, præsentibus exple
Delitijs animum, post mortem nulla voluptas:
Et Venere, & Cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.

Now haue I shawen with diligence,
The Monarchie of Assyrience:
The quhilk that King Ninus began,
And ended at this wicked man:
And did indure withoutten weir,
Ane thousand, twa hundreth and fourtie yeare.
As doeis indite Eusebius,
Read him and thou sall finde it thus.

¶ The thrid buke of the miserabill destruction of the fiue Cities, called *Sodome, Gomorre, Sebaim, Segor, and Adama, with their haill Region.*

NAther, I pray you to me tell,
The notabill thinges that befell:
Durung the ring of Assyriens,
Quhilk had sa lang preeminence.
I meane of vther Nations.

Under their Dominations.
E. That must be done in termes shayt,
Said he, as Stexies does reyayt:
Induring this first Monarchie,
Became that wofull miserie,
Of Sodome, Gomore and their Region,
As Scripture makes mention:
Quhose pepill was sa sensuall,
In filthie sinnes unnaturall.
The quhilk into my vulgare verse,
My tongue abhorres to rehearse:
Like brutall beasts out of their mindes
Unnaturallie abuse their kindes:
By filthie stinkand lecherie,
And maist abhominabill sinne of Sodomie.
As holie Scripture does deserive,
In that Countrie were Cities five,
Quhilk were Sodome and Gomorha,
Seboim, Segor, and Adama.
Amang them all found was there none,
Undefyled, but Lot alone.
How Abraham dweit neare hand by,
Quhilk prayed for Lot effectually,
For God made him adverteisment,
That he walde make sach punishment.
To Lot twa Angels God did send,
Him from that furie to defend.
Quhen the pepill of that Region,
Saw the Angels come to the toun.
Transformed into fair young men,
They purposed them for to ken
And abuse them unnaturallie,
With their fouill stinking Sodomie.
Of that gude Lot was wonder wa,

And offered them his dochters two:
Them at their pleasure for to wie,
Bot they his dauchters did refuse.
And then the Angels with their micht,
These men depryued of their sicht.
And sa perforce left them alane.
From Lots lodging quhen they were gane,
They him commanded haistelie,
For to departe of that Cittie:
That fouill abhominabill Lecherie.
Ane vengence from the heauen did cry.
The quhilk did moue God to ire,
That from the heauen brimstone & fire.
With awfull thundering rained doun,
And did consume that haill Region.
Of all that land scaped na mae,
Except Lot and his dochters twa.
His wife was turned in ane stane,
So wifeles he was left alane.
For she was inobedient,
And keiped not commandement,
Quhen the Angel gaue them command
Sune to departe out of that Land,
He charged them vnder great paine,
Neuer to luke back ward againe.
Quhen Lots wife heard the thundering.
Of flamming fire, and the lichtning:
The wofull cryes lamentabill,
Of people, maist espouentabill:
For nane of them had force to flee,
She lamented that sicht to see:
And as she turned her anone,
She was transformed in ane stone:
Quhere she remaines to this day,

Of her I haue na maie to say.
To shaw at lenth I am not able,
That pitteous proces lamentabill:
How Cities, Casteis, touns and toures,
Villages, Baitalzies and boures,
They were all into ponder driuen,
Forrests be the rutes vpreauen.
Their King, their Queene, and pepill all
Young and auld burnt in ponder small.
Na creature was left on life,
The foules, beastes, man nor wife,
The earth, the corne, hearbe, frute and tree,
The childrien on the Nuries knee.
Richt suddenlie in ane instant,
Unwarlie came that judgement.
As it came in the time of Noy,
Quhen God did all the warld destroy,
For the selfe sinne of Sodomie,
And maist abhominabill bougerie.
That vice at lenth for to declare,
I thinke it now not necessare.
Quhen all was burnt, flesh, blude and banes,
The hules, the valies, Rocks and stanes.
The Countrie sanke for to conclude,
Quhere now there standes ane vglie flude.
The quhilk is called the dead sea,
Nert to the Countrie of Judie:
Quhose stinking strands black as tar,
The fleure of it men feeles on far.
Into Orontius thou may read,
Of that Countrie the lenth and bread.
Of lenth sixtie myles and two,
And fourtene myles in bread also,

Lot of his wife was sa agast,
That to ane mountaine wilde he past:
Of companie he had na mae, Gen. 19
Except his lustie dochters twa:
And by their prouocation,
As Moyses makes narration,
Alane into that Mountaine wylde,
His dauchters baith he got with childe:
For they beleued in their thocht,
That all the warld was gane to nocht.
As it became of that Nation,
Thinkand that generation
Wald fail, except they craftely,
Cause their father with them to ly.
And sa they found ane craftie wyle,
How they their Father micht begyle:
And cauled him to drink wicht wine,
Quhilk men to Lecherie does incline.
Quhen he was full, and fallen on sleepe,
His dauchters quyetlie did creepe
Into his bed, full secreetlie,
Prouckand him with them to ly.
He knew not how he was begilde,
Till both his dauchters wer with childe
And bure twa sonnes in certaine,
They being in ane wylde Mountaine.
Of quhom twa Nations did proceed,
As in the Scripture thou may read:
In the quhilk Scripture thou may see,
At lenth this wofull miserie.
This miserie became but weir,
From Noahs flude thrie hundreth yeare,
Together with fourescore and eleuen,

Is compted Carion full euen.
And after Noahs death I ges,
Ane and fourtie yeare there wes.
Quhen Abraham was of age I wene,
Foure scoze of yeares and ninetene:
Then this foull sinne of Sodomie,
Was punished sa rigozouslie.
Great God preserue vs in our time,
That we commit not sic ane crime.
Tedious it were foz me to tell,
This Monarchie during quhat befell:
And wonders that on earth war wzocht,
Quhilk to thy purpose langes nocht.
Is how the pepill of Israell,
Did lang time into Egipt dwell.
And of their great punition,
Throch Pharoes persecution:
And how Moyses did them conuoy,
Throuch the read sea with meikill ioy.
Quhere king Pharao richt miserablie,
Was drouned with ane hudge armie.
Exod.2. And how that people wandering was,
Fourtie yeares in the wilderues:
Moyses that time, as I heare say,
Receiued the Law on Mount Sinay.
That time Iesus from Iozdan,
Iosue.3. Led the pepil to Canaan:
Quhere Saul, Dauid and Salomon,
With Hebrew kings many ane,
Did richlie ring in that Countrie,
Indurug this first Monarchie.
The siege of Thebes miserabill,
Quhere blude was shed incomparabill.

Of

Of Nobill men into thole dayes,
With vther terrible effrayes.
I shew the Greeks wrocht vengence,
Upon the nobill Troyance,
Because that Paris did convoy,
Perforce fair Helena to Troye.
Quhilk was King Menelaus wife,
Quhere many a thousand loss their life.
That time the valiant Hercules,
Throughout the warld did hym addres,
Quhere he did many ane worthie deed,
As in his Storie thou may reed:
And how through Dejanira his wife,
That Campion did lose his life,
In flamming fire furiouslie,
The death he suffered cruellie.
That time Remus and Romulus,
Did found that Cittie maist famous,
Of Rome, standing in Italy,
As in their Gests thou may see.
Wald thou read Titus Livius,
Thou sould finde warkes wonderous:
Quhose worthie deeds are well kend,
And sall be to the warldis end:
Thocht they began with cruseltie,
And ended with great miserie.
As bene (the mater to conclude)
Of all shedders of saikles blude.
In Greece the ornate Poetrie,
Medicine, Moralis, Astronomie:
During the first Monarchie began,
By Homerus that famous man:
Together with Hesiodus,

As

As diuers authors shawes vs.
It were too long to put in tyme,
The bukes that they wrait in their time.
These were the actes principall,
That Monarchie during quhilk befell.
As for gude Abraham and his seed,
Into the Bybell thou may reed.
How in his time, as I heare tell,
Began the kingdome spirituall.
As I haue shawen to thee befoir,
Quherefoir I speik of them no moir.

¶ Ane short descriptiõ of the secund, third, and fourt Monarchies.

FAther, said I, quhilk was the man
That the nert Monarchie began?
E. Cyrus, said he, the king of Perse
As Chronicles hes done rehearse:
Prudent and full of policie,
Began the secund Monarchie.
For he was the maist gudelie king,
That euer in Perse or Mede did ring.
For he of his benignitie,
Deliuered from Captiuitie
The haill pepill of Israell,
Into the time of Daniell,
The quhilk had bene prisoneirs,
In Babilone, full seuentie yeares.
Therefoir God of his grace bening,
Gaue him ane diuine knawledging.
During his time, as I heare tell,
He vsed counsell of Daniell.

Caron

Caron at lenth does specifie,
Of his maruellous Natiuitie:
And of his vertevus vpbringing,
And how he vanquished Crelus king.
With many ane vther valiant deed,
As into Carion thou maist reed.
Quhose succession did indure,
To the tenth King, thereof be sure.
Bot after his great conquelling,
Richt miserable was his ending.
As Herodotus does deserue,
In Scithia he lost his liue,
Quhere the vndantoned Scithianes,
Vanquished the noble Perlianes.
And after that Cyrus was dead,
Quene Tompye hacked of his head.
Quhilk was the Quene of Scythians,
In delpite of the Perlians.
Sche kest his head for to conclude,
Into ane vessell full of blude:
And laid these wordes cruelly,
Drink now thy fill if thou be dry,
For thou did ay blude shedding thirst,
Now drinke at leasure, gif thou list.
After that Cyrus succession,
Of all the warld had possession.
Till Alexander with sword and fyre,
Obteined perforce the third Empyre:
Quhilk was the King of Macedone,
With valiant Greekes many one:
In battell fell and furious,
Vanquisht the michtie Darius:
Whilk was the, tenth and the last King,

Quhilk did after king Cyrus ring.
As for this potent Emperour,
Alexander the Conqueroure:
Gif thou at lenth wald read his ring,
And of his cruell conqueſting,
In Engliſh tongue in his great buke,
At lenth his life there thou may luke:
How Alexander that patent king,
Wast twelfe yeares in his Conqueſting.
And how for all his great Conqueſt,
He liued but ane yeare in reſt,
Quhen by his ſeruant ſecretlie,
He poyſoned was full pitteouſlie.
Lucane does Alexander compare,
To thunder, quhilk flauchtis in the aire:
Ane cruell planet, ane mortall weird,
Doun thringing perill with his sweird.
Ganges that moſt famous flude,
He mixed with the Indians blude.
And Euphrates with the blude of Perſe,
Quhole cruelitie for to rehearſe,
And gilties blude that he did ſhed,
Were riche abhominable to be red.
After his great proſperitie,
He died with great miſerie.
It were too long for to deuide it,
How all the Realmes wer deuided.
Ay quhill that Celar Julius,
Quhen he had vanquiſht Pompeius:
Was choſen Emperour and king,
Aboue the Romans for to ring:
That potent Prince was the firſt man,
Quhilk the fourth Monarchie began.

And had the haill Dominion,
Of euerie land and Region:
Quhose succession rang without weir,
Ouer the warld manyane hundreth yeir
Bot gentill Julius, alas,
Rang Emperour bot litill space.
Quhilk I think pitie to deplore.
In fiue moneths and litill more:
Be false erebut ant treasoun,
That prudent Prince was troden doun,
And murthered in his Counsell house,
Be crueli Brutus and Cassius.
After that Julius was slane.
Did ring the great Octauiane:
Of Emperours ane of the best,
During his time was peace and rest.
Ouer all the warld in ilk Region,
As Stories makes mention.
And eke I make it to the plaine,
During the time of Octauiane,
The Sonne of God, our Lord Jesu,
True mankinde of the Virgin true:
And was that time in Bethlehem borne,
To saue mankinde that was forlorne.
As Scripture makes narration,
Of his blessed incarnation.
Now haue I tauld thee as I can,
How the fourt Monarchie began.
Bot in thy minde thou may considder,
How warldlie pompe bene bot slidder.
For all their great Empires are gane,
Thou seest there is na Prince alane,
Quhilk heis the haill Dominion,

This

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As for this potent Emperour,
Alexander the Conqueroure:
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To thunder, quhe ſtraught in theair:
Ane cruell planet, ane mortall weird,
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And Euphrates with the blude of Perſe,
Quhole crueltie for to rehearſe.
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For all their great Empires are gane,
Thou seest there is na Prince alane,
Quhilk hes the haill Dominion,

This

This time of eurrie Region.

C. Father quhat reason had thefe Kings,
Reauers to be of vthers rings,
Without any richt or iuft querrell,
Quhere throch that they micht make battell:
And common pepill to doun thring,
To this (fay I) make anſwering?

E. Wy Sonne (faid he) that fall be done,
As I beſt can, and that richt ſune:
Thefe Monarchies I vnderſtand,
Preordinate were be the command
Of God, the Makmaſour of all,
For to doun thring, and to make thrall.
Vndantoned pepill vitious,
And ane for to be gratious,
To them quhilk vertevus were and gude,
As Daniell hes done conclude,
At lenth into his Prophecies,
How there ſould be foure Monarchies.
His ſecund chaptour thou may ſee,
How after the firſt Monarchie,
Quhen Nabuchodonoſor King,
Ane Image ſaw in his ſleeping,
With anſteir luke in hicht and breid,
And of fine pure golde was his head:
His breaſt and armes of ſiluer brycht,
His wombe of coppar hard and wicht:
His lopnes and limbs of yron richt ſtrang,
His feete of clay, yron mixt amang:
From the Mountaine there came a ſtane,
Without mans hand ane full great ſtane,
Quhilk on that ſtrangers feete did fall,
And beate him all in ponder ſmall.

Of

Of quhose interpytation,
Doctours does make narration:
The head of gald does signifie,
First the Assyrians Monarchie:
The siluer breast that did apply,
The Persians quhilk rang secundly.
The wombe of copper or of bras,
Thirdlie of Grecches compared was.
His loynes and limbs of yron and steill,
Clarkes hes them compared weill,
To Romanes throuch their diligence,
To haue the fourth preeminence,
Aboue all vther Nation,
Be this interpretation.
The mixed feete with yron and clay,
Did signifie the latter day,
Quhen that the warld sall be diuided,
As afterward sall be decided.
Bot Christ is signified the stane,
Quhose Monarchie sall neuer be gane.
For vnder his Dominion,
All Princes sall be troden down.
Quhen that great God Omnipotent,
Comes to his generall judgement:
His Monarchie sall then be knawen,
As after sall be to thee shawen.
And as the Scripture sall thee tell,
How in the sicht of Daniell,
He saw in this visiõn,
By ane plaine exposition,
How that the Grecians sould wirke vengence,
Vpon the Medes and Persience.
Comparing Sweiches to ane Gate,

With

With ane horne, fierce, furious and hate:
Quhilk kild the Ram with hornes twa,
Compared to Perse and Mede alsa.
And sa be Daniels prophecies,
All their great michtie Monarchies,
The quhilk all vther Realmes suppressed,
Be the great God thay were dressed.
Is he of Titus the Romane,
Sonne and heire to Vespasiane.
Made him ane furious instrument,
To put the Jewes to great torment:
Quhilk I purpose, ere I hence fare,
Shortlie that proces to declare.

¶ Of the maist miserabill, and maist terribill destruction of Jerusalem.

IJ. FAther (said I) declare to me,
Induring this fourt Monarchie,
The maist infortune that befell,
The maist and manifest miserie,
Became vpon that great Cittie,
Jerusalem, quhen it was suppressit,
As Storyes makes manifest.
Bot as the Scripture bears dewile,
Jerusalem was destroyed twise.
First for their great Idolatrie,
Quhilk they committed in Jewrie:
The honour aucht to God alane,
They gaue to figures, stock and stane:
Before Christs incarnation,
Came this first desolation:

Fiue

Fiue hundreth yeares, fourescore and ten,
In Chronicles, as thou may ken.
How Nabechadonosor king,
That famous Citie did doun thring:
Their king with peitill many one,
Brought them all bound to Babilone.
Quhere they remained prisoners,
The space of threscore and ten yeares.
And that first desolation,
was called the translmigration:
Was na man left in all their Lands,
Bot pure folke labouring with their hands:
Till michtie Cyrus king of Perse,
As Daniell hes done rehearse,
Was moued be God for to restore,
The Jewes, quhere that they were before.
¶ If I neglect, I were to blame,
The last siege of Jerusalem:
Quhose ruine was maist miserabill,
And for to tell richt terribill:
Was neuer in earth, citie nor toun,
Gat sic extreame destruction.
The tounes of Tyre, Thebes nor Troy,
They suffered neuer halfe sic noy.
The Emperour Uespasiane,
He did deuise that siege certaine.
There was the prophecie complete,
Quhilk Christ spak on Mont Oliuete:
Quhen he Jerusalem beheld,
The teares from his eies distelld:
Seing be diuine prescience,
The great destruction and vengence,
Quhilk was to come on that Citie,

His heart was pearsed with pitie,
Saying, Jerusalem gif thou knew,
Thy great ruyne, fair wald thou rew,
For ought that I can to thee shaw,
The veritie thou wilt not knaw:
Nor hes in consideration,
Thy halie visitation.
Thy pepill will na way considder.
Quhom gathred I wald haue togethar
As wandering sheepe are with their birdes,
Or as the hen gathers her birdes
Under her wings richt tenderlie,
Quhilk they refuled despitefullie:
Quherfoir sall come that dulefull day,
That na remedie make they may.
Thy dongeons sall be beatin in sunder,
Sa all the warld sall on thee wonder.
Thy temple now maist triumphand,
Sall be trade doun amang the sand.
And as he said, sa it befell,
As heirafter I sall thee tell.

C. Shaw me (said I) with circumstance,
The speciall cause of that mischance.

E. (Said he) as Scripture does conclude,
For shedding of the guiltles blude
Of Prophets, quhilk God to them send,
And eke because that they misken'd,
JESVS, the Sonne of God soueraine,
Quhen he amang them did remaine:
For all the miracles that he shew,
Malitiouslie they him misknew.
Thocht by his great power diuine,
The water cleare he turned in wine

And

And by that selfe same power and micht,
To the blinde borne he gaue the sicht:
And gaue the cruked men their feet,
And made the lipper haill compleet.
He helped all, and raised the dead,
Yet held they him at mortall feed: Mat. 21.
Becaus he shew the veritie, Mat. 27.
They did conclude that he sould die.
The Bishops, Princes of the Priests,
They gredy sa bowden in their brests:
The Scribes and Doctours of the Law,
Of God nor man quhilk stude na aw,
On Christ Jesus to worke vengence,
Richt sa the false Pharisience,
And sect of fained Religion,
Deuised his confusion:
And sent their seruants at the last
And with strang cords they bound him fast:
Then scourged him on back and side,
That nane for blude micht see his hide.
There was not left ane pennie breid,
Unwounded, from his feet to heid.
In maner of derision,
They plat for him ane cruell Croun,
Of prunzeand thornes sharpe and lang,
Quhilk on his heauenlie head they thrang:
Then caulde him for the greater lack,
Beare his awin gallous on his back.
To the vile place of Caluarie,
Quhere many ane thousand man micht see,
That innocent they tuke perforce,
And plat him backward to the Croce,

Throch feete & hands great nailes they thrust,
Till blude aboundantlie out brust,
Without grudging, clamour or cry,
That paine he suffered patientlie.
And for augmenting of his greeues,
They hanged them betweene twa theues
Quhere men micht see the bludie strands,
Quhilk sprang furth of his feete and handis:
From thornes thrustred on his head.
Ran doun bullering streames red,
In the presence of many ane man,
That blude royall on Roches ran:
Shortlie to say that heauenlie King,
In extreme dolour there did hing,
Till he said, Consummatum est,
With ane loud cry he gaue the gaist.
Quhen he was dead, they tuke ane dart,
And pearsed the Prince out throch the heart:
From quhom there ran water and blude,
The earth then trembled to conclude.
Phebus did hide his beames bricht,
That throch the warld there was na licht:
The great vale of the temple rane,
The dead men rais out of the graue,
And in the Cittie did appeare,
As in the Scripture thou maist heare.
Then Joseph of Arimathie,
Did burie him richt honestlie.
Bot yet he rose full glorioustie.
On the thrid day triumphantlie:
With his Disciples in certaine,
Fourtie dayes he did remane:
After that, to the heauen ascended,

These

Nor gaue na credence to his sawes.
As at more lenth the Storie shawes.
Bot cruellie they did oppresse,
All men that Christs Name did profesſe,
And persecuted many one,
They pysoned both Peter and Johne.
And Steuen they stoned to the dead.
From Iames the les they strak the head
This was the cause in conclusion.
Of their cruell confusion.
The prudent Iew Iosephus sayes.
That he was present in those dayes,
And in his buke makes mention,
How after Christs ascension,
The space of twa and fourtie yeares,
Began these cruell mortall weirs:
The secund yeare of Uespasiane,
Quhere many taken were and slane.
Josephus plainlie does conclude,
Was neuer sene such ane multitude,
Before that time into the toun,
Quhilk came for their confusion:
Their great infortune sa befell,
That all the Princes of Israell
Conuened againe the time of Pasche.
Bot to returne they had na grace.
The bald Romanes with their Chiftane,
Titus the Sonne of Uespasiane:
Their armie ouer Iudea spred,
Then all men to the Cittie fled:
Beleuing there to get releif,
Bot all that turned to their mischeif.
The Romanes lopped them about,

That be na way they micht win out.
Sir Mouneths did that ſiege indure,
Quhere loſt were many creature:
Quhilk there in miſerie did remaine,
Till they were taken all and ſlane.
During the time of this aſſailzie,
Their meate and drink and all did failzie
For there was ſic ane multitude,
That thouſands died for fault of fude.
Neceſſitie cauſde them eat perforce,
Dog, Cat and Ratton, Aſſe and horſe.
Rich men behoued to eat their golde,
Then died for hunger manyfolde:
Such hunger was without remeid,
The quick behoued to eat the dead.
The filth of priuies many eate,
To lenth their life, they thocht it ſweete.
The famous Ladies of the toun,
For lack of fude they fell in ſoun.
Quhen they micht get na vther meate,
They ſlew their proper bairnes to eate.
Bot all for nocht, deſpitefullie,
Their awin ſouldiers full greedelie,
Reft them that fleſh maiſt miſerabill,
And they with mourning lamentable,
For extreme hunger yeeld the ſpirit,
There was the Prophecie compleete,
As Chriſt before made narration,
The day of his grim paſſion.
Quhen that the Ladies for him murned
Full pitteouſlie he to them turned,
And ſaid, dauchters mourne not for mee,
Mourne on your awin poſteritie:

within

within ſhort time ſall come that day,
That men of this Cittie ſall ſay,
When they are troden in the ſnare,
Bleſt be the wombe that neuer bare:
The barren papes then ſall they bleſſe,
That dulefull day thou ſall not miſſe.
This Prophecie it came to pas,
That they cryed many loud alas.
Sic ſorrowfull lamentation,
Was neuer heard in na Nation.
Seing theſe luſtie Ladies ſweete,
Dying for hunger on the ſtreete.
Their husbands nor their childrẽ,
Micht giue to them na comforting:
Nor yet releue them of their harmes,
Bot ſome dying in vthers armes.
After this wofull indigence,
Amang them rais ſic peſtilence:
Quherein there died many hunder,
Quhilk to declare it were great wonder.
And for ſmall concluſion,
Thoſe weirlike walles they beat them doun.
Prince Titus with his Cheualrie,
With ſound of trumpet triumphantlie.
He entered in that great Cittie,
Bot to deplore I thinke it pittie:
The painfull clamour horrible.
Of wounded folk maiſt miſerable.
There was na thing bot take and ſlay,
For there micht na man win away.
The ſtrands of blude ran throuch the ſtrete,
Of dead folke troden vnder fete.
Auld widowes in the preaſe were ſmored,

Young virgines shamefullie deflored.
That great temple of Salomon,
With many ane curious carued stone,
With perfite pinnacles on heicht,
Quhilk wer baith bewtifull and wicht:
Quherein rich jewels did abound:
They rushed rudelie to the ground:
And set unto their furious ire,
Sancta Sanctorum into fire,
And with extreame confusion,
All their great doungeon they brake doun.
There brullen wer the golden breists,
On Bishoppes, Princes of the Preists.
There taken was the great vengence,
Of falsse Scribes and Pharisence.
All their painted hypocrisie,
That time micht make them na supplie.
That day they bulefullie repented
That to the death of Christ consented.
Thocht it was our Saluation,
It was to their damnation.
The vengence from the blude giltles,
Mat. 23 From Abell to Zacharias,
That day upon Jerusalem fell,
Bot tedeous it werr to tell:
That great extreame confusion,
And of blude sic effusion.
Was neuer slane sa many ane man,
At ane tune sinee the warld began.
The Jewes that day gat their desire,
Quhilk they did aske unto their ire:
As is in Scripture specified,
That day quhen Christ was crucified:

Quhen

When Ponce Pilate the Prelident,
Said to them I am innocent
Of the iuſt blude of Chriſt Jeſus,
They cryed his blude be vpon vs,
And on our generation,
They got their ſupplication,
That day with many carefull cry,
Their blude was ſhed abundantly.
Joſephus writes in his buke,
His Chronicle quha liſt to luke
During that cruell ſiege certaine
Were elleuen hunder thouſand ſlane:
Of priſoners well told and ſene,
Fourelcore of thouſands and ſeuentene.
Out of the land they did expell,
All the pepill of Iſraell.
And for their great ingratitude,
They liue yet vnder ſeruitude.
There is na Jew in na Countrie,
Quhilk hes ane fute in propertie:
Nor neuer had without ten weir,
Since this day fiftene hundreth yeir.
Nor neuer I all, I to thee ſhaw,
Till that they turne to Chriſts Law.
Some ſayes, that Jewes manifold,
Were threttie for ane pennie ſould.
As Judas ſauld the King of glore,
For threttie pennies and no more.
After that many were miſchaued,
Quhen nouris paſt how lang they liued,
Upon their gould without ten doubt,
They cut their bellies to ſearch it out.
The reſt in Egipt they did ſend,

Priſoners

Prisoners to their liues end.
Titus tuke in his companie,
Great number of the maist worthie:
With him to Rome he led them bound,
Then cruellie did them confound.
His victorie for to decore,
And for augmenting of his glore,
Cauſde put them into publick places,
Quher ilk man micht behald their faces
Then with wyld Lyons cruellie,
He cauſed deuoure them dulefullie.
This hich triumphant michtie toun,
At Paſche was put to confuſion.
Becauſe that in the time of Paſche,
They crucified the King of Grace.
Some hes this mater done indite,
Mair ornatlie then I can write:
Quherefoir of it I ſpeik no moir,
Onely to God be laud and gloir.

¶ Of the miſerabill end of certaine Tyranous Princes, and ſpeciallie the beginners of the foure Monarchies.

NOw haue I done declair at thy deſire,
Is ȳ demanded into terms ſhoir,
And quha began the principall Empires,
Is Chronicles and ſtories does report.
Quherefoir (my Sonne) I heartlie the exhoir,
Perfitelie print in thy remembrance.
Of this inconſtant warld the variance.

The

The Princes of these four great Monarchies
In their maist highest pompe Emperials:
Trusting to be maist sure set in their seas,
The fraudful warld gaue to them mortal falles,
For their reward and darke memorials:
Thocht ouer the warld they had preeminence,
Of it they gat na vther recompence.

For likewise as the snaw does melt in May,
Throch the reflex of Phebus beames bricht:
These great Empires, richt sa are went away,
Gane is their gloir, their power & their micht,
Because they were reaulrs withoutten richt,
And blude shedders full cruell to conclude,
Richt cruellie therefore was shed their blude.

Behald how God euer since the warld began
Hes made oft times Kings instruments
To scurge pepill, and to slay many ane man.
Quhilk to his Law were inobedients,
Quhen they had done performed his intents,
In danting wrangous pepill shamefullie,
He suffers them be scourged cruellie.

Euen as the scule-maister does mak a wand,
To dant and beate scholleirs of rude ingine,
The quhilk will not studie at his command,
He scurges them, and onely to that fine,
That they sould to his gude counsell incline,
Quhen they obey, and mealed is his ire,
He takes the wand, and casts it in the fire.

God of King Pharao made ane instrument,
Quhilk

Exod.7. Quhilk was the great king of Egiptience:
His awin peculiare pepill ta tozment,
Exo. 13 That brand done, he wrocht on him vengence.
And let him fall throuch inobedience:
And finallie, he with his great armie,
In the read sea them drouned dulefullie.

Richt sa of Nabuchodonosor king,
God made of him ane furious instrument:
Jerusalem and the Jewes to doun thring,
Dan.13 Quhen they to God were inobedient:
Then reft him from his riches and his rent,
And him transformed in ane beast brutall,
Seuen yeare and moze, as writes Daniell.

Alexander throuch pryde full tyranie,
In yeares twelf did make his great Conquest:
Ay shedding guiltles blude full cruellie,
Till he was king of kings he tuke na rest:
In all the warld quhen he was full possest,
In Babilone, throned triumphantlie,
Throuch poyson strong deceassed dulefullie.

Duke Hanniball the strang Carthagiane,
The daunter of the Romanes pompe and glozie
By his power were many thousand slane,
As may be read at lenth into his stozie:
At Cannas, quhere he wan the victorie,
On Romans hands that dead lay on ȝ grounde,
Thrie heaped bushels were of rings found.

Into that mortall battell I heare sane,
Of the Romanes most worthie warriours,

Atouer

Aboue Capralnes, wer fourtie thowland slane,
Of quhom there was thirtie wise Senatours
And twentie lords, quhilk had bin protectours
That died thre, in defence of their Countrie,
And for to hald their Land at libertie.

Quhat reward gat this cruell Campion
Quhen he had slane sa great ane multitude?
And quhen the glas of his vain gloir was run,
Ane shamefull death, and shortlie to conclude
This is reward of all shedders of blude,
For he gat sic extreame confusion.
He kild him selfe in drinking strang poyson.

Behald the twa maist famous Campions,
That is to say, Julius and Pompey,
Quhilk did conquesse all earthlie Regions,
Aswell dry land, as Iles in the Sey.
And to the toun of Rome causid them obey:
For Pompeus saddewed the Orient,
And Julius Cesar all the Occident.

Bot finallie, these two did strive for state,
Quherby thair hundreth thowland mē wer slain
Bot Pompeus after that great debate,
He murthered was, the Storie telles plaine:
Then Julius was Prince and soueraine,
Aboue the haill warld Emperour and King,
Bot into rest short time indured his ring.

Within flue Moneths and litill moir,
Amid his Lords, into the Counsell house:
He murthered was, quhat needs proces moir,

As

As I haue said, be Brute and Cassius:
Gif thou wald knaw their deeds dolorous,
Thou may at lenth ga read the Romane storie,
Quhilk hes this mater put in memorie.

Gane is the golden warld of Assyriens,
Of quhom King Ninus was first and principal
Gane is the siluer warld of the Persians,
The copper warld of Greekes now is thrall,
The warld of yron, quhilk was the last of all,
Compared to Romanes in their glore,
Are gane richt so, of them I heare no more.

Now is the warld of yron, mixed with clay,
As Daniell at lenth hes done indite,
The great Empires are molten cleane away:
Now is the warld of dolour and despite,
I see not else bot trouble infinite:
Quherefor (my Son) I make it to thee knd,
This warld I knaw is drawing to ane end.

Takens of derth, hunger and pestilence,
With cruell weirs baith be sea and land:
Realme againis Realme, with mortal violence,
Quhilk signifies the last day euen at hand:
Quherefor (my Son) be in thy faith constant,
Raising thy heart to God to cry for grace,
And mend thy life quhile thou hes time & space.

III. ¶ Of the first Spirituall and Papall Monarchie.

Father

Father is there na Prince ringand,
That hes the warld now at cõmand,
As had the Kings of Assyriens,
The Perses, Grecks, or Romains
Quha hes now maist Dominion,
Of euerie Land and Region?

E. There is na Prince (my Sonne) said he,
That hes the principall Monarchie,
Aboue the warld vniuersall,
With whole power imperiall:
As Alexander or Darius,
Or as had Cesar Julius:
For Orient and Occident,
Were all to them obedient.
Notwithstanding Lande and King,
Quhilk into Europe now does ring,
That is the potent Pape of Rome,
Empyring ouer all Christendome.
To quhom na Prince may be compare,
As Cannon Lawes can declare.
All Princes of the Ordeine,
Are to his grace obedient:
For he hes haill power compleit,
Bath of the bodie and the spreit:
Quhilk neuer had na Prince before,
Except the michtie Prince of glore.
To Christ he is great Lieutennant,
In holie Peters place stand:
Sa he is of all Kings King,
Quhilk into Europe now does ring.
And as the Romane Emperours,
Hauing the warld vnder their cures:
Had Princes, Knichts and Campions,

Reiglers

Rewlers into all Regions:
Vphalding their authoritie,
Vsing Iustice and policie:
Right as this potent Pape of Rome.
The louerane King of Christendome
Hes into euerie Countrie,
His Princes of great grauitie,
And some Countries his Cardinalles,
In their maist pretious apparals:
Archbishops, Bishops thou may ser,
Defending his authoritie.
With vther potent Patriarks.
Colleges full of cunning Clarks:
Abbots and pryours as ye ken,
Wilrewlers of Religious men:
Officialles with their procuratours,
Quhose langsome la was thrist the purss.
Archdenes, and Deanes of dignitie,
Great Doctours of diuinitie:
Their Chanters and their Sacrislanes,
Their Thesaurers and their Subdenes:
Legions of priests seculiers,
Persons, Vicars, Monks and Friers:
Of diuers ordours mony one,
Quhilk langsome were to rs expone:
In sundrie habits, as ye ken,
Differing from vther christin men,
Fair Ladies of Religion,
Professed in euerie Region:
False Hermits fassion'd like the Friers,
Proud parishe Clarkes and pardoneirs.
Their Gryters and their Chamberlans,
With their temporall Courtillanes.

Thus

Thus all the warld be land and sea,
His sanctitude they do obey.
Not onely his spirituall kingdome,
Bot the great Emperour of Rome,
And kings of eurrie Region,
That day quhen they receaue their Croun,
They make eath of fidelitie,
To defend his authoritie.
Mairouer, with humbill reuerence,
They make to him obedience,
Be them selues or Imbassadours,
Or vthers ornate Oratours,
Quha did gainstand his Maiestie,
His Lawes or his Libertie,
Or haldes any opinion,
Contrare his great Dominion:
Either be way of deed or wordis,
Ar put to death be fire or swordis.
Sanct Peter styled was Sanctus
Bot he is called Sanctissimus.
His style at lenth gif thou walde knaw,
Thou must ga luke the Cannon Law,
Baith in the Sext and Clementene,
His statelie style there may be sene:
There sall thou finde, read gif thou can,
How he is neither God nor man.

C. Quhat is he then be your judgement,

E. (Said he) me thinkes him different
Far from our Soueraine Lord Jesus,
And to his kinde contrarius; Ioh. 1.
For Christ was naturall God and man.

C. Gif he be neither, quhat is he than?

E. The Cannon Law, my Sonne, (said he)

That queſtion will declare to thee.
It does tranſcend my rude ingine,
His ſanctitude for to deſine:
Or to ſhaw the authoritie,
Pertaining to his Majeſtie.
Sa great ane Prince quhere ſall thou finde,
That ſpirituallie may louſe and binde.
Nor be quhom ſinnes are forgiuen,
Be they with his Diſciples ſhriuen:
Quhom euer he binds with his micht,
They bounden are in Gods ſicht:
Quhom euer he louſe in earth here doun,
Are louſed be God in his Region.
Als he is Prince of Purgatorie,
Deliuering ſaulles from paine to glorie.
Of that dark Dungeon without doubt,
Quhom euer he pleaſes he takes out.
Our ſecret ſinnes euerie yeare,
We moſt ſhaw to ſum Preiſt or Frier,
And take their abſolution,
Or elſe we get na rem ſion.
Sa be this way they clearlie ken,
The ſecrets of all ſeculare men.
Their ſecrets we knaw not at all,
Thus are we to them bound and thrall.
Quhat euer their miniſters commands,
Muſt be obeyed without demands.
Quherfoir (my Sonne) I ſay to thee,
This is ane marueilous Monarchie:
Quhilk hes power Emperiall,
Baith of the bodie and the ſaull.
C. Father (ſaid I) declare to mee,
Quha did beginne this Monarchie.

E. Said he, Christ Jesus God and man,
That Empire gratiouslie began:
Not be the fire nor be the sword,
Bot be the vertue of his word:
And left into his testament,
Many ane deuote document:
With his Successours to be vsed,
Thocht many of them be now abused.
For Peter and Paul, with all the rest,
Of their bretheren, made manifest
The Law of God, with trew intent,
Preaching the auld and new Testament:
They led their life in pouertie,
Deuotion and humilitie.
As did their Master Christ Jesus,
And were not halfe sa glorious,
As their successors now in Rome,
Empiring ouer all Christendome
After the deith of Peter and Paul
And Christs trew Disciples all.
Their successours within few yeares,
As at mair lenth their Storie beares,
Richt craftelie clam to the hicht,
From spirituall life to temporall richt.
C. Father ere we pas farther more,
Quhen did begin their temporall glore?
E. Sonne (said he) thou sall vnderstand,
Ere euer ane Pape gat any land:
Twa and threttie great Papes of Rome,
Receaued the Croun of Martyrdome:
Bot not the thrinfald Diadame,
To weare thrie Crouns they thoht great shame
Till Syluester the Confessour,

Ephes. 1
Luc. 9.

From Conſtantine the Emperour,
Reccaued the Realme of Italie,
Richt ſa of Rome the great Cittie:
That was the rute of their riches,
Then ſprang the well of wealthines:
Quhen that the Pape was made ane King,
All Princes bowed at his bidding.
This act was done withoutten weir,
From Chriſts death thrie hundreth yeir.
Then Ladie Senſualitie,
Tuke luding in that great Cittie:
Quhers ſhe ſince then hes done remaine,
As their awin Ladie ſoueraine.
Then Kings into all Nations,
Made Prieſtes great foundations:
They thocht great merite and honour,
To counterfute the Emperour.
As did Dauid of Scotland King,
Tpe quhilk did found during his ring,
Fiftene Abbayes with temporall lands,
Withoutten teendes and Offerands:
Be quhole holie ſimplicitie,
Pe left the Croun in pouertie.

¶ Now haue I ſhawen thee as I can
How their temporall Empire began:
Aſcending ay vp grie be grie,
Abone the Emperours Maieſtie.
Sa quhen they gat amang their hands
Of Italie all the Emperours Lands,
After that in like Countrie,
Sprang vp their temporalitie,
With the great riches and le rent,
That they gan to be negligent,

In

In making ministration,
To Christs trew Congregation
And tuke na maist pairt in their preaching,
And meikell les travell in their teaching:
Changing their spiritualitie,
In temporall sensualitie.
C. Father think ye that they are sure,
That their Empire sall lang indure?
E. Appeirandlie it may be kend,
(Said he) their glorie sall haue ane end:
I meane their temporall Monarchie,
Sall turne into humilitie.
Throch Gods word without debate,
They sall turne tat their first estate.
As in Daniels prophecie appeares,
Thereto sall not be many yeares.
Albeit Christs faith sall neuer fail,
Bot mair and mair it sall prevail.
Throch Christs trew Congregation,
Sulker great tribulation.
C Father (said I) be quhat reason,
Think ye their Empire may come doun,
Considering their preeminence?
E. (Said he) for inobedience,
Abusing the Commandement,
Quhilk Christ left in his testament:
Using their awin tradition,
Contrare Christs institution:
For Christ in his last intention, Mat. 25
The day of his ascension,
To his Disciples gaue command, Mat. 18
That they sould passe in euerie land. Ioh. 15.
To teach and preach with ane intent, Act. 1.

His Law and his Commandement.
Na vther office he to them gane,
He did not bid them seek nor craue,
Corps presents nor Offerands.
Nor get Lordships of temporall lands.
Bot now it may be heard and sene,
Both with thine eares and thine ene,
How Prelats now in euerie land,
Takes littill cure of Christs command:
Neither into their deed nor lawes,
Neglecting their awin Canon Lawes:
Using them selues contrarius,
For the maist pairt to Christ Jesus.
Christ thocht na shame to be a preacher,
And to all pepill of trueth ane teacher:
Ane Pape, Bishoppe and Cardinall,
To teach and preach will not be thyall:
They send furth Friers to teach for thame,
Quhilk makes the pepil mock them with shame
Christ walde not be ane temporall king,
Richlie into na Realme to ring:
Bot fled temporall authoritie,
As in the Scripture thou may see.
All men may knaw how Papes rings,
In dignitie aboue all kings:
Als well in temporalitie,
As into Spiritualitie.
Thou may see be experience,
The Papes princelie preeminence:
In Chronicles gif thou list to luke,
How Carion writes in his buke,
Ane notabill narration,
The yeare of our saluation.

Elleuen

Elleuen hundreth and fax and fiftie,
Pape Alexander presumptuouslie:
Quhilk was the third Pape of that name,
Frederik the Emperour he did defame,
In Venice that triumphant toun,
That nobill Emperour he cauſde ly doun
Upon his wambe with ſhame and lack,
Then trade his feet vpon his back:
In taken of obedience,
There he ſhew his preheminence.
And cauſed the Clergie for to ſing,
Theſe wordes after following,
Super Aſpidem & Baſiliſcum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis Leonem & Draconem: that is, Pſal. 91.
Thou ſall ga vpon the Adder and Cocatrice,
And thou ſal trade doun the Lyon and Dragon.

¶ Then ſaid this humbill Emperour,
I do to Peter this honour:
The Pape anſwered with wordes wrath,
Thou ſall me honour and Peter baith.

¶ Chriſt for to ſhew his humbill ſpirit,
Did waſh his pure Diſciples feit.
The Popes holines I wiſſe,
Will ſuffer Kings his feete to kiſſe.
Birds had their neſts, and tods their den,
Bot Chriſt Jeſus, ſauer of men, Luc. 9.
In earth had not a pennie bread,
Quhereon he micht repoſe his head.
Albeit the Popes excellence,
Hes Caſtelles of magnificence:
Abbots, Biſhoppes, Cardinalles,
Hes pleaſant pallaces Royalles:
Like Paradice are theſe Prelats places,

Wanting na pleasure of them lates:
John, Androw, James, Peter nor Paull,
Had few houses amang them all.
Quhen anes they knew the veritie,
Ioh.19. They did contemne all propertie:
And were richt heartfullie content,
Of meate, drinke, and abulziment,
To saue mankinde that was forlorne,
Christ bure ane cruell Croun of thorne.
The Pape thrie Crounes for the nones,
Of gould powdered with pretious stones
Of gould and siluer Fameuse,
Christ Iesus tuke bot litill eure:
And left not quhen he yeild the spirit,
To buy him selfe ane winding sheit.
Bot his successour gude Pape Iohn,
Quhen he deceassed in Auinon,
He left behinde him ane treasour,
Of gould and siluer great measour,
Be ane iust computation,
Weill sue and twentie Million.
As does indite Palmerius,
Read him, and thou sall finde it thus.
Christs Disciples were well knawen,
Enoch vertue quhilk was in thē shawn
Bot specialli, feruent Charitie,
Great Patience and Humilitie,
The Papes flock in all Regions,
Are knawen best be their clipped crouns
Christ he did honour Matrimonie,
Ioh. 2. Into the Cane of Galilie:
Quhere he be his power diuine,
Did turne the water into wine.

And

And eke chuſed ſeme maried men,
To be his ſeruants, as ye ken:
And Peter during all his life,
He thocht na ſinne to haue ane wife.
Ye ſall not finde in na paſſage,
Quhere Chriſt forbidder Mariage:
Bot lawfull to ilk man to marie,
Quhilk taiks the gift of Chaſtitie.
The Pape hes made the contrair lawes,
In his kingdome, as all men knawes,
Nane of the Prieſts dare marie wiues,
Under the paine eurn of their liues:
Thocht they haue Concubines ſtene.
Into that caſe they are ouer ſene.
Quhat chaſtitie they keepe in Rome,
Is well knawen ouer all Chriſtendome.

¶ Chriſt did ſhaw his obedience,
Unto the Emperours excellence:
And cauſed Peter for to pay,
Tribute to Ceſar for them tway.
Paul bids vs be obedient,
To kings, as the maiſt excellent.
The contrare did Pape Celeſtine,
Quhen that his ſanctitude ſerene.
Did Croun Henrie the Emperour,
I thinke he did him ſmall honour:
For with his hand he did him croun,
Then with his fute the Croun beat doun
Saying I haue authoritie,
Men to exalt to dignitie,
And to make Emperours and kings,
And then depriue them of their rings.
Peter be my opinion,

Did

Did neuer vſe ſic Dominion:
Appeir and lie be my iudgement,
The Pape red neuer the new Teſtament
Gif he had learned at that lore,
He had refuſed ſic vaine gloir.
As Barnabas, Peter and Paul,
And richt ſa Chriſts Diſciples all.
The Capitaine Cornelius,
Quhen Sanct Peter came to his hous,
To worſhip him fell at his feet,
Bot Sanct Peter with humbill ſpirit.
Did raiſe him vp with diligence,
And did refuſe ſic reuerence.
Richt ſa Sanct Johne the Euangelift,
The Angels feet he walde haue kiſt:
Bot he refuſed ſic honour,
Saying, I am bot ſeruitour,
And eke thy fellow and thy brother,
Giue gloir to God, and to na vther.
And likewiſe Barnabas and Paul,
Sic honour did refuſe at all:
In Liſtra quhere they wrocht great warkes,
The Prieſt of Jupiter and his Clarks:
And all the pepill with their auice.
Walde haue made to them ſacrifice:
Of quhilk they were ſa diſcontent,
That they their cloathing raue and rent.
And Paul amang them rudelie ran,
Saying, I am ane mortall man.
Giue gloir to God of kings king,
That made heauen, earth and euerie thing.
Sen Peter and Paul vaine gloir refuſed,
With Papes quhy ſould ſic gloir be vſed?

Peter,

Peter, Andrew, John, James and Paul,
And Chriſts true Diſciples all:
Be Gods word their Faith defended,
To burn and ſcald they never pretended
The Pape defends his traditions,
Be flamming fire without remiſſions.
Albeit men break the Law diuine,
They are not put to ſa great pine:
For huredome nor Idolatrie.
For Inceſt nor Adulterie:
Or quhen young Virgines are deflored,
For ſic thing men are not abhorred.
Bot quha that eates fleſh into Lent.
Are terriblie put to torment.
And gif ane Prieſt happen to marie,
They do him baniſh, curſe and warie:
Thocht it be not againſt the Law,
Of God, as men may clearlie knaw.
Betwene thir twa quhat differēs bene
Be faithfull folke it may be ſene.
Sic antitheſes many ma,
I micht declare, quhilk I let ga.
And may not tarie to compyle,
Of ilk ordour the ſtatelie ſtyle.
The ſillie Nun will think great ſhame,
without ſhe called be Madame.
The pure Prieſt thinks he gets na richt,
Bot he be ſtyled like ane Knicht:
And called ſir before his name,
As ſir Thomas and ſir Williame.
All Monkes ye may heare and ſee,
Are called Domes throuch dignitie:
Albeit his mother milke the Kow,

He muſt be called Dene Androw,
Dene Peter, Dene Paul, and Dene Robert,
With Chriſt they take ane painfull part.
With doubill cloathing from the calde,
Eating and drinking quhen they walde.
With curious countring in the Queere,
God knawes gif they buy heauen full deare.
My Lord Abbot richt venerabill,
Ay marſhelled vpmaiſt at the tabill.
My Lord Biſhoppe richt reuerent,
Set aboue Earles in parliament,
And Cardinals dueing their rings,
Fellowes to Princes and to Kings.
The Pape exalted in honour,
Aboue the potent Emperour.
The proud Perſon I thinke truelie,
He leades his life richt luſtrelie:
For quhy? he has na vther pyne,
Bot take his tiend, and ſpend it fyne.
Bot he is oblicht be reaſon,
To preach vnto his pariſhoners:
Thocht they want preaching ſeuentene yeare,
He will not want ane pock of beare.
Some Perſon hes at his command,
The wanton wenches of the land.
And they haue grant vnto ane nunnrie,
That they may paſſe by with their wiues,
Without diuorce or lammoulding.
Then take ane vther without wedding.
Some men wald thinke it ane luſtie life,
Ay quhen he list to change his wife,
And take ane vther at euerie meale,
Bot Seculers wants that liberte:

The

The quhilk are bound in Mariage,
Bot they lik Rammes into their rage,
Unpiſſed runnes amang the ewes.
Sa lang as Nature in them growes.
And eke the Vicar, as I trow,
He will not faill to take ane kow,
And vpmaiſt claith (thocht the babes them ban)
For ane pure ſillie husband man:
Quhen that he lyeth for to die,
Hauing ſmall childeren twn or thrie,
And hes thrie kye withoutten ma,
The Vicar muſt haue ane of tha,
With the gray clock that haps the bed,
Albeit that he be pureſie cled.
And gif the wife die on the morne,
Thocht all the babes ſould be forlorne,
The vther Kow he takes away,
With the pure coat of raploch gray:
And gif within twa dayes or thrie,
The eldeſt childe happinnes to die,
Of the third kow he will be ſure,
Quhen he hes all then vnder cure,
And Father and Mother baith are dead
Beg muſt the babes without remeid.
They hald the Corps at the kirk ſtyle,
And there it muſt remaine ane quhyle,
Till they get ſufficient ſowertie,
For their kirk richt and deutie.
Then comes the lands Lord perforce,
And takes to him ane herield horſe.
Pure labourers wald that law were doun,
Quhilk neuer was founded be reaſon.
I heard them lay vnder confeſſion,

That

That Law is brother to Oppreſſion.
C My Sonne, I haue ſhawen as I can,
How this fifth Monarchie began:
Quhoſe great Empire for to report,
At lenth the time bene all to ſhort.

III J. ¶ Ane deſcription of the Court of Rome.

Father (ſaid I) quhat rule keip they in Rome,
Quhilk hes the ſpiritual dominion
And Monarchie abone all Chriſtendome,
Shaw me I make you ſupplication?
E. My Sonne, waild I make true narration,
(Said he) to Peter & Paul, thocht they ſucceid,
I thinke they proue not that into their deid.

For Peter, Androw, & John wer fiſhers ſine
Of men and wemen, to the Chriſtian faith:
Bot they haue ſpred their net with huk & lyne
On rents, riches, on gould and vther graith:
Sic fiſhing to neglect they will be laith,
For quhy? they haue fiſhed ouer thocht ſtrands
Ane great part truelie of all temporall lands.

With the tenth part of all guds moueabill,
For the vphalding of their dignities:
Sa bene their fiſhing very profitabill,
On the dry land, alſwell as on the ſeas,
Their Herrie-water, they ſpred in all Cuntries,
And with their Hole-net, daily drawes to Rome

The

The maist fine gould that is in Christendoume.

I dar well say, within this fyftie yeare,
Rome hes reteaned furth of this Region,
For Bulles & benefices, quhilk they buy ful deir
That micht ful well haue paied a kings ransom:
Bot were I worthie for to weare ane Croun,
Priests suld na mair our substance sa consume,
Sending yearlie sa great riches to Rome.

Into their Tramait net they fangd ane fishe,
Mair then ane Quhale worthie of memorie:
Of quhom they had many ane daintie dish,
Be quhilk they are exalted to great glorie,
That maruellous Monstour called Purgatorie
Albeit to vs it be not amiabill,
It hes to them bene very profitabill.

Let they that frutefull fishe escape their net,
Be quhilk they haue sa great commodities:
Ane mair fat fish I trust they sall not get,
Thocht they wald serch ouerthort þ Ocean seas
Adew the daily dolorous diriges,
Sillie pure Priests may sing with hart ful eise
Lack they that painfull palice Purgatorie.

Fairwel Monkrie & Channon, Nun & Frier
Alas, they will be lichtlied in all lands:
Cowls wil na mair be knawn in kirk nor queir
Let they that frutefull fish escape their hands,
I counsell them to bind him fast in bands:
For Peter, Andrew, nor John could neuer get,
Sa profitabill ane fishe into their net.

Their

Their merchandice into all Nations,
As printed Lead, their Wax, and Parchment:
Their Pardones and their Dispensations,
They do exceed ane temporall Princes rent:
In sic traffick they are not negligent,
Of Benefice they make gude merchandice.
Thoch Symonie quhilk they hald littill vyce.

Christ did command Peter to feid his sheepe,
And sa he did feed them full tenderlie:
Of that command they take but littill keepe,
Bot Christs sheepe they spuilzie pitteouslie,
And with the woll they clath them curiouslie,
Like gredie wolfes they take of them their fude
They eat their flesh, & drinke baith milk & blude.

Mat. 16. For their office they serue bot littill hire,
I think sic Pastours are not worth to prise:
Quhilk can not guide their sheepe about ȝ mire
They are sa busie in their merchandice:
Thocht Peter was porter of Paradice,
That pleasant passage craftelie they close,
Thoch them richt few gets entres I suppose.

Mat. 24. Christ Jesus said, as Mathew does report,
Wo be to Scribes, and to Phariseice:
The quhilk did close of Paradice the port,
Of them we haue the same experience:
To enter there they make small diligence,
They take sic cure of temporall buisines,
Richt sa from vthers they stop the plaine entres.

The spirituall keyes that Christ to Peter gaue

Their

Their cullour cleir with smuke & roust ar faded
Unexercisèd they hald them in their nature,
Of that office they serue to be degraded.
Of Gods word, without that they remeid it.
Opining ȝ port quhilk lang time hes bene closed
That we may enter with them and be rejoised.

Contrare to Christs institution,
To them that dies in habite of ane Frier:
Rome hes to them granted full remission,
To pas to heauen straicht way wtoutten weir:
Quhilk bene in Scotland vsed many ane yeir.
Is there sic vertue in ane Fr..rs hude,
I think in vaine Christ Jesus shed his blude.

Wald God the ȝape quhilk hes preeminence
With aduise of his counsell generall:
That they wald do their dedfull diligence,
That Christs Law micht be keept ouer all.
And truelie preached both to great and small,
And giue to them spirituall authoritie,
Quhilk can perfitelie shaw the veritie.

Quha eik not preach, a priest sould not be named
As may be prouen be the Law Diuine:
And be the Cannon Law they are defamed,
That takes Priest-hude, bot onely to that fine,
To all vertue their hearts they sould incline,
In speciall, to teach with true intents,
And minister the needfull Sacraments.

As for their Monks, their Channons & their Friers,
And lustie Ladies of Religion,

I knaw not quhereto their office effeirs,
Bot men may se their great abusion,
They are not like into conclusion,
Neither into their wordis nor in their warks,
To the Apostles, Prophets, or Patriarks.

Gif presentlie these Prelats cannot preach,
Then let ilke Bishop haue ane suffreagane,
Or successour, quhilk can the peple teach,
On their expenses yearelie to remaine,
To cause the peple from their vice refraine:
And quhen ane Prelate happins to decease,
Then put ane perfite preacher in his place.

Do they not sa, on them sall ly the charge,
Giuing vnabill men authoritie,
As quha wald make ane steir-man to ane Barg
Of ane blinde bozne, quhilk can na danger see:
Gif that ship drown, forsuth I say for me,
Quha gaue the steir-man the commission,
Sould of the ship make restitution.

The humane Lawes that are contrarious,
And not conformeing to the Law diuine,
They sould expell, and hald them odious,
Quhen they perceiue them come to na gude fine
Inuented bot by sensuall mens ingine,
As that Law quhilk forbiddes Mariage,
Causing young Clarks burne into lustis rage.

Rom 8. Full hard it is Chastitie to obserue,
Without great grace, labour and abstinence:
Into our flesh ay rings till we sterue,
That

That first originall sinne Concupiscence,
Quhilk we throuch Adams inobedience,
Haue done incur, and sall indure for euer,
Quhyle that our saull and bodie death disseuer.

Quherefoir God made of Mariage the band,
In Paradice (as Scripture does record)
In Galilie, richt sa I vnderstand,
Quhas Mariage honoured, be Christ our Lord:
Auld Law and new thereto they do concord, Ioh. 2.
I think for me better that they had sleeped,
Nor to haue made ane Law, and neuer keip it.

Tuke not Christ Iesus his humanitie
Of ane Virgine, in Mariage contracted: Mat. 1.
And of her flesh tuke his diuinitie, Luc. 2.
Quhy haue ye done this dieffull bond defeeted
In their kingdome? wald God it wer corrected
That young Prelats micht marie lustie wiues,
And not to sensuall lust to leid their liues.

Did not Christ chuse of honest maried men,
Alswell as they had keeped Chastitie:
For to be his Disciples, as ye ken,
As in the Scriptures clearlie thou may see:
They keeped still their wiues with honestie:
As Peter, and his spouled brethren all,
Obserued Chastitie Matrimoniall.

Bot now appeares the prophecie of Paul,
How some sould rise into the latter age: 1. Tim.
That from the true Faith sould depart and fall,
And some forbid the band of Mariage:

And then fall fynde into that same passage,
They sould command from meats to abstein,
Quhilk God create his pepil to sustein.

Bot sen the Pape our spirituall Prince & king
He dois ouer see lic vices manifest:
And in his kingdome sufferis for to ring,
The men be quhom the veritie is suppressit,
Excuse not him selfe nair noi the rest:
Alas, how sould we members be well sted,
Quhen thus our spiritual heads are sa abusit?

The famous ancient doctour Auicene,
Hales, quhen all the wome discends from ȳ head
Into the members genners meikill paine,
Bot thout there be made haistily remeed:
Quhen ȳ cald humour downward dois proceed
In sinnewes it causes Arthetica,
Richt sa into the handis Chiragra.

Of maladies it genners many mo,
Bot thout men get some soueraine preserue,
As in the thees Scyathica passio,
And in the breast some time the strang Catarue
Quhilk causes men richt haistilie to sterue,
And Podagra difficill for to cure,
In mens feet, quhilk lang time dois indure.

Sa to this maist triumphant Court of Rome
This similitude I may full well compare,
Quhilk hes bene hership ouer all Christendome
And to the warld ane euill exemplare,
That some time was leod-star and luminare,

And

And the maist sapient seat of sanctitude,
Bot now, alas, bare of beatitude.

Their Kingdome may be called Babylone,
Quhilk sometime was ane bricht Jerusalem:
As plainlie meanes the Apostill John,
Their maist famous Cittie hes lost the fame,
Inhabiters thereof their nobill name:
For quhy? they haue of Saints the habitacle,
To Simon Magus made ane tabernacle.

Ane horribill haill of euerie kinde of vice,
Ane filthie pule of sinkand Lecherie,
Ane cursed Cane corrupt with constice,
Bordered about with pryde and Symonie:
Some sayes ane Cistern full of Sodomie,
Quhose vice in speciall, gif I wald declare,
It were eneuch for to perturbe the Ayr.

Oftrueth the haill Christian Religion,
Throach them are scandalized and offended:
It can not faill, bot their abusion,
Before the throne of God it is ascended:
I feare na doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of Johnes Reuelation.
Sall fall vpon their generation.

O Lord, quhilk hes the heart of euerie King
Into thine hand, I make thee supplication,
Conuert that Court, that of thy grace bening,
They walde make generall reformation
Amang them selues, in euerie Nation,
That they may be ane holie exemplare,

To vs, thy pure lait commun populare.

Hungred, alas, for lait of spirituall fude,
Becaus from vs is hid the the veritie:
O Prince, that sched for vs thy pretious blude,
Kendill in vs the fire of Charitie,
And saue vs from eternall miserie,
Now labouring in thy Kirk militant,
That we may come to thy Kirk triumphant.

¶ The fourt Buke, making mention of the death of the Antichrist. Of the generall judgement, &c. with ane Exhortation be Experience to the Courtier.

1.

PRudent Father Experience,
Sen ye of your benevolence,
Hes causid me for to considder,
How warldis pompe and gloir bene sliddor,
Be diuers Storyis miserabill,
Quhilk to rehearse bene lamentabill.
Bot ere we pas furth of this vaile,
I pray you giue me your counsaile,
Quhat I sall do in time comming,
To haue the gloir euerlasting.
E. My Sonne (said he) set thy intent,
To keepe the Lords Commandement:
And preasse thee not to clim ouer hie,
To na warldis authoritie,
Quha in this warld dois maist rejoise,

Ire

Are forcest ay from his purpois.
Wo alde thou leaue warldis vanities,
And thinke on foure extremities,
Quhilk are to come, and that hastlie,
Thou walde neuer sinne wilfullie.
Print these foure in thy memorie.
The death, the hell, and heauens glorie,
And extreame iudgement generall,
Quhere thou must render count of all.
Thou sall not faill to be content,
Of quyet life and sober rent:
Considdering na man can be sure,
In earthons houre for to indure;
Sa all warldlie prosperitie,
Is mixed with great miserie.
Were thou Emperour of Asia,
King of Europe and Africa,
Great Dominatour of the sey,
And thocht the heauens did thee obey:
All fishes swimming in the strand,
All beastes and fowles at thy command:
Concluding thou were King ouer all,
Under the heauen Emperiall:
In that maist hich authoritie,
Thou sall finde least tranquillitie.
Exempill of King Salomon,
Quair prosperous life had neuer none:
Sic riches with sa great pleasour, 1. Chro. 9
Had neuer King nor Emperour:
With maist profound intelligence,
And super-excellent sapience:
His pleasant habitations,
Preceiland all vther Nations:

Gardens and Warkes for Warts and Hindis
Stanks with fische of diuers kindis:
Wair profound Maisters of Musick,
That in the warld was nane them like:
Sic treasour of gould and pretious Stanes,
In earth had neuer na King at anes.
He had seuen hundereth illustir Queenes,
And thrie hundereth fair Concubines.
In earth there was na thing pleasand,
Contrarious to his command,
Bot all his great prosperitie,
He thocht it vaine and vanitie:
And neuer found repose complete,
Without affliction of the spirit.

C. Fathe (said I) it marueilles me,
He hauing sic prosperitie,
With sa great riches aboue measure,
Nor he had infinite pleasure.

E. Wy Sonne (said he) gif thou wald knaw,
The veritie I sall thee schaw:
There is na warldlie thing at all,
May satisfie ane mans saull,
For it is sa insatiabill,
That heauen and earth may not be abill
Ane saull alane may to becontent
Till it see God Omnipotent.
He was neuer nane, nor neuer sall be,
Satiat, that sicht till that he see.
Wherefore (my Sonne) set not thy cure
In earth, quhere nathing may be sure.
Except the death allanerlie,
Quhilk followes man continuallie.
Wherefore (my Sonne) remember thee,

Within short time that thou must der:
Not knowing quhen, how, or quhat place,
Bot as it pleases the King of grace.

Of Death.

IJ.

OF miserie maist miserabill,
In death and maist abhominabill:
That dreadful dragon & his darts
Ay reddie for to pearse the hearts
Of euery creature on line,
Contrare quhose strenth may na man striue.
Of dolent Death this sore sentence,
Was ginen through inobedience,
Of our Parents, alas, therefore,
As I haue done declare before.
How they and their posteritie,
Were all commanded for to die.
Albeit the flesh to Death be thrall,
God hes the saull made immortall.
And sa of his benignitie,
Hes mixed his Justice with Mercie.
Therefore call to rememberance,
Of this false warld the variance:
How we like Pilgrimes euen and morrow,
Are trauelling through the vaile of sorrow:
Some time in daine prosperitie,
And some time in great miserie.
Some time in blis, some time in baill,
Some time richt seik, some time hail.
Some time full rich, and some time pure,
Quherefore (my Sonne) take littill cure,
Neither of great prosperitie,

Nor ye of greater miſerie:
Bot pleaſant life and hard miſchance,
Ponder them baithin one ballance:
Conſiddering na authoritie,
Riches, wiſdome, nor dignitie.
Empire of Realmes, bewtie nor ſtrenth.
May not ane day our liues lenth.
Sen we are ſure that we muſt die,
Fairwell all vaine feiteitie.
Greatlie it doeis perturbe my minde,
Of daient death the diuers kinde.
Thocht Death to euerie man reſorts,
Yet ſtrikes he into ſunderie ſortes.
Some be hait feuers violence,
Some be contageous peſtilence.
Some be juſtice execution,
Bene put to death without remiſſion.
Sum hanged, ſum doeis los their heads
Some burnt, ſome ſobden in the leads:
And ſome for their vnlawfull acts,
Are rent and reaven on the racks.
Some are diſſolued be poyſon,
Some on the nicht are murthered doun.
Some falles into phenicie,
Some dies in hydropiſie.
And vthers ſtrange infirmities,
Quherein many ane thouſand dies:
Quhilk humane Nature doeis abhorre,
As in the Gut Grauell and Gore.
Some in the Sare and feuer quartane,
Bot ay the houre of death vncertaine.
Some are diſſolued ſuddenlie,
Be Catharre or Apoplexie.

Some

Some does destroy their selfe also,
As Hanniball, and wise Cato.
Be thunder death does some consume,
As he did the third king of Rome,
Called Tullius Hostilius,
As writes great Valerius:
For he and his household at anes,
Were burnt be thunder flesh and banes.
Some dyes be extreme excesse,
Of joy, as Valere does expresse.
Some be extreme melancholie,
Will die withoutten maladie.
In Chronicles thou may well ken,
How many hundereth thousand men
Are slane, sen first the warld began,
In battell, and how many ane man
Upon the seas does los their lines,
Quhen shippes on the rocks ruses.
Thocht some dies naturallie throch age,
Far ma dies rauing in rare rage.
Happie is he the quhilk hes space,
At his last houre to cry for grace.
Albeit Death be abhominabill,
I thinke it sould be comfortabill,
To all them of the faithfull number,
For they depart from care and cumber,
From troubill, trauell, sturt and strife,
To joy and euerlasting life.
Poildorus Virgilius,
To that effect he writes thus.
In Thrace quhen any childe is borne,
Their kin and friendes comes them before,
With dolent lamentation,

For

For their great tribulation,
Calamitie, cumber and cure,
That they in earth are to indure.
Bot at their death and burying,
They make great joy and banketting.
That they haue past from miserie
To rest and great felicitie.
Sen death bene finall conclusion,
Quhat auails warldlie prouision
Quhen wisdome may not contramand.
Nor strenth that stour may not gainstand?
Ten thousand Millions of tresoure,
May not prolong thy life ane houre.
After quhase dolent departing,
Thy spirit sall without tarrying.
Straicht way to joy inestimabill,
Or to strang paine intolerabill.
The vyle corrupted Carion,
Sall turne to putrifaction:
And se remaine in powder small,
Until the Judgement generall.

¶ Ane short descriptione of the Antichrist.

III J.

Said I, Father I heare men say.
That there sall rise before that day
Quhilk you call generall iudgment,
Ane wicked man from Satan sent:
And contrare to the law of Christ,
Called the cruell Antichrist.
And some sayes, that mischeuous man,
Descend sall of the Tribe of Dan:

And

And sould be borne in Babilone,
The quhilk decreiss sal many one.
Infidels sall of curtic airt,
Withthat sals prophet call a part.
And how Enoch and Elias,
Sall preach contrare that false Messias.
Bot finallie this false doctrine,
And he sall be put to mine:
Bot neither be the sweard nor wood,
Bot be the vertue of Gods word.
And gif this be of verite,
The tuth I pray you shaw to me.

E. My Sonne (said he) as writes John,
There sall not be one man alone,
Having that name in speciall,
Bot Antichrists in generall,
Hes bene, and now are many one,
And richt sa in the time of Johne
Were Antichrists, as himselfe sates,
And presentlie now in these dayes.
Are richt many withoutten doubt.
Were their false lawes well socht out.
Quha was ane greater Antichrist,
And mair contrarious to Christ,
Then the false Prophet Mahomet,
Quhilk his curst lawes made sa sweet.
In Turkie yet they are observed,
Quherethrogh the hell he hes deserued.
All Turkes, Sarazens and Jewes,
That they the Son of God not trowes,
Are Antichrists I thee declare,
Because to Christ they are contrare.
Daniell sayes in his prophecies,

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Calamitie, cumber and cure,
That they in earth are to indure.
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To rest and great felicitie,
Sen death beris final conclusion.
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Quhen wisdome may not contramand,
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May not prolong thy life ane houre.
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And sould be borne in Babilone,
The quhilk deceive sal many one,
In all coels sall of euerie aire,
Withthat sals prophet call a part.
And how Enoch and Elias,
Sall preach contrare that false Messias.
Bot finallie this false doctrine,
And he sall be put to ruine.
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That

That after theſe great Monarchies,
Sall riſe ane marueillous potent King,
Quhilk with ane ſhameles face ſal ring
Wichtie and wiſe in dark ſpeakings,
And proſper in all pleaſant things.
Throuch his ſaithude and craftines,
He ſall flow into wealthines:
The godlie pepill he ſall noy,
Be cruell death, and them deſtroy.
The King of kings ſall him gainſtand,
Then be deſtroyed withoutten hand.
Paul ſayes, before the Lords comming,
That there ſall be ane departing:
And that man of iniquitie,
To all men be ſall opened be:
Quhilk ſall ſit in the halie ſate,
Contrare God to make debate.
Bot that Sonne of Perdition,
Sall be put to confuſion,
Be power of the halie ſpirit,
Quhen he his time hes done complete.
Beleue not that in time comming,
Ane greater Antichriſt to ring,
Nor there hes beue, and preſently,
Are now, as Clarkes can eſpy.
Therefore my will is that thou knaw,
Quhat euer they be that maks the law,
Thocht they be called Chriſtian men,
Be naturall reaſon thou may ken:
Be they neuer of ſa great valour,
Pape, Cardinall, King or Emperour,
Extolling their traditions,
Aboue Chriſts inſtitutions.

Making

Making Lawes contrare to Chriſt,
He is ane verie Antichriſt.
And quha does fortifie or defend
Sic Law, I make it to thee kend,
Be he Pape, Emperour, king or Quene,
Great ſorrow ſall be on them ſene,
At Chriſts extreme Judgement,
Without that they in time repent.

¶ Ane ſhort rememberance of the maiſt terribill day of Judgement. III].

Father (ſaid I) with your licence,
Since you haue ſic Experience,
Yet ane thing at you wald I ſpeir
Quhen ſall this dreadful day appeir,
Quhilk you call Judgement generall.
Quhat thing before that day ſall fall:
Quhere ſall appeir that dreidful Judge
Or how may Faultours get refudge?
E. Said he, as to thy firſt queſtion,
I can make na ſolution.
Quherefore perturbe not thy intent,
To knaw the day, houre or moment:
To God alane the day is knawen,
Quhilk neuer was to angell ſhawen.
Albeit be diuers conjecturis,
And principall Expoſitours,
Of Daniell and his Prophecie,
And be the ſentence of Elee:
Quhilk hes declared as they can,

How

How lang it is sen the warld began:
And for to shew hes done their cure,
How lang they trust it sall indure.
And eke how many ages bene,
As in their warkes may be sene.
Bot to declare these questions,
There are diuers opinions:
Some writers hes the warld diuided,
In sax ages, as bene decided:
Iuxta Fasciculus temporum,
And Chronica Chronicorum.
Bot be the sentence of Clee,
The warld diuided is in three:
As cunning Walter Carion,
Hes made plaine exposition:
How Clee sayes withouten weir,
The warld sall stand sax thousand yeir:
Of quhom I follow the sentence,
And lets the vther bukes ga hence.
From the creation of Adam,
Twa thousand yeare to Abraham.
From Abraham be this narration,
To Christs Incarnation.
Richt sa hes bene twa thousand yeares,
As be their prophecies appeares.
From Christ, as they make to vs kend,
Twa thousand to the warlds end:
Of quhilk are bygane sicherlie,
A thousand, fiue hundereth, three fiftie.
And sa remaines withouten weir,
Foure hundereth, with seuen and fourtie yeir.
And then the Lord Omnipotent.
Sould come to his great judgement.

Christ

Chryst sayes the time sall be made schort,
As Mathew plainlie dois report:
That for the warldis iniquitie,
The latter tyme sall schortenned be:
For pleasour of the chosen number,
That they may pas from care and cumber.
Sa be this compt it may be kend,
The warld is drawand neir ane end:
For Legions are come but dowbe.
Of Antechrists, were they sechtout:
And many tokens doeth appeare,
As after schortlie thou sall heare,
How that sanct Jerome doeth dubite,
That he hes red in Hebrew wryte,
Of sextene signes in speciall,
Before that Judgement generall:
And some of them I tuke na cure,
Quhilk I find not in the Scripture:
Ane part of them thocht I declare,
First will I to the Scripture fare.
Chryst sayes, before that day be done,
There sall be signes in Sunne and Mone:
The Sonne sall hide his bremes bricht,
Sa that the Mone sall gine na licht.
Starres be mens judgement,
Sall fall furth of the Firmament.

Ioh. 18.
Mar. 24
Mar. 13

¶ Of thir signes ere we farther gone,
Some mo sall sence we will expone,
As cunning Clarkes hes declared,
And hes the Sonne and Mone compared.
The Sonne to the state spirituall,
The Mone to Princes temporall.
Richt sa the starres they do compare,

To the laik common populare.
The Mone and starres hes na licht,
Bot the reflex of Phebus bricht.
Sa quhen the Sunne of licht is darke,
The Mone and starres muſt be marke.
Richt sa quhen Paſtours ſpirituals,
The Papes, Biſhoppes and Cardinales,
In their begynning ſhew great licht,
The tempozall ſtate was reuled richt.
Bot now, alas, it is not ſo.
Their ſhyning lampes bene ago:
Their radious beames are turned in reek,
Foz now in earth nothing they ſeeke,
Except richis and dignitie,
Following their ſenſualitie.
Many Pzelats are now ringand,
The quhilk na mair does vnderſtand
Nuhat does pertaine to their office,
Nor they can kendill fire with tyce.
Na be to Papes I ſay foz me,
That ſuffers ſic enozmitie:
That ignozant warldlie creatures,
Sould in the kirk haue any cures:
Na maruell thocht the pepill ſlide,
Nuhen they haue blind men to their guide.
Foz ane Pzelate that can not preach,
Nor Gods Law to the pepill teach:
Eſay compzeſes them in his warke,
To ane dumb dog that can not barke.
And Chriſt him calles in his greeke,
Maiſt like ane murtherer oz ane theif.
The cunning Doctour Auguſtine,
To Dollies and Deuilles does them defame.

Sic

The Cannon Law does them define,
That of ane Prelate beares the name,
And will not preach the diuine Lawes,
As the decrees plainlie shawes:
Bot these that hes authoritie,
To prouide spirituall dignitie,
Micht, gif they pleased to take paine,
Cause them licht all their lamps againe.
Bot euer, alas, that is not done,
Sa darkenned bene baith Sunne and Mone,
Were kings liues well declared,
The quhilk are to the Mone compared:
Men micht considder their estate,
From charitie degenerate.
I thinke they sould think meikill shame,
Of Christ for to take their surname:
Then liue not like to Christians,
Bot mair like Turkes and Pagans.
Turke contrare Turke maks littil weir
Bot Christian Princes takes na keir:
Quhilk sould agrie as brother and brother,
Bot now like ane beats doun ane vther.
I knaw na reasonabill cause quherefore,
Except, pryde, couetous, and vaine gloire.
The Emperour moues his ordinance,
Contrare the potent King of France:
And France richt sa with great rigour,
Contrare his friend the Emperour.
And richt sa France against England,
England also agains Scotland:
And eke the Scots with all their micht,
Does fecht for to defend their richt,
Betweene the Realme of Albione,

Quhere Battels hes bene many one,
Can be made nane affinitie,
Nor yet na Consanguinitie:
Nor bening way they can conlidder,
That they may haue lang peace togethet:
I dreid that weir makes nane ending,
Till they be baith vnder ane King:
Thocht Christ be soueraine King of Grace,
Left in his testament loue and peace:
Our Kings from weir will not refraine,
Till there be many ane thousand slane:
Great herships made be sea and land,
As all the warld may vnderstand.

C. Father I think that tempozall Kings,
May lecht for till defend their rings.
For I haue sene the spirituall state,
Make weir, their richts till debate:
I saw Pape Julius mankullie,
Pas to the feild triumphantlie,
With ane richt awfull Ordinance,
Contrare Lowes the King of France.
And for to do him mair despite,
He did his Legion interdite.

E. Wy sonne (said he) as I suppose,
That langes well to our purpose,
How Sonne and Mone are baith denude
Of licht, as Clarkes does conclude:
Comparing them as ye heard tell.
To spirituall state and tempozall:
And common pepill halfe dispared,
Quhilk to the starres bene compared.
Lawed pepill follow ay their heeds,
And speciallie into their deeds.

Quhat

The maist part of Religion,
Be turned to abusion.
Quhat dois auaill Religious weedes,
Quhen they are contrare in their deedis?
Quhat holines is there within,
Ane wolfe cled in ane wadders skin.
Sa be their tokens dois appeare,
The day of Judgement drawes neare.

¶ Now let vs leaue this morall sence,
Proceeding to our purpose hence,
And of this mater speake no more,
Beginning quhere we left before.
The Scripture sayes, after these signes
Sall be sene many marvellous thungs.
Then sall rise tribulations.
In earth, and great mutations;
As well here vnder as abone,
Quhen vertues of the heauens sal moue:
Sic cruell weirs sall be ere than,
Was neuer sen the warld began:
The quhilk sall cause great indigence,
As death, hunger and pestilence.
The horribill sounds of the sey,
The pepill sall perturbe and fley.
Jerome sayes, it sall rise on hicht.
Abone Mountaines be mens sicht:
Bot it sall not syzed ouer the Land,
Bot like ane wall straicht vp stand:
Then settill doun againe sa law,
That na man sall the water knaw.
Great Quhales sall vmwith, rout and rair,
Quhose sound redound sall in the air.
All fishe and monsteurs marvellous,

Sall cry with ſounds odious:
That men ſall wither on the eard,
And weeping wearie ſall their weird,
With loud, alas, and wela way,
That euer they liued to ſee that day:
And ſpeciallie thoſe that dwelling be,
Upon the coaſtes of the Sea.
Richt ſa as Jerome concludes,
Sall be ſeue marueilles on the ſudes:
The ſea with mouing maruellous,
Sall burne with ſudes furious.
Richt ſa ſall burne fountaine and ſude,
All hearbe and tree ſall ſweat like blude,
Foules ſall furth out of the air,
Wilde beaſts to the plaine repair.
And in their mauer make great mone,
Weeping with many greiſlie grone.
The bodies of dead creatures,
Appeare ſall on their ſepultures.
Then ſall baith men, wemen and bairns
Come crying furth of darke cauerns:
Quhere they for dread were hid before,
With ſich and ſob, and hearts ſore.
Wandering about as they were wod,
Effamiſhed for fault of ſude.
Nane may make vthers comforting,
Bot doubill greefe and lamenting.
Quhat may they do bot weepe and wonder,
Quhen they ſee Roches ſhake in ſunder.
Throuch trembelling of the earth and quaiking
Of ſorrow then ſall be na ſtaiking.
They that are liuing in thoſe dayes,
May tell of terribill affrayes.

Then

Their riches, rents, nor treasour,
That time sall do them small pleasour.
Bot quhen sic wonders does appeare,
Men may be sure that day drawes neir
Then iust men sall passe to the gloir,
Unjust to paine for euer moir.

C. Father said I, we daily read,
Ane article into our Creede,
Saying, that Christ Omnipotent,
Into that generall Judgement:
Sall judge baith quick and dead alse,
Quherefore declare me'ere you go,
Gif there sall any man or wife,
That day be founden vpon life?

E. Said he, as to that question,
I sall make sure solution:
The Scripture plainlie does expone,
Quhen all tokens are come and gone,
Yet many ane hundreth thousand,
That same selfe day sall be liuand:
Albeit there sall na creature,
Neither of day nor houre be sure:
For Christ sall come sa suddenly,
That na man sall the time espy.
As it was in the time of Noy,
Quhen God did all the warld destroy.
Some on the feild sall be labouring,
Some in the temples marying.
Some before Judges making pley,
And some men sayling on the sey.
Those that bene on the feild going,
Sall not returne to their lodging.
Quha bene vpon the houss abone,

Sall haue na leasure to remoue.
Twa sall be in the myll grinding,
Quhilk sall be taken without warning.
The ane to euerlasting glore,
The vther lost for euer more:
Twa sall be lying in ane bed,
The ane to pleasure sall be led:
The vther sall be left alone,
Weeping with many greitlie grone.
And sa my Sonne, thou mayst well trow,
The warld sall be as it is now:
The pepill vsing vsurnes,
As holie Scriptures does expres.
Sen na man knawes the houre nor day,
The Scripture bids vs watch and pray.
And for our sinne be penitent,
As Christ wald cum incontinent.

¶ The maner how Christ sall come to Iudgement. V.

When all takens are brocht to end,
Then sall the Son of God discend,
As fire-flacht brattlie glansing,
Discend sall the maist heawenlie King:
As Phebus in the Orient,
Lichteus in haist the Occident:
Sa pleasantlie he sall appeare,
Amang the heawenly clouds cleir
With great power and Maiestie,
Aboue the Countrie of Indie:
As Clarkes hes concluded haill,

Direct

Direct abone the lustie baill
Of Josophat and Mount Oleuet,
All prophecie there sall be complett.
The angels of the ordours nine,
Inuiron sall the Throne diuine:
With hum bill consolation,
Making him ministration:
In his presence there sall be borne,
The signes of Croce and Croun of thorne,
Pillar, Nailes, Scurges and Speare,
With euery thing that did him deare:
The time of his grim passion,
And for our consolation,
Appeare sall in his hands and feet,
And in his side the print complect,
Of his fiue woundes pretious,
Schynning like Rubies radious.
To reprobate confusion.
And for finall conclusion:
He sitting in his tribunall,
With great power Emperiall.
Then sall ane angell blaw ane blast,
Quhilk sall make all the warld agast:
With hiddeous voice and vehement,
Rise dead folke come to Judgement.
With that all reasonabill creature,
That euer was formed be nature,
Sa ll suddenlie rise vp at anes,
Conjoined with saul, flesh, bind & banes.
That terribill trumpet I heare tell,
Sees heard in Heauen, in Earth and Hell.
Those that were drowned in the Sey,
That boisteous blast they sall obey.

Quhere

Quhere euer the bodie buried was,
All sall be found into that place.
Angeis sall pas in the foure airts,
Of earth, and bring them from al parts,
And with ane instant diligence,
Present them to his Excellence.
Sant Jerome thocht continuallie
On this judgement sa ardentlie,
He said, quhither I eat or drink,
Or walk, or sleip, forsuth I think
That terribill trumpet like ane bell,
Sa quicklie in mine eare does knell,
As instantlie as it were present,
Rise dead folke come to iudgement.
Gif sanct Jerome tuke sic ane fray,
Alas, quhat sall we sinners say?
All those that sall be found on line.
Then sall immeart all bene beliue,
And in the twinkling of ane eie,
With fire they sall translated be,
And neuer for to die againe,
As diuine Scripture hawes plaine,
As readie baith for paine and glore,
As they quhilk died lang time before.
The Scripture sayes, they sall appeare,
In age of thrie and threttie yeare:
Quhither they died young or auld,
Quhose greit number may not be tauld
That day there sall not laik ane man,
Quhilk borne was sen the warld began.
The angell sall then separate,
As bird the sheepe does from the gate.
And those that be of Beliels band.

Trembling

Trembling vpon the earth fall stand:
On the left hand of that great Judge,
Withoutten hope to get refudge.
Bot thoſe that are predeſtinate,
Shall from the earth be eleuate.
And that maiſt happie companie,
Shall ordoured be triumphantlie,
At the richt hand of Chriſt our King,
Hich in the air with loud louing:
Full gloriouſlie there ſall compeare,
Mair bricht then Phebus in his ſpheare.
The Virgine Marie Queene of Queenes,
With many ane thouſand Virgines.
The Fathers of the auld Teſtament,
Quhilk were to God obedient:
Father Adam ſall them conuey,
With Abell, Seth, Enoch and Noy.
Abraham with all his faithfull warkes,
With all the prudent Patriarkes.
John the Bapteſt there ſall compeir,
The principall and laſt Meſſingeir,
Quhilk came bot half ane yeare before
The comming of that King of glore.
Moyſes and Elaias honourabill,
With all true Prophets venerabill.
Dauid with all the faithfull Kings,
Quhilk verteouſlie did rule their rings.
The nobill Chiftane Joſue,
With gentill Judas Machabe:
With many ane nobill Campion,
Quhilk in their time with great renoun,
Manfullie to their lines end,
The Law of God they did defend,

With Eue that day fall be preſent,
The Ladies of the auld Teſtament:
Debotr, Adams dauchter deare,
With the foure luſtie Ladies cleare,
Quhilk keeped wer in the Arke with Noy,
Sara and Cethura with ſoy,
The quhilk to Abraham wiues beue,
With gude Rebecca there ſall be leue,
The prudent wiues of Iſraell,
Gude Lea and the fair Rachell:
With Iudeth, Heſter and Suſanna,
And the richt ancient Queene Saba.
There ſall compeare Peter and Paul,
With Chriſts true Diſciples all.
Lawrence and Steuen with his bleſt band,
Of Martyres ma then ten thouſand.
Gregore, Ambroſe and Auguſtine,
With Confeſſours ane triumphant trine
With ſanct Frances and Benedict,
Sanct Bernard and ſanct Dominick:
With ſmall numbers of Monks and Friers,
Of Carmalites and Cordeliers:
That for the loue of Chriſt onely,
Renounced the warld vnfainedly.
With Elizabeth and Anne,
All gude wiues ſall compeir that day.
The bleſſed and holie Magdalene,
That day before our Soueraine,
Richt pleaſantlie ſhe ſall preſent,
All ſinners that were penitent.
Quhilk of their gilt here asked grace,
In heauen with hier ſall haue ane place.
Bot wo be to that baikfull band,

Quhilk

Quhilk ſall ſtand law at his left hand.
Wo then to Kings and Emperours,
That were vnrichteous conqueroure:
For their gloze and particulare gude,
Cauſed ſhed ſa meikill ſaikles bluide.
Both Sceptor, Crown and Rob royall,
That day they ſall make compt of all.
And for their cruell tyrannie,
Sall puniſht be perpetuallie.
Ye Lords and Barrons mair and les,
That your pure tennents did ſuppres,
Be great grelome and dowbill maill,
Mair then your Lands were of availl:
With ſair exhibitant cariage,
With merchets of their mariage.
Tormented baith in peace and weir,
With burding mair then they may beir.
Be they haue payed to you your maill,
And to the Preiſt their teinds haill:
And quhen the Land againe is ſawen,
Quhat reſts behinde, I wald were knawen.
I traiſt they and their pure houſhald,
May tell of hunger and of cald:
Without ye haue of them pittie,
I dreid ye ſall get na mercie,
That day quhen Chriſt Omnipotent,
Commes to his generall Judgement.
Wo bees to publick oppreſſours,
To tyrants and to tranſgreſſours:
To murtherers and common theues,
That did not mend their great miſcheues:
Fornicatours and Ochrers,
Common publick Adulterers:

All peruerß wirkd heretickes,
All falße diſtractit ſchiſmaticks:
All ſall be preſent in that place,
Wyth many lamentabilitas.
The curſed Cayn that neuer was gude,
Wyth all ſchedders of ſaikles bludc.
Nimrod founder of Babylone,
Wyth falße Idolaters many one.
Ninus the King of Aſſyria,
Wyth great dule ſall compeare that day,
Quhilk firſt inuented Imagerie,
Quhere throuch came great Idolatrie,:
For making of the Image Bell.
That day his hyre ſall be in hell.
The great oppreſſour King Pharao,
The tyrant Emperour Nero,
Sall with them curſed King Herod bring,
Wyth many vther carefull King.
The cruell King Antiochus,
Wyth the maiſt furious Holofernus.
Great oppreſſours of Iſrael,
That day their hyre ſall be in hell.
Wyth Judas ſall compeir a clan,
Of falß traytours to God and mã
There ſall compeir of euerie land,
Wyth Ponce Pylate ane baikfull band.
Of tempoꝛall and ſpirituall ſtates,
Falſe Judges wyth their Aduocats.
There ſal our Lanꝛcours o'the Seſſion,
Of all their faults make clear confeſſion
There ſall be ſene the fraudfull faulꝛies,
Of Schireſs, Pꝛouoſts and of Baillies.
Of Clarks wyth their conſiſtoꝛiall Clarks,

Sall

Shall make compt of their wrangous warks:
They and their peruerst procutours,
Oppressours baith of rich and pures.
Throch delatours full of false dissait,
Quhilk many ane cauld beg their meat.
Great dule that day to Judges bene,
That comes not with their conscience clene.
That day sall pas be Peremptours,
With Cautill or Delatours,
Na duplicandum nor triplicandum,
Bot hastlie pas to sententiandum:
Without continuations,
Or any appellations:
That sentence sall not be retreated,
Nor with na man of Law debated.
Ye labourers be Sea and Lands,
Perfite Craftismen, and rich Merchands,
Leave your dissait and craftie wyles,
Quhilk sillie sempill folke begyles:
Make recompence here as ye may.
Remembering on this dreadfull day.
With Mahomet sall compeare na dout,
Of Antichrists ane hiddeous rout.
Bishop Annas and Caiphas,
With him ane companie sall pas,
The Scribes and false Pharisience,
Quhilk wrocht on Christ great violence:
With many ane Turke and Saracene,
With great sorrow there sall be seene.
Popes for their traditions,
Contrare to Christs institutions.
With many ane Coule and clypped crown,
Quhilk Christs law hes beatten doun:

And

And wald not suffer for to preach,
The veritie, nor the pepill teach,
Bot laik men put to torment,
Quhilk vsed Christs testament.
All kings and Queenes there sall be send,
The quhilk sir lawes did defend:
Into that court sall come many one,
Of the hudge heape of Babilone.
The innocent blude that day sall cry,
Ane loud vengence full pitreously,
On thole cruell bludis bouchours,
Martyres, Prophets and Preachours:
Some with the fire, some with the sword,
Quhilk plainlie preached Gods word:
That day they sall rewarded be,
Conforme to their iniquitie.
The Sodomites and Gomorience,
On quhom God wrocht sa great vengence,
With Chore, Dathan and Abirone,
With their assistance many one,
The holie Scripture will thee tell,
How they sanke doun all to the hell.
With Simon Magus sall resort,
Of proud Prests ane shamefull sort.
The selfe same day there sall be seene,
Many ane cruell carefull Queene:
Queene Semiramis King Ninus wife,
Ane tyger full of sturt and strife:
Together with Queene Jesabell,
Quhilk was couetous and cruell.
The false dissaitfull Dalila,
The cruell Queene Clytemnestra,
The quhilk did murther on the nicht,

Agamemnon

Agamemnon vaicht dolie and drichtie;
The quhilk wes her faithfull and leill Lord,
As Greekes & Troians wes recordit
With cruell kingis vennisone,
Quhilk laughtine were for to expone:

¶ Ye wanton Ladies and Virgen wiues,
That now for Godis tailes crimes,
Flapping the filth amang your feet,
Raising the dust into the streit:
That day for all your pompe and pryde,
Your tailes fall not your hippes hyde.
These vanities ye sall repent.
Unles that ye be penitent:
With Whitonia I yow tell,
Quhilk raised the spirit of Samuell:
That day with her there sall be sene,
Of rank witches ane sorrowfull teme,
Wycht from all partis mony anemple,
From Lauoy, Athole, and Argyle:
And from the rindes of Galloway,
With many wofull walloway.
Ye bycther of Religion,
In time leaue your abusion:
With quhilk ye haue the warld abused,
Or ye that day sall be refused.
I speake to you all generallie,
Not till ane of your speciallie.
That day all creatures sall wen,
Gif ye were sanctes or martyres men,
Or gif ye rute the Sacraments,
That ye micht line maist pleasantlie,
And get ane guide gron portion,
Or for godlie deuotion;

That day your feined ſanctitudes,
Sall not be knowen be your hudes.
Your ſuperſtitious ceremonies,
Participant with Idolatries:
Cord, cutted ſhoes, nor clippedhead,
That day ſall ſtand you in na ſtead:
For Coules black, gray, nor begarde,
Ye ſall that day get na rewarde.
Your polite painted ſatteris,
Your diſſimulate hypocriſie:
That day they ſall be clearlie knawen,
Quhen they ſall reape as they haue ſawen.
Therefore in time be penitent,
Or elſe that day ye ſall be ſhent.
I pray you hartilie, as I may,
Remember on that dulefull day.
Ye Abbot, Priour, and Pryores,
Conſidder quhat ſhuld preſes:
And how that your promotion,
Was nathing for deuotion,
Bot to obtaine the Abbacie,
Ye made your vow to Chaſtitie,
Of Pouertie and obedience.
Therefore remord your Conſcience,
How theſe thrie vowes be obſerued,
And quhat rewarde ye haue deſerued.
Quherefore repent quhill ye haue ſpace,
Sen God is liberall of his grace. Amen.

C. Father (ſaid I) declare to me,
Quhere ſall your Abbots ordoured be,
Quhilk now are in the warld liuand,
With quhom ſall come that ſpirituall band?

E. Said he, as Sanct Bernard deſcriues,

without

Without that they amend their liues,
And leaue their wanton vicious warks,
Mot with the Prophets of Patriarks.
Nor with the Martires & Confessours,
The quhilk to Christ wer true preachers
Their publicc lessons Peter and Paul
That day will them mak naw at all
Sa shall they not I say for me,
With the Apostles ordained bee,
I traist they shall dwell on the border,
Of Hell quhere there shall be na order,
Endlang the flude of Phlegeton,
Or on the brayes of Acheron,
Crying on Charon I conclude,
To carie them ouer the furious flude.
To eternall confusion,
Without they leaue their abusion.
I traist these Prelats maik and les,
Shall make cleir compt of their riches,
That dreadfull day with heart sore,
And quhat seruice they did therefore.
The princelie pompe or apparell,
Of Pape, Bishoppe, nor Cardinall:
Their royall rents nor dignitie,
That day shall not regarded be,
There shall na tailes, as I heare say,
Of Bishoppes be borne vp that day:
Come they not there with conscience clene,
On them great sorrow shall be sene,
Without that they their life amend,
In time, and sa I make ane end.

¶ The maner how Christ sall giue his sentence.

VJ.

Quhen all our Congregations
Bees brocht furth from all nations
Quhilk sall be mont lang yeeres;
Thecht I haue made full lang diseres
For in the twinkling of ane Ee,
All mankinde sall presented bee,
Before that Kings Excellence,
Then thairfie sall he giue sentence:
First say, vnto that blessed band,
Quhilk bees ordered at his richt hand:
Come with my Fathers Benison,
And resaue your Possession:
Quhilk bene for you preordinate,
Before the warld was first create:
Quhen I was hungerie ye me fed,
Quhen I was naked, ye me cled.
Oft tymes ye gaue me harbery,
And gaue me drink quhen I was dry:
And vesied me with mudes meik,
Quhen I was prisonar and seik,
In all sic tribulation,
Ye gaue me consolation.
Then sall they say O potent King,
Quhen saw we thee desire sic thing?
We neuer saw thine Excellence,
Subdewed to sic indigence.
Yes (sall he say) I yow assure,
Quhen euer ye did resaue the pure,
And for my sake wade them supplie,
That gift but doubt ye gaue to me:

There-

Therefore fall now begin your glaire,
Quhilk fall indure for euer more,
Then fall he tak on his left hand,
And fay vnto that vnfull bynd,
Paffe with my Malediction,
To Eternall affliction,
In companie with fiends fell,
In euerlafting fire of hell.
Quhen I ftude naked at your gate,
Hungrie, thirftie, cauld and wet,
Richt feebill, feik, and like to die,
I neuer gat of your fupplie:
And quhen I lay in prifon ftrang,
For pon I micht haue lyen lang,
Without your conſolation,
Or any fupportation,
Trembling for dread, then fall they fay,
With many hiddeous harmefay:
Alas gude Lord, quhen ſaw we thee,
Subiect to ſic neceſſitie?
Quhen ſaw we thee come to aure dure,
Hungerie, thirſtie, naked and pure?
Quhen ſaw we thee in prifon ly,
Or thee refuſed harbery?
Then fall that maſt excellent King,
To theſe wretches make anſwering,
That time quhen ye refuſed the pures,
Quhilk needfull cryed at your dures:
And of your ſuperfluitie,
For my ſake made them na fupplie.
Refuſing them ye me refuſed.
With wretchednes ye were ſa abuſed:
Therefore ye fall haue to your hyre,

The euerlasting birdand thre:
But grace, but peace, in comforting,
Then sall they cry full fair weeping,
That we were made, alas, gude Lord,
Alas, is there nane miter coyd.
Bot thus withoutten hope of grace,
Lose presence of thy pleasant face.
Alas, for vs it had bene gude,
We had bene smoyed in our rude.
Then with ane rair the earth sall riue,
And swolie them baith man and wife.
Then sall those Creatures forlorne,
Warie the houre that they were borne,
With many zammer, zout and zell,
From time they feill the flammes fell,
Vpon their tender bodies byte,
Quhose torment sall be infinyte.
The earth sall close, and from their sicht,
Sall taken be all kinde of licht.
There sall be gowling and greiting,
But hope of any comforting,
In that inestimabill paine,
Eternallie they sall remaine,
Burning in furious flammes reid,
Euer dyand, bot neuer be deid.
That the small minute of ane houre,
To them sall be sa great dolour,
They sall thinke they haue done remaine
Ane thousand yeare into that paine.
Alas, I trymmell to heare tell,
The terribill tormenting of hell.
That painfull pit, quha can deplore,
Quhilk mon indure for euer more?

Then

Then sall thaſe glouſied Creatures,
With mirth and infinite pleaſures,
Conuoyed with ioy Angelicall,
Pas to the heauen Empyriall,
With Chriſt Jeſu our ſouerane King,
In gloze Eternallie to ring:
Of man quhilk paſſes the inſight,
The thouſand part ſa till deſine:
Allanerlie of the leaſt pleaſure,
Preordinate for ane Creature.
Then ſall ane fire, as Clarks ſane,
Make all the hilles and valles plaine:
From earth vp to the heauen Empire,
All bees renewed be that fire:
Purging all things materiall,
Vnder the heauen Empyriall.
Baith earth and water, fire and aire,
Sall be mair perfite made and faire,
The quhilk before had mixed bene,
Sall then be purified and made cleane,
The air like criſtall ſall be cleare,
And euer like Planet in his Spheir,
Sall reſt withouttein mair mouing,
Baith ſterry heauen and Criſtalling:
The firſt and heſt heauen moueabill,
Sall ſtand but turning brueis ſtabill,
The Sunne into the Orient,
Sall ſtand, and in the Occident,
Reſt ſall the Mone, and be mair cleir,
Nor now bene Phebus in his Spheir.
And als that Lantern of the heauen,
Sall gine mair licht, be grees ſeuen,
Nor it gaue ſen the warld began.

The heauen renewed sall be than,
Richt sa the earth with ilk denise,
Compared to heauenlie paradise.
Sa heauen and earth sall be all one,
As meanes the Apostill Ioone.
The great Sea sall na mair appeare,
Bot like ane Christall pure and cleare:
Passing Imagination,
Of man, to make narration
Of gloze, quhilk God hes done prepare,
To euery thing that comes there.
The quhilk with eares nor with ene,
Of man, may not be heard nor sene:
With heart it is vnthinkabill,
And with tongue vnpronouncabill.
Quhose pleasures sall be sa perfite,
Hauing in God sa great delite.
The space now of ane thousand yeir.
That time sall not ane houre appeare:
Quhilk can not comprehended bee,
Till we that pleasant sicht sall see.
Quhen Paul was rauished in his spirit,
To the third heauen of gloze compleet:
He sayes, the secreets quhilk he saw,
They were not lawfull for to shaw
To na man on the earth liuand,
Quherefore preasle not to vnderstand:
Albeit thereto thou hast desire,
The secreets of the heauens Empire.
The mair men lukes on Phebus bricht,
The mair feebill sall be their sicht.
Richt sa let na man set their cure,
To search the hich diuine Nature.

The

The maiſt men trowe I ſuppoſe,
Sall be the man from their purpoſe.
To knaw quhereto ſould men intend,
Quhilk Angels can not comprehend.
Bot after this great Judgement,
All thing to vs ſall be patent.
Let vs with Paul our mindes addres,
Be being full of heauenlines.
Full humbelie he teachis vs,
Not for to be ouer curious:
Albeit men be of great ingine,
To ſeek the hich ſecreets diuine.
Quhoſe iudgements are vnſearchabill,
His waies ſtrange, and inueſtigabill:
That is to ſay, paſt our finding,
Of quhom na man may fade ending.
It ſuffices vs for to implore,
Great God to bring vs to his gloir.

¶ Of certaine pleaſures of the glorified bodies. VIJ.

SEn there is nane in earth may comprehend,
The heauenlie gloir and pleaſures infinite:
Quherefore (my Sonne) I pray thee not pretend,
Ouer far to ſeek that matter of delite,
Quhilk paſſes naturall reaſon to indite,
That God before that he the warld create,
Prepared to them quhilk are predeſtinate.

All

All mortall men sall be made immortall,
That is to say, neuer to die againe:
Impassibill and sa celestiall,
That fire nor sword may do to them na paine,
Nor hate, nor cald, nor frost, nor wind nor raine,
Thocht sic thing were, may do to them na dear
Those creatures richt sa sall be as cleare,

As flamming Phebus in his mansion,
Considder then gif there sall be great licht,
Quhen euerie ane into their Region
Sall shine like to the Sun, and be as bricht:
Let vs desire with Paull to see that sicht,
To be dissolued Paul had ane great desire,
With Christ to be into the heauens Empire.

And mairouer as Clarks can descriue,
These marueillous mirths they bin incōparabil
Amang the rest in all their wits fiue.
They sall haue sensuall pleasures delectabill,
The heauenly sound quhilk sal be menarrabill,
Into their eares continuallie sall ring,
And eke the sicht of Christ Jesus our King.

In his triumphant throune Emperiall,
With his mother ℣ Virgin Queene of Queenes
There sall be sene the Court Celestiall.
Apostels, Martires, Confessours and Virgins,
Brichter then Phebus in his sphere ℣ shines,
The Patriarchs and Prophets venerabill,
There sall be sene in gloir inestimabill.

And with their spirituall eies sall be sene
That

That ſicht quhilk is maiſt ſuper excellent?
God as he is, and euer marches beine,
Continuallie that ſicht contemplland,
Auguſtine ſayes, he rather take on hand,
To be in hell, he ſemg the Offence
Of God, nor be in heauen without his preſence.

Quha ſees God in his diuinitie,
He ſees him in all vther pleaſant things:
The quhilk with toung can not pronunced be,
Quhat pleaſure beine to ſee that King of Kings
The greateſt paine damned folk doun thringes,
And to the deuils maiſt punition,
It is of God to want fruition.

And mair ouer they ſall feilitie ane ſmell,
Surmunting far the fleure of earthlie fleures,
And in their mouth ane taſte, as I heare tell,
Of ſweet and ſuper naturall ſapours,
And they ſall ſe the heauenlie bricht cullours,
Shyning amang thoſe Creatures diuine,
Quhilk to deſcriue tranſcends mans ingine.

And eke they ſall haue ſic agilitie,
In ane inſtant to pas for their pleaſour,
Ten thouſand myles in twinkling of ane eie,
Sa that their ioyes ſall be without meaſour:
They ſall reioyes to ſee the great dolour
Of damned folke in hell, and their torment,
Becauſe it is of God the juſt judgement.

Subtilitie they ſall haue marueiouſlie,
Supponing that there were ane wall of bras,

Ane

Ane glorified bodie may richt haistilie,
Out throuch the wall without impediment pas
Sic like as does the Sun beam throch the glas
As Christ to his Disciples did appeare,
All entres clos, and none of them did feir.

Albeit in heauen thocht euerie creature,
Haue not alike felicitie and glore:
Yet euerie ane sall haue sa great pleasour,
And sa content that they desire na more:
To haue mair sop they sall na way employe,
Bot they sall be all satisfied and content,
Like to this rude exampill subsequent.

Tak ane trowat, ane pint stoup, & ane quart,
Ane gallon pitcher, ane punsheon and ane tun,
Of wine or balme, giue euerie ane their part,
And fill them full till that they be ouer run:
The litill trowat in comparison,
Sall be sa full, that it sall hald no more,
Of the measures thocht ther were twentie score.

Into the tun or in the punsheon,
Sa all these vessels in ane qualitie,
May hald na mair, without they be ouer run,
Yet haue they not alike in quantitie,
Sa be this rude exampill thou may see,
Thocht euerie ane be not alike in glore,
Ire satisfied, sa that they desire no more.

Thocht presentlie be Gods purueyance,
Beastes, foules, and fishes in the seas,
Ire necessare for mens sustenance,

wo lch

with cornes, beirdis, Wantes, and fruitfull treis
Thenfall there be nane sic commoditeis,
The earth sall beare sa plaint, nor beast brutall,
Bot as the heauens bricht like burall.

Suppone sum be on earth walking here doun
Or hich aboue, quhere euer they pleise to go:
Of God they haue ay cleare fruition,
Both East and west, vp, doun, or to and fro:
Clarkes declares pleasures many mo,
Quhilk does transcend all mortal mans ingine
The thousand part of those pleasures diuine.

Into the heauen they sall perfitelie knaw,
Their tender friends, their father, their mother
Their predicessours quhom they neuer saw,
Their spouses, childre, their sisters their brether
And nurris ane sall haue sic loue to vther,
Of vthers gloir and joy they sall reiose,
As of their awin, as Clarkes does repose.

Then sall be seue that bricht Jerusalem,
Quhilk Iohn saw in his Reuelation:
Bot mortall men, alas, are soze to blame,
That will not haue consideration,
And ane continuall contemplation,
With hait desire to come into that gloze,
Quhilk pleasure sall indure soz euer moze.

O Lozd our God and king Omnipotent,
Quhilk knew ere thou the heauen & earth creat
Quha wald to thee be inobedient,
And sa deserue soz to be repzobate,

Thou

Thou knois the number of predestinate,
Quhom thou did call, and hes them iustified,
And call in heauen with thee to glorified.

Grant vs to be, Lord, of that chosen sort,
Quhilk of thy mercie super excellent:
Did purifie, as scripture does report,
with the blude of that holie Innocent,
Jesus, quhilk made him selfe obedient
Vnto the death, and scrued on the Rude,
Let vs, O Lord, be purged with that blude.

All creature that euer God create,
As writes Paul, they wish to see that day:
Quhen the children of God predestinate,
Shall do appeare in their new freshy array:
Quhen corruption bees clenged quite away,
And changed bees their mortall qualitie,
In the great glore of immortalitie.

And mair ouer all things corporall,
Vnder the Concaue of the heauens Empire:
That now to labour subiect are and thrall,
Sun, Mone, n starrs, earth, water, air and fire,
In ane maner they haue ane hait desire:
Wishing that day that they may be at rest,
As Erasmus expounds manifest.

We see the great Glob of the Firmament.
Continuallie in moning marueilous:
The seuen Planets contracie their intent,
Are rest about with course contrarious:
The winde and sea, with stormes furious,

The

The troubled air w frosts, snaw and raine,
Until that day they trauell ay in paine.

And all the Angels of the ayers nine,
Hauing compassion of our miserie:
They wish after that day and tide that time,
To se vs fred from our infirmities.
And cleansed from these great calamities.
And troublous life, quhilk neuer sal haue end,
Until that day, I make it to thee kend.

¶ Ane Exhortation giuen be Father Experience vnto his Sonne the Courteor. VIIJ.

My Sonne now marke well in thy memozie,
Of this false warld the troubilsome transitozie,
Quhose dreadfull dayes drawes near ane end,
Therfoir call to God to be thy adiutozie,
And euery day vnfeanne Memento mori,
And wait not quhen nor quhere þ thou sal wed.
Here to remain I pray thee not pretend,
And sen thou knawes the time is very shozt,
In Christs bludes set all thy haill comfozt.

Bot sa meikill solist in tempozall things,
Sen þ perfaues pape, Emperour nor kings,
Into the earth hes na place permanent,
Thou sees that death thē dulfully down thrings
And reues thē from their rents, riches & ringis:

Theys:

Therefore on Christ continnie thy haill intent,
And of thy calling be richt wall contentt,
Then God that feedes the foules of the air,
All needfull thing for the he will prepare.

Considder in thy contemplation,
Ay sen the warldis first Creation,
Mankinde has thollid this miserie mortall,
Ay tormentid with tribulation,
With dolour, dreid, and desolation:
Gentiles and chosen peptill of Israell,
To this vnhap, all subject are and thrall.
Quhilk miserie but doubt sall euer indure,
Till the last day, my Son, therof be sure.

That day as I haue made narration,
Sall be the day of Consolation,
Till all the children of the chosen number,
There end to beris their desolation.
And als, I make thee supplication,
In perrilis maters take thee na mair cumber,
Dreid not to die, for death is bot ane slumber,
Line ane iust life, and with ane joyus heart,
End of thy gudes take pleasantlie thy part.

Of our talking now let vs make ane end,
Behald how Phebus doun ward does discend
Toward his palice, in the Occident,
Bame Cynthia, I see she does pretend,
Intill her watrie Region till ascend,
With visage paill vp from the Orient,
The dew now donks the Roses redolent,
The Marigulpes, that all day were reioiced,

Of

Of Phebus heat now craftelie are closed.

The blisfull birds bouns to the trees,
And crauues of their heauenlie harmonies:
The Cozne-craik in the croft I heare her cry,
The Bak, the Howlat, febill of her eies,
For their passtime now in the euening flies:
The Nichtingall with mirthfull melody,
Her naturall notis, pearses throuch the sky,
Till Cynthia, makand her obseruance,
Quhilk on the nicht dois take her dalliance.

I see the Pole artick in the North appeare,
And Uenus rysing with her beams cleir,
Quherefore my Sonne, I hald it time to go,
Wald God (said I) ye did remaine all yeir,
That I micht of your heauenlie Lessons leir,
Of your departing I am wonder wo,
Take patience (said he) it man be so,
Perchance I sall returne with diligence,
Thus I departed from Experience.

And cled me hame with heart sighing ful sore
And entered in my quyet Oratore,
I tuke paper, and there began to wryte,
This Mylcrie, as ye haue heard afore,
All gentill Readers, heartlie I implore,
For till correct my rurall rude indite,
Thocht Pharesies will haue me at despite,
Quhilk wald not that their craftines wer kend
Let God be Judge, and sa I make ane end.

Finis quod David Lyndesay.

THE TESTAMENT AND COMPLAINT OF OVR Soveraine Lords Papingo King Iames the fifth, lyand sore wounded, and may not die *till euery man haue heard quhat she sayes:*

Quherefore gentill Readers haist you that she were out of paine.

Compyled be sir Dauid Lindesay of the *Mont Knicht*, aliàs, *Lyon King of Armes.*

Livor post fata quiescit.

The Prologue.

Suppose I had ingine Angelicall,
With Sapience mair nor Salamonicall,
I not quhat mater put in memorie
The Poets auld in style Heroicall,
In quent subtill termes Rethoricall.
Of euer ilke mater Tragedie and Storie,
Sa ornatlie to their heich laud and glorie,
Hath done indyte, quhose supreme sapiens,
Transcendeth far the dull intelligence.

Of

Of Poets now intill our vulgare toung,
For quhy? the Bell of Rethorick bene roung,
Be Chaucer, Gower, and Lidgate laureat,
Quha dar presume thir Poets till impung?
Quhose sweit sentences throch Albion bene sung
Or quha can now the warks counterfait,
Or of Kennedie, with termes aureat,
Of Dunbar, quha language had at large,
As may be sene intill his golden Targe.

Quintin, Werter, Roul, Hēderlō, Hay & Dallād
Thocht they be dead, their libels bene liuand,
Quhilks to reherse, makes Readers to reioise,
Alace, for ane quhilk Lamp was in this Land,
Of Eloquence the flowand balmy strand:
And in our English Rethorick the Rose,
As of Rubies the Charbunckle bene chose,
And as Phebus does Cynthia precell,
Sa Gawen Douglas, Bishop of Dunkell.

Had, quhen he was into this land on lyue,
Aboue vulgare Poets prerogatyue:
Both in practick and speculation:
I say na mair, gude Readers can decerne,
His worthie warks in number mo then fiue,
And speciallie the true translation
Of Virgil, quhilk bene Consolation
To cunning men, to knaw his great ingine,
As weill in naturall science as diuine.

And in the Court bene present in thir dayes,
That Ballats breues, lustelie and layes,
Quhilks to our Prince daily they do present.

Quha cã say mair then sr James Inglis laid
In Ballats, Farles, and in pleasant playes?
Bot Cairos hes his pen made impotent.
kid in cunning, and practick richt prudent:
And Stewart quhilk desireth ane Latelie style,
Full ornate warkes daily dooth compyle.

Stewart of Lorne will carpe full curiouslie,
Galbraith Kinloch, quhen they hit them apply,
Into that art are craftie of ingine:
Bot now of late, is start vp hastilie,
Ane cunning Clark, quhilk wryteth craftelie,
Ane plant of Poets, called Ballendyne,
Quhose ornate warks, my wit can not define,
Get he into the Court authoritie,
He will prefell Quintyn and Kennedie.

Sa thocht I had ingyne, as I haue none,
I wait not quhat to write be sweet sanct John,
For quhy? in all the garth of Eloquence,
Is na thing left, bot barren stock and stone,
The polite termes are pulled euer like one,
Be thir forenamed Poets of prudence,
And sen I finde nane vther new sentence,
I sall declare ere I depart you fro,
The complaint of ane wounded Papingo.

Quherefore, because mine mater bene sa rude
Of sentence, and of Rethorick denude,
To rurall folke my dyting bene directed,
Far remed from the licht of men of gude,
For cunning men, I knaw will sone conclude,
It dow nathing, bot for to be detected,

And

And quhen I heare my mater dens detracted,
Then fall I sweare, I made it bot in mowis,
To Landward ladies that kepeth kyis yowis.

¶ The complaint of the Papingo. I.

QVha climmes to hich, perforce his freit mon fall,
Exyeme I call that be Experience
Gif that ye pleas to heare ane pitteous taill,
How ane fair Bird be fatall violence,
Denoyed was, and micht make na defence
Contrare the death, sa failzied natural strenth.
As after I sall shew you at mair at leuth.

Ane Papingo richt pleasant and perfite,
Presented was till our maist nobill King,
Of quhom his Grace ane lang time had delite,
Mair fair of forme, I wait flew neuer on wing:
This proper Bird he gaue in gouerning,
To me, quhilk was his lempill seruiture,
On quhom I did my diligence and cure.

To learne her language artificiall,
To play platfute, and quhistill fute before:
Bot of her inclination naturall,
She counterfaited all foules les and more,
Of her courage she walde without my lore,
Sing like the Merle, and craw like the Cok,
Pew like the Gled, & chant like the Laurok.

Bark like ane Dog, and keckill like ane Ka,

Blait like Hag, and buller like ane Bull:
Gall like ane Gaik, & greet quhen he was ta:
Chym on ane rotd, tyne lauch and play the fule,
Sche micht haue bene ane menstrel agains zule
This blessed bird was to me sa pleasand,
Quhere euer I fure, I bure her on my hand.

And sa befell intill ane mirthfull morrow,
Into my Garth, I past me to repose;
This Bird and I, as we were wont aforrow,
Amang the floures fresh, fragrant and formose:
My vitall spirits dwelie did rejose.
Quhen Phebus raise, and raue the clouds sabil
Throuch brychtnes of his beames amiabill.

Without dapour was well purificate,
The temperat air, soft, sober and serene:
The earth be Nature sa edificate,
With holsum hearbs, blew, quhyte, reid & grene:
Quhilk eleuate my Spirits from the splene,
That day Saturne nor Mars durst not appeir
Nor Sole of his Caue, he durst not steir.

That day perforce behoued to be fair,
Be influence and cours Celestiall:
Na Planet prealed for to perturbe the air,
For Mercurius be mouing Naturall,
Exalted was into the throne triumphall,
Of his Mansion, vnto the fiftene gree,
In his awin souerane signe of Virgine.

That day did Phebus pleasantlie depart
From Gemini, and entered in Cancer:
That day Cupido did extend his dart,

Venus

Uenus that day conjuned with Jupiter,
That day Neptunus hid him like ane sker,
That day Dame Nature with great businesse,
Furtherrit Flora to kyth her craftines.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne,
And Cynthia in Sagittar assisit:
That day Dame Ceres, Goddes of the Corne,
Full joykullie John Upouland appeisit,
The bad espect of Saturne was appeisit:
That day be Juno of Jupiter the joy,
Perturband spirits causing to hald coy.

The sound of birds surmounted all the skyes,
With melodie of notes Musicall:
The balmie drops of dew Titan bydyes,
Hingand vpon the tender twists small,
The heauenlie hew, and sound angelicall,
Sic perfite pleasour printed in my hart,
That with great pine frō thine I micht depart.

Sa still amang these hearbs amiabill,
I did remaine ane space for my pastance.
Bot warldlie pleasour bene sa variabill,
Wyred with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
That there intill is na continuance,
Sa micht I say, my short solace alace,
Was dryuen in dolour in ane litill space.

For in that garth amang these fragrant flours
Walking alane, nane bot my Bird and I:
Unto the time that I had said mine houres:
This Bird I set vpon ane branche me by,
Bot she began to speill richt speedelie,

And in that tree she did sa hich ascend,
That be na way I micht her apprehend.

Sweet bird (said I) be war mont not ouer hie
Returne in time, perchance thy feet may failzie:
Thou art richt fat, and not well vsed to flee,
The greedie Gled, I dread she thee assailzie,
I will (said shi) ascend, vaitz quod vaize,
It is my kinde to clym ay to the hicht.
Of lether and bane I watt well I am wicht.

Sa on the hichest litill tender twist,
With wing displayed she sat full wantonlie,
Bot Boreas blew ane blast, ere euer she wist,
Quhilk brak the brench, and blew her suddenlie
Doun to the ground, with many carefull cry,
Vpon ane stob, she lichted on her breist,
The blude rushed out, & she cryed for ane Preist.

God wait, gif then my heart was wo begone,
To see that fouill slichter amang the floures:
Quhilk wt great murning gan to mak her mone,
Now comming are (said she) the fatall houres,
Of bitter death, now mon I thole the showres:
O Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
Len me leasure to speake ane litill space.

For to complene my fate infortunate,
And to dispone my geir ere I depart:
Sen of all comfort I am desolate,
Allane, ercept the Death hete with his dart,
With awfull chere, reddy to perse my heart,
And with that word, she tuke ane passion,
Syne flatlings fell, and swapped into swoun.

With

With ſoꝛie heart pearced with compaſſion,
And ſaire teares diſtelling from mine eye:
To heare that Birds Lamentation,
I did approch vnder ane Hauthoꝛne greine,
Quhere I micht heare and ſee, and be vnſeine:
And quhē this birde had ſwouned twiſe oꝛ thriſe
She gan to ſpeake, ſaying on this wiſe:

O falſe Foꝛtune, quhy hes thou me begyled.
This day at noꝛne quha knew this careful cace
Vaine hope in thee my reaſon is eryled,
Hauing ſic traiſt into thy feinzet face:
That euer I was brocht into the Court alace,
Had I in Foꝛreſt flowen amang my feirs,
I micht full well haue liued many yeirs.

Prudent counſell, alace, I did refuſe,
Againſ reaſon vſing mine appetite:
Ambition did ſa mine heart abuſe,
That Eolus had me in great deſpite:
Pacts of me hath mater to indite,
Quhilk clam ſa hich, and wo is me thereforе.
Not doubting that the death durſt me deuore.

This day at noꝛne, my foꝛme & feddriem faire,
Aboue the proud Iacob were preferred:
And now ane catyne carion full of care,
Bathand in blude, doun from my heart diſtilled
And in mine ear, the bell of death dene knelland
O falſe warld, fy on thy Felicitie,
Thy Pryde, Inuarice, and Immundicitie.

In thee I ſee na thing bene permanent,
Of thy ſhoꝛt ſolace, ſoꝛrow is the end:

Thy

Thy falſe infortunate gifts benebot lent,
This day ful proud, the maine nathing to ſpend
O ye that doth pretend, ay till aſcend,
Wy fatall end haue in remembrance,
And you defend from ſic vnhappie chance.

Quhither that I was ſtriken in extaſie,
Or throuch ane ſtarke imagination:
Bot it appeired in my fantaſie,
I heard this dolent Lamentation,
Thus dulled into deſolation,
Me thocht this Bird did bzeue on her maneir,
Her counſall to the King, as ye ſall heare.

IJ. ¶ The firſt Epiſtill of the Papingo, directed to King Iames the fift.

PRepotent Pzince, peirles of pulchzitude,
Gloze, honour, laud, triumph and victoze,
Be to thy hich Excellent Celſitude,
With Martiall deeds, digne of memoze,
Sen Atropus conſumed hath my gloze,
And dolent death, alas, mon vs depart,
I leaue to thee my true vnfeinzied heart.

Together with this Cedull ſubſequent,
With maiſt reuerent Recommendation:
I grant thy Grace gets many ane document,
Be famous Fathers pzedication,
With many notabill narration,
Be pleaſant Poets in ſtyle heroicall,
How thou ſould guide thy ſait Emperiall.

Some dozs deploze the great calamities,

Of

Of diuers Realms transmutation:
Some pitteouslie doeth treat of tragedies,
All for thy Graces information:
Sa I intend but adulation,
Into my barbour rusticall indite,
Amang the rest (sir) some thing for to wryte.

Soueraine consaue this simpill similitude,
Of Officiars, serving thy Senzeorie:
Quha guids them well, gets of thy grace great
Quha bene vnjust, degraded ar of glozy, (gude
And Cancellat out of thy memozie,
Pzouyding syne mair pleasant in their place,
Beleue richt sa sall God do with thy Grace.

Conslidder wel thou bene bot Officiare,
And vassall to that king incomparabill:
Pzeis thou to pleis that pussant pzince pzeclare,
Thy rich rewarde sall be inestimabill.
Exalted bich in gloze interminabill,
Aboue Archangels, Uertues, Potestats.
Pleasantlie placed amang the pzincipats.

Of thy Uertue, Poets perpetuallie,
Sall make mention, vnto the warld be ended:
Sa thou exeers thine office pzudentlie,
In heauen and earth, thy grace salbe cõmended
Quherefoze effeir, that he be not offended.
Quhilk hes exalted thee to sic honour,
Of his pepill to be ane Gouernour.

And in thee earth hath made sic Ozdinance,
Under thy feet all things Terrestriall,
Are subject to thy pleasour and pastance,

Saith

Baith foull and fish, and brastes paſtorall,
Men to thy ſeruice, and women they bin thrall.
Halking, hunting, armes, and leſtull amour,
Prœordinate are be God, for thy plealsour.

Maſters of Mulick to recreat thy ſpirit,
With danted voice, and pleaſant inſtrument:
Thus thou may be of all pleaſures repleit,
Sa in thy office thou be diligent:
Bot be thou found ſleuthfull and negligent,
Or vnjuſt in thine Execution,
Thou ſall not faill diuine punition.

Quhereſore ſen thou hes ſic Capacitie,
To learne to play ſa pleaſantlie and ſing:
Ryde horſe, rinnis ſpeirs, with great audacitie,
Shut with hand bow, crosbow and culuering,
Amang the reſt (ſir) learne to be ane King,
Kyth on that craft, thy prægnant freſh ingine,
Granted to thee, be influence diuine.

And ſen the Definition of ane King,
Is for to haue of pepill gouernance:
Addres thee firſt aboue all vther thing,
Till put thy bodie till ſic Ordinance,
That thy vertue, thine honour may auance:
For how could Princes gouern great Regions,
That can not dewlie gyde their awin perſons.

And gif thy grace wald liue richt pleaſantlie,
Call thy Counſell, and caſt on them the cure,
Their juſt Decreets defend and fortifie,
Bot guds counſell may na Prince lang indure,
Worke with counſell, then ſall thy warke be ſure
Theis

Chuse thy Counsall of the maist sapient,
Without regarde to bludt, riches or rent.

Amang all vther pastime and pleasour,
Now in thy Adolescent yeares ying:
Wald thou ilk day studie bot halfe ane houre,
The regiment of princelie gouerning,
To the pepill it were ane pleasant thing,
There micht thou finde thine awin vocation,
How thou sould vse thy sceptre, swozd & croun.

The Chronicles to knaw I thee exhort,
Quhilk may be mirrour to thy Majestie:
There sall thou finde baith gude and euill report
Of euer ilke Prince after his qualitie,
Thocht they be dead, their deeds sall not die:
Traist well thou sall be styled in that storie,
As thou deserues, be put in memorie.

Requeist ȳ Roy quhilk rent was on the Rude,
Thee to defend from deeds of defame:
That na Poet report of thee bot gude,
For Princes dayes indures bot ane dzame.
Sen first king Fergus bure ane Dyadame,
Thou art the last king of fine score and fiue,
And all are dead, and none bot thou on liue.

Of quhose number fiftie and fiue bene slane,
And maist part in their awin misgouernance:
Quherefore I thee beseik my Souerane,
Considder of their liues the circumstance:
And quhen ȳ knawes ȳ cause of their mischance
On vertue then, exalted thy saules on hie,
Traisting to chape that fatall destinie.

Treit

Treit ilk true Barron, as he were thy brother,
Quhilk mon at neid, thee & thy Realme defend.
Quhen suddenlie ane doeth oppres ane vther,
Let justice mixed with mercy them amend,
Haue thou their harts, thou hes ynewch to spend
And be the contrare, thou art bot King of bane,
From time thine heirs harts bene frō thee gone.

I haue na laiser for to wryte at lenth,
Mine haill intent, vntill thine Excellence:
Decressed sa I am in wit and strenth,
My mortall wound doeth me sic violence,
Pepill of me may haue Experience,
Because, alas, I was incounsolabill,
Now mon I die ane catiue miserabill.

The secund Epistill of the Papingo,

III. Directed to her Brether of Court.

BRether of Court, with minde precordiall,
To the great God, hartlie I commend you,
Imprint my fall in your memoriall,
Together with this Cedull, that I send you,
To preis ouer hich, I pray you not pretend you,
The vaine aseens of Court, quha will consider
Quha siteth maist hie, sal find þ fait most slidder

Sa ye that now be lansing vp the ledder,
Take tent in time festning your fingers fast:
Quha clims most hich, most dint hes of þ weder
And least defence agains the bitter blast.
Of fals Fortune, quhilk taketh neuer rest,
Bot most redoubted daylie she doun thrings,
Not sparing Popes, Conquerours nor Kings.

Thocht

Thocht ye be mounted vp aboue the skyes,
And hes baith King and Court in gouernance:
Sũ was als hich, quhilk now richt lawly lyes,
Complaining ſore the Courts variance,
Their prꝛeterred time, may be Experience:
Quhilk throw vain hope of court did clim ſo hie
Sine wãted wings quhen they wõd beſt to flee.

Sen ilk Court bene vntraiſt and tranſitorie,
Changing als oft as widder cock in wind,
Some mailand glade, and vther ſome richt ſorꝛy
Forꝛneſt this day, the morne may ga behinde:
Let not vaine hope of Court your reaſon blinde,
Traiſt wel ſum men will giue you land as lorꝛds
Quhilk wald be glade to ſee you hang in corꝛds.

I durſt declare the miſerabilitie,
Of diuers Courts, wer not my time bene ſhorꝛt,
The dꝛeadfull change, vain glorꝛe and vilitie,
The painfull pleaſour, as Poets doeth repoꝛt:
Some time in hope, ſome time in diſcomforꝛt.
And how ſũ men does ſpend their youtheid hail
In Court, ſyne ends in the Hoſpitall.

How ſome in Court bene quyet counſellours,
Without regarde to Common weil or Kings,
Caſting their cure for to be Conquerours.
And quhen they bene hich raiſed in their rings,
How chãge of court them dulfully doun thꝛings
And quhen they bene from their eſtate depoſed,
How many of their fall bene richt rꝛoſed.

And how fond feinzet fules and flatterars,
For ſmall ſeruice obtaines great rewardes:

Pandars,

Panders, pykthanks, custrons and clatterars,
Loups vp from lads, fine lichts amang ȝ Lards
Blasphematours, beggers, and common bairds
Some time in Court hes mair authoritie,
Nor deuote Doctours in diuinitie.

How in some Court bene barnes of Baliell,
Full of dissimulate painted flatterie,
Prouocand be intoricat counsall,
Princes till huredome and till hasardrie,
Quha dois in Princis presut sic harlotrie,
I say for me I se pert Prouocatouris,
Sould punished be aboue all strange traitours.

Quhat trauels troubill, and calamitie,
Hath bene in Court within thir hundereth yeirs
Quhat mortall changes, and quhat miserie?
Quhat nobil men bene brocht vpon their beirs,
Trust wel my friends, follow ye mon your feirs
Sa sen in Court bene na tranquillitie,
Set not on it your haill felicitie.

The Court changes some time wt sic outrage,
That few or none may make resistance,
And spares not the Prince mair nor the page,
As well appeireth be Experience:
The Duke of Rothesay micht make na defence,
Quhilk was pretendand Roy of this Region,
Bot dulefullie deuored in prison.

Quhat dread, quhat dolour had ȝ nobill King,
Robert the thrid, from time he knew the cace,
Of his twa Sonnes, the dolent departing?
Prince Dauid dead, and James captiue alace,
Til

To true Scots men quhilk was a tairfull taire,
Thus may ye knaw the Court bene bariand,
Quhen blude royall ? thaings nay not gainstand

Quha rang in court mair hie and triumphand
Nor duke Murdoch, quhil that his day indured?
Was he not great protectour of Scotland?
Yet of the Court he was not well assured,
It changed sa, his lang service was smured,
He and his Sonne, fair Walter but remeid,
Forfaulted were, and put to dulfull deid.

King James the first, that patron of prudence,
Gem of ingyne, and pearle of Politie:
well of Justice, and study of Eloquence,
Quhais vertue dois transcend my fantasie.
For till discryve, yet quhen he stude maist hie,
Be falsse exorbitant conspiration,
That prudent Prince was pitreouslie put doun.

Als James the second, Roy of great renoun,
Beand in his Super excellent glore,
Throughrackles shutting of ane great cannon,
The dolent death, alas, did him deplore.
Altrong thair deith, of quhilk I marvell more,
That fortune had nae vther tit to feid,
Throch fiftie thousand, to weill him be the heid.

My hart is prik with pikis for to pance,
Or write that Courts variation,
Of James the third, quhen he had gouvernance
The dolour, dreid, and desolation,
The change of Court and conspiration,
And how that Cochrane with his compane.

That time in Court clam sa presumptuouslie.

It had bin gude, they barrs had bene bubozne
Be quhom that nobill prince was sa abused,
They grew as did the weid about the corne,
That prudent Lords counsall was refused.
And held him quyet, as he had bene inclused.
Alace that prince be their abusion,
Was finallie brocht to confusion.

They clam sa hich, and gat sic audience,
And with their prince grew sa familiare,
His Germane brother micht get na presence,
The Duke of Albanie, nor the Earle of Mar,
Like banesit men was halden at the Bar:
Till in the King there grew sic mortall feid,
He flemed the Duke, and put the Earle to deid.

Thus Cochrane with his cattive companie,
Forst them to flee, but yet they wanted ledders,
Abone the hich Cedars of Libanie.
They clam sa hie, till they lap ouer their ledders
On Lawder brig, fyue keipped were in tedders,
Strangled to death, they gat nane vther grace
Their King captive, quilk was a carefull cace.

Till put in fozme that fait infozunate,
And moztall change perturbeth mine ingine,
Quhy wilt bene walk, my fingers fatigate,
To dyte oz write the rancour oz tuynes,
The ciuill weir, the battell inckynes,
How that the Son, with baner braid displayed,
Against the Father in battell came arrayed.

Wald

wald God that ȝonder ȝ day had deuorrd forred,
with ȝ sapience of ȝ prudent Salomon:
And ȝ ye strenth of Sirag Sampson supported
with ȝ hevid Oak of ȝ great Agamemnon
Quhat sould I wis, remeid was ȝre none,
At ones ane king ȝ sceptour, sword & croun.
Ir euen ane dead deformed carioun.

Alas, quhere dens ȝat richt redoubted Roy,
That potent prince, gentill king James ȝ feird
I pray to Christ his saull for to conuoy,
Ane greater nobill, rang nor into ȝe eird:
O Atropus, warie we may ȝy weird,
For ȝe was mirrour of humilitie,
Lode sterne, and lampe of liberalitie.

During his time, sa iustice did preuaill,
The sauage Ies trimbled for terrour:
Elchdail, Suikdaill, Loddisdaill, and Innrndail,
Durst not rebel, doubting his dints dour,
And of his Lords had he perfite fauour,
Sa for to schaw, ȝat he effeired na fone,
Out throch ȝe Realme he wald ryde him alone.

And of his court throch Europ sprang ȝe fame,
Of luftie Lords, and louesome Ladies ying:
Triumphand tornays, justing, & knichtly game,
with all pastime, according for ane king.
He was ȝe glore of Princelie gouerning.
Quhilk throch ȝe ardent loue he had to France
Againſt England did moue his Ordinance.

Of Flowdon feld ȝe ruyne to reuolue,
Or ȝat most dolent day for till deplore:

I nyll fey dyend, that dolour you dissolue,
Shaw how that Prince in his triumphand gloir
Destroyd was, quhat nerdath preces moir.
Not be the vertue of English Ordinance,
Bot be his awin wilfull misgouernance.

Alace, that day, had he bene counselabill,
He had obtained land, gloir and victorie:
Quhois sirreous proces bene sa lamentabill,
I nyll at lenth to put in memorie,
I neuer red in tragedie nor storie,
At ane iournay sa many thousands slane,
For the defence and loue of their Soueraine.

Now brether marke in your remembrance,
Ane mirrour of thois mutabilitee,
Sa may ye knaw the Courts inconstance,
Quhen Princes bene thus pulled from their seis
After quhois death, quhat strange aduersities,
Quhat great misrenll into this Region rang,
Whē our yōg prince could neither speik nor gāg

During his tender youthis innocence, (chace
Quhat slouth, quhat reif, quhat murther & mis-
There was not eise bot wraiking of vengence,
Into that Court there rang sic variance.
Diuers Rewlers, made diuers ordinance.
Some time our Quene rang in authoritie,
Some time the prudent Duke of Albanie.

Some tym the realm was ruled be Regents
Some tyme Lufetenents, leapers of the Law,
Then rang so many inobedients,
That few ay nane stude of ane vther awe:

Op-

Oppreſſion did ſo lang ſyne worke in Rome,
That nane durſt ryde, bot into feir of weir,
Joh Stewart, that tyme did rule his ſpeir.

Quene was ſhe nane ſuche in honour eleuate,
Nor was ſhe ſyne, ane ſtrang & mychty ſpince,
Hir power was tyrane lyke deſpotate,
Of King and Realme that ſhe was Gouernes,
Yet came ane change within ane ſhort ſpace,
That perle preclare, that luſtie pleaſant Quene
Lang time durſt not byde the Court be tene,

The Archbiſhop of S. Andros James Beton
Chancellar and ſpirital in power paſſyall,
Clam eirt the King, muſt hiely in this Region,
The ledder ſhuke, he lap and gat ane fall,
Authoritie, nor power Spirituall,
Riches, friendſhip, micht not that time prenaill,
Quhen Rome Curia began to beir herraill.

Hir hich prudence anailed him not ane myte,
That time the Court hait him ſic mortall feid,
As priſoner they kept him in deſpite,
And ſome time wold not quhery to ſyde his heid,
Bot diſagyſed, fute ſoure the ſtaitlie ſpeid,
Had not bene pape bare him ſic campanie,
He had byde ſtrangled be Melancholie.

Quhat cumber ſcare was in the ſtraite of Frāce
Quhen King Frances was taken priſoneir,
The Duke of Bervone dyed in Lombardie,
Dead at ane ſtrake, richt dantfull dreche on deir,
The Court of Rome that time ran all areir,
Quhy Pape Clement was put in ſtrang priſon,

The nobill Cittie perto confusion.

In England quha had greatter gouernaig
Nor their triumphant courtly Cardinall:
The Common-weill, fame saieg he did aduance,
Be equall iustice, baith to great and small:
There was no Prelate so much pereguall
Englishmen sayes, had he raung langer space,
He had depoled Sanct Peter of his place.

His Princelie pompis, his Royall granitie,
His palice Royall, rich and radious,
Nor yet the lude of superfluitie,
Of his riches, nor trauell tedious,
From time Dame Curia held him obiect,
Availed him not, nor prudence most profound,
The ledder brack and he fell to the ground.

Quhere bene þ dauchtie Earles of Douglas,
Quhilks royallie into this Region rang?
Forfalt and fane, quhat needeth mair pieces?
The Erle of March was merchelled the amang
Dame Curia them quitfullie doun thrang,
And now of late, quha sam mair rich amang hais
Nor did Archibald vmquhile the Erle of Angus.

Quha with his Prince bene mair familiar,
Nor of his Grace had mair authoritie?
Was he not great Chancellar and Chamberlar,
Yet quhen he lude vpon the riches grit,
Trusting na thing bot perpetuitie,
Was suddenlie depoled from his place,
Forfalt and demed, he gat nane vther grace.

Quhere-

Wherefore traist nae treill nathotilie,
Nor beir na rancor, I pray you hartfullie,
Preferre nocht in your dais prosperitie:
Confyrme your traist in God allutterlie,
Quhile teres your eyner with your hart trewly
And quhen ye see the Court bene at the best,
I counsell you, then draw your to your rest.

Quhoyt beneth hich triumphand court of Troy?
Or Alexander with his wirtfull prudent peirs?
Or Julius, ryus richest dantyed Roy,
Agamemnon, most worthie in his weirs?
To schaw their fine my treated hart effeirs,
Some murdrest wer, some poysoned pitteouslie
Their faerfull Saules dispersed wretchedlie.

Traist well there is na constant court bot ane
Quher Christ bin King, quhose time interminable
And hich tribonall glore lestis neuer gane (bil
That quyet Court intrinsik and immutabill,
Bot vnto sanct Kaydeth ay Serue and Sabill:
Dissimulance, flatterie, nor fals report,
Into the Court sall neuer get resort.

Traist wel my friends, this is na leinzet fair,
For quhat hewe in the extreme of dead:
The verite but doubt, they sould declare,
Without regarde to fauour or to feid,
Quhilk ye haue sine, dois hopther mak remeid,
Adew for euer, of me ye get na mois,
Beleik and God to bring you to his gloir.

Adew Edinburgh, thou hich triumphand toun,
Within quhose boundis I the mirthful haue I bin

Of true Merchandis, thow art of this Regioun,
Most reddie to reuenge Cryme, Iustice Queene:
Thy Policie and Iustice maid be seene,
Were Deuotion, Mychtsome and Prudence,
And credences nane, they micht be found in thee.

Adew faire Dynnydoun with thy towrets hie,
Thy Chapell royall, Parke and tabill round:
May, June and July, wald I dwell in thee,
Were I ane man to heare the birdis sound,
Quhilk doeth rejoyis thy royall rock resound.
Adew Linlythgow, quhose Palice of pleasance,
Micht be ane patroun in Portugall or France.

Adew Falkland, the Lustyest bure of Fife,
Thy polite Parke vnder the Lowmond law,
Some time in thee I led ane iustie life:
The fallow Deir, to see thame rais and raw,
Court mony to resort to thee, they fand grene schaw
Bayand thy burch bene of all byrdis hail,
Because in thee they neuer gat gude aill.

IIIJ. The Commoning betwix the Papingo and her holy Executours.

THe Pye perfaued the Papingo in paine,
He lichted doun, and trimlyed him to greit:
Sister (said he) alace, quha has you slane?
I pray you make prouision for your spreit:
Dispone your geir, and your entres compleit,
I haue power be your contrition,
Of all your mis to giue you full remission,

I am (said he) ane Chanon Regulare,

And

And of my Brether tryour principall:
My quhyt Brether, my frend full deirly dreche,
The black bene of the heath memoriall.
Quherefore I thinke your gudes naturall,
Sould be submitted haill into my cure,
Be knaw I am ane haly creature.

The Rauin came to pand quhe he heard þ rare
Sa did the Gled, with many pitous pew:
And fenzeitlie thay counterfait great care,
Sister (said they) your reuerence we rew,
Now dett it is, our full counsall entrew,
Sen we pretend to hich promotion,
Religious men of great deuotion.

I am ane black Monk, said the cuttiand raue
Sa said the Gled, I am ane haile Frier:
And hes power to bring you quick to heauen,
It is well knawn my conscience bene full cleir,
The black Bydell pronunce I fall peraueir,
Sa till our Brether ye will giue some gude,
God wait giue we haue need of tyues fude.

The Papingo said, Father be the rude,
Howbeit your rayment be religious like,
Your Conscience, I suspect it be not gude,
I did persaue, quhen priuelie ye did pyke
Ane chiken from ane hen vnder ane dyke,
I grant (said he) that hen was my gude friend,
And I that chicken tuke bot for my teind.

Ye knaw the Faith be vs mon be susteind,
Sa be the Pape it is prevrdinate,
That spirituall men sould liue vpon their teind,
Bot

Bot well wait I, ye pene pietie ſtuare,
In your extremes to be ſa fortunate,
To haue ſic holy conſolation,
Quherefore we make you exhortation.

Sen dame Nature hes granted you ſic grace
Laſſer to make confeſſion generall,
Ryaw tarry your ſin mirk nybil ye bark place
Syne of your geir make ane memoriall,
We tithe ſall make your leſtis funerall.
And with grit dies, ouris we ſall gaue nanes,
Syne Trentales twentie, trettin all at anes.

The rukes ſall reir, that nicht ſal on thame reſo
And cry, Commemoratio animarum,
We ſall gar chickens ſkreik, and gaittings yell,
Suppoſe the geis and hennes ſould cry alarum
And we ſall ſerue Secundum Vſum Sarum.
And make you ſaif, we find ſanct Wrale to bleſs
Cryand for you, the tartfull coſt thocht.

And we ſall ſing about your Sepulture,
Sanct Mungos Matyns, a the meikil Creid,
And ſyne deuotlie ly, I you aſſure,
The auld Pater de back ward, and the beid,
And we ſall weare for you the mourning weid,
And thocht your ſpirit with Pluto werr poleſt,
Deuotlie ſall your Dirige be dieſt.

Father (ſaid ſhe) your ſecond wordis fair,
Full fair I dread be contrare to your deids,
The wifes of ȳ village cryes ab eair, (meids
Quhen they perſaue yow mawe quherthorr thay
Your fals conſait, baith bodie & ſtaik fair wirdis

I mar-

I marvell thairfe ye be not aschamed,
For your defaultis, being sa defamed.

Yit dois it ding my pure prevarbed spirit,
Till mallere pen and confessour,
I houre quhen say, yi deus ane hypocrite,
Exemed from the law sic and tradition,
To put my gers in pous possessioun,
That will I not, sa helpe me Dame Nature,
Nor of my Coppis, I will yow gyue na cure.

Wald God I herd the nobill Nichtingall,
The gentil Jay, the Merle, and Throstle trew,
My obsequeis, and seruice sung at all,
Or ellis they wald, with notis of the new,
The pleasant Pown, most angelike of hew.
Wald God I wer with him this day confest,
And my denyse duelt be him addrest.

The mirthfull Mauis, & the gay Goldfynk,
Thrustle Larke, wald God they were present
My infortune forsuth, they wald forthynke,
And comfort me that bene sa impotent
The Cuschat throallew, in prayse maist prudent,
I wait she wald my bleiding stem helpe,
With her most sweet ourblissit Ave Regina cœlitum.

Compt me the cace, to dois confessioun,
The Gled said proudlie to the Papingo,
And we sall dois vnto our profession,
Counsall to keip, and sycker to vs no,
Ane thee befoir yat thow depart vs fro,
Declare to vs some causes reasonabill,
Quhy we bene hatit sa abhominabill.

Bot weill wait I, ye bour pieue finnate,
In your extremes to be ſa fortunate,
To haue ſic holy conſolation,
Quhairtoyr we make you exhortation.

Sen dame Nature hes granted you ſic grace
Laiſer to make confeſſion generall,
Schaw fairly your ſin in haiſt quhil ye haif ſpace
Syne of your geir make ane inventarall;
Bot tittle ſall make your teſtis ſufficient,
And with our dirdies, bairis we ſall paire your ſaules,
Syne Requiem ſweitly, reſtrein all at anes.

The rukes ſall reir, that nicht ſal on thame reſt
And cry, Commemoratio animarum,
We ſall gar chickens ſyre, and gaittings pew,
Suppoſe the geis and hennes ſould cry alarum
And we ſall ſerue Secundum Vſum Sarum.
And make you ſaif, we find ſanct Wrate to bleſs
Cryand for you, for ferfull coſt nocht.

And we ſall ſing about your Sepulture,
Sanct Mungoes Matyns, a the meikil Creid,
And ſyne deuotlie ſay, I you aſſure,
The auld Placebo backward, and the reid,
And we ſall weare for you the mourning weid,
And thocht your ſpirit with Pluto were paſeit,
Deuotlie ſall your Dirige be dreſt.

Father (ſaid ſhe) your ſarond wordis fair,
Full fair I dread be contrare to your deids,
The wifes of ȝ village tryis it eair, [meids
Quhen they perſaue yow ma wo nor thort thair
Your fals conſait, baith daire ȝ deid fair deids

I mar-

I marvell schrewis ye be not ashamed,
For your detestit, being sa detestit.

It dois abhor my pure perturbed spirit,
Till mak yow ony confession;
I knaw weill eneuch, ye bene bot hypocrite,
Opinly to reuert the treuth and tell it:
To put me gyrs in yous pastelland?
That will I not, sa helpe me Dame Nature,
Nor of my Coppis I will yow geue na cure.

Wa had I herd the nobill Nichtingall,
The gentil Jay, the Mavis, and Turtur trew,
My obsequies, and leaues tune call,
Or they wald, with notes of the new,
Thir pleasant Down, most angelike shew.
I wald God I wer with him this day confest,
And my dempis duelie be him addrest.

The mirthfull Wantis, wt the gay Goldspink,
Thrustis Larkis, I wald God they were present
My infortunis to reuth, they wald to rathnis,
And comfort me that bene sa impotent
The Cunnis swallow, in prattick maist prudent,
I wait she wald my bleiding stem belyue,
With her most vertrous Balme restringitive.

Compt me the cace, to her confession,
The Gled said proudlie to the Papingo,
And we sall knaw wt our profession,
Counsall to keep, and sa to vs no mo,
Me thee befoir, or thou depart vs fro.
Declare to vs some causes reasonabill,
Quhy we bene hatchis sa abhominabill.

Be thy teachers thou hes experience,
First heand dyed into the Orient,
Syne be thy gude formise and diligence,
To pzincez here vnder the Occident,
Thou kyndlyes the vulgare peoples iudgement,
Quhere thou frae Greece hes gotten thy document,
Syne nerr the pole, thy plage Septentrional.

Sa be thy birthingine superlative,
Of all Cuntries thou knawes the qualities,
Quherefore I thee conjure be God aliue,
The veritie declare wythowrten lies,
Quhat thou hes heard be lands or be seas,
Of vs birth vnes, baith gude and ill report,
And how they iudge, schawis me thee schort.

Father (said she) I catiue creature,
Dar not presume with fle mater to mell:
Of yourselues ye knaw I haue na cure,
Demand thare quhilk is poudente thairto pertell.
I may not preu, my paines bene lafell,
And als perchance, ye will not stand content,
Tak vnto the vulgare peples iudgement.

Yet will I do as I be wich wate best,
All that, lyes in my Memoriall,
I sall declare wnabasit in zour heart,
And first I say to princes generall,
The common peple cairis lytle bene or ill,
Degenerat from the first institution,
Is testifies the places of your in stitution.

Of yame perisis poudere & wickedfowes,
The beginning, I grant, was very gude:

Apostels

Apostels, Martires, Virgins, Confessours,
The fecund of their excellent Sanctitude,
Was heard ouer al the warld be land and fude
Planting the Faith be predication,
As Christ had made to them narration.

To fortifie the faith they tuke na feir,
Before princes preaching full prudentlie,
Of dolorous death they doubted not the deir,
The veritie declairing ferventlie,
And Watterdome they suffered patientlie,
They tuke na cure of land, riches nor rent,
Doctrine and death were baith equivalent.

To schaw at length their warks wer greit wonder,
Their miracles they were sa manifest:
In name of Christ they hailed many hunder,
Raising the dead, and purging the possest,
With peruerst spirits, quhilk had bene oppyest,
The cruked ran, the blind men gat their Ene,
The deif men heard, the lipper wer made clene.

The Prelats spouse were with powertie,
Thole dayes, quhen sa they flurished in fame,
And with her genered Ladie Chastitie,
And Dame Deuotion, notabill of name,
Humbil they wer, simpill and full of schame,
Thus Chastitie and Dame Deuotion,
Were principall cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life diuine,
Ay till there rang in Romes great Cittie,
Ane potent Prince was named Constantine,
Perfaued the faith had spouse Powertie,

With

with gude intent, and moued of pietie,
Cauſe of Diuorce he fand betwix them twa,
And parted them withoutten wordis ma.

Then ſhortlie with ane great ſolemnitie,
Withoutten any diſpenſation:
The Kirk he eſpouſed with Dame Propertie,
Quhilk haſteit be proclamation,
To pouertie gart make narration.
Under the pains of perſing of his ene,
That with the Kirk ſhe ſould na mair be ſene.

Sanct Sylueſter ȝ time vaug Pape in Rome,
Quhilk firſt conſented to the Mariage:
Of Propertie, the quhilk began to bloome,
Taking on her the cure with bich courage:
Deuotion drew her till ane Hermitage,
Quhen ſhe conſidered Ladie Propertie,
So bich exalted into dignitie.

O Sylueſter, quher was thy diſcretion,
Quhilk Peter did renunce, thou did reſaue?
Androw and John, did leaue their poſſeſſion,
Their ſchips and nets, lynes, and all the laue:
Of tẽporal ſubſtance na thing wald they craue
Contrarious to their contemplation,
Bot ſobrelie their ſuſtentation.

John the Baptiſt went to the wildernes,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalane,
Left heritage, and gudes mair and les,
Prudent S. Paul, thocht Propertie prophane,
From toun to toun, he ran in wind and raine,
Vpon his feit, teaching the word of grace,

And

And neuer was subiected to riches.

The Gled said yet, I heare na thing but gude
Proceid thairtie, and thy mater aduance:
The Papingo said, Father be the rude,
It were to long to schaw the circumstance.
How Prosperitie with her new alliance,
Grew great wt childe, as trus men to me tald,
And bure twa dochters gudlie to behald.

The eldest dochter named was Riches,
The secund sister, Sensualitie;
Mahuids did meres, within thair chaist precincts,
Prepleasand to the Spirituall rie,
In great substance and excellent dewtie,
Thir Ladies twa grew sa within few yeares,
That in ȳ warld wer nane micht be their peirs.

This royall Riches, and Ladie Sensuall,
From ȳ time furth tuke haill the gouernance,
Of the most part of the state Spirituall.
And they againe with humbill obseruance.
Amongis thair wittes did aduance,
As true louers, their Ladies for to pleis,
God wait gif then their hearts were at eis.

Soone they fayzet to Iudie, play, and preach,
They grew sa subiect to Dame Sensuall:
And thocht bot paine pure pepill for to teach,
Bot they decreted in their great counsall,
They wald na mair to mariage be thrall,
Trusting surely, to obserue Chastitie,
And all begyld, quod Sensualitie.

Appeirandlie they did expell their wiues,

That

That they might liue at large without thirlage,
At libertie to lead their lustie liues.
Thinke and men shall that bene in mariage,
For new laces prouokes new courage:
Thus Chastitie they turne into delite,
Wanting of wyues bene cause of appetite.

Dame Chastitie did stoll away for shame,
From time she did persaue their prouidance:
Dame Sensuall ane letter gart proclame,
And her cryed Italie and France:
In England could she get nane ordinance,
Then to the King and Court of Scotland,
She marked her without ten mair demand.

Trasping into that Court to get comfort,
She made her humbill supplication.
Shortlie they said, she could get na supportt,
Bot boasted her with blasphemation,
To Priests ga make your protestation,
It is (said they) many ane hundreth peir,
Sen Chastitie had any entres heir.

Tired for trauell, she to the Priests past,
And to the rulers of Religion,
Of her pretence shortlie they were agast,
Saying they knew it bot abusion,
Her to retaue, ta with conclusion,
With ane aduice, decreted, and gaue dome,
They wald refet na rebell out of Rome.

Sould we refaue that Romans hes refused,
And banist England, Italie and France:
For your flattrie? then were we well abused,

Pas

For your flatterie then wer we weill abuſed:
Pas hence (ſaid they) & laſt your way aduãce,
Amang the Nunnes ga ſeik your ordinance,
For we haue made ane of ydelitie,
To dame Riches and Senſualitie.

Then patientlie ſhe made progreſſion,
Toward the Nuns with heart ſiching full ſore:
They gaue her preſence with proceſſion,
Receiuing her with honour, laud and glore.
Purpoſing to preſerue her euer more
Of thir nouelles came to Dame Propertie,
To Riches and to Senſualitie.

Quhilk ſped them at the peaſt richt ſpedilie,
And ſet ane ſiege proudlie about that place,
The ſillie Nunnes did yeeld them haſtilie,
And humblie of that gilt they asked grace,
Then gaue their bands of perpetuall peace,
Receiuing them, they keſt vp dores wide,
Their Chaſtitie there na langer wald abide.

Sa for refudge laſt to the Friers ſhe fled,
Quhilks ſaid, they wald of ladies take na cure,
Quhere ben ſhe now then ſaid the gredie Gled?
Not amang you (ſaid ſhe) I you aſſure,
I traiſt ſhe bene vpon the Borrow mure,
Beſouth Edinburch, & that richt many meneg,
Proſeſſt amang the ſiſters of the Scneg.

There hes ſhe found her mother Pouertie,
And Deuotion, her awen ſiſter carnall,
There ſhe hes found Faith, Hope and Charitie,
Togither with the bertreous Cardinall,

There hes she found ane conuent yet vnthrall,
To Dame Sensuall, noʒ with Riches abused.
Sa quyetlie those Ladies are inclused.

(The Pyet said) I dread be they assailed,
They rander them, as did the holie Nunnes:
Doubt not (said she) foʒ they are sa arrailzed,
They purpose to defend them with their gunnes.
Readie to shute they haue sax great cannons,
Perseuerance, Constance and Conscience,
Austeritie, Labour and Abstinence.

To resist subtill Sensualitie,
Stronglie they are enarmed keete and handis.
Be Abstinence, and keeped Ponertie,
Contrare Riches, and all her false seruands.
They haue ane Bumbard brailed vp in bandis,
To keepe their poʒt in midis of the clos,
Quhilk is called, Domini custodi nos.

Within quhose shot there dar no enemies
Approch their place, foʒ dread of dunts doure:
Both nicht and day they woʒke as busie Bees,
Foʒ their defence reddie to stand in stour,
And hes sic watches on her vtter toure,
That dame Sensual with siege dar not assailis
Noʒ come within the shot of their artailie.

(The Pyet said) quhereto sould they presume,
To resist sweete Sensualitie?
Or Dame Riches, quhilk reuelers are in Rome,
Are they mair constant in their qualitie,
Noʒ the Princes of Spiritualitie?
Quhilk pleasantlie withoutten obstacle,

hes

hes them receiued in their habitacle.

How lang truſt ye thoſe Ladies ſall remaine,
Sa ſolitare, in ſic perfection?
The Papingo ſaid, brother in certaine,
Sa lang as they obey Correction,
Chuſing their heads be election,
Anthrall to Riches or to Propertie,
Bot as requires their neceſſitie.

O prudent Prelats, quhere was your preſcience
That tuke in hand to obſerue Chaſtitie?
But auſteir life, labour and abſtinence,
Perceiue you not the great proſperitie,
Appearandlie to come of Propertie:
Ye knaw great cheare, great eaſe and ydleneſs.
To lecherie was mother and miſtreſs.

Thou raueſt vnrocked, the Rauē ſaid be ꝑ rude
Sa to reproue Riches or Propertie:
Abraham and Iſaac were rich and very gude,
Jacob and Joſeph had proſperitie:
(The Papingo ſaid) that is of veritie,
Riches I grant, is not to be refuſed,
Prouyding alwaies that they be not abuſed.

Then laid the Rauen ane Replication,
And ſaid, thy reaſon is not worth ane myte:
As I ſhall proue with proteſtation,
That na man take my words in diſpite,
I ſay the temporall Princes hes the wite,
That in the Kirk ſic Paſtours does prouide,
To gouerne ſauls, themſelues that can not gide.

Lang time after the Kirk tuke Propertie,

The Prelats liued in great perfection,
Vnthrall to Riches or Sensualitie,
Vnder the holy Spirits protection,
Orderlie chosen be election,
As Gregore, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine,
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Cleit and Lyne.

Sic patient Prelats entered be the port,
Pleasand the pepill be predication:
Now dyke leupers does in the Kirk resort,
Be Symonie and Supplication:
Of Princes be their presentation,
Sa sillie saules that bene Christs sheepe,
Are giuen to hungrie gormand wolfs to keepe.

Na maruell is, thocht we Religious men,
Degenered be, and in our life confused:
Bot sing and drink, nane vther case we ken,
Our spirituall Fathers hes vs sa abused,
Agains our will, those trukers bene intrused,
Lawed men hes now Religious men in cures,
Profest Virgins, in keeping of strang hures.

Princes, princes, quhere bin your hich prudens
In dispolition of your Benefices:
The guerdonings of your Courtiziens,
Is come cause of thic great enormities,
There is ane sort, waitand like hungrie flees,
For spirituall cure, thoc it they be na thing abill,
Quhose gredie thirsts bene insatiabill.

Princes I pray you be na mair abused,
To verteous men, hauing sa small regarde,
Quhy could vertue thrych flatterie be refused:

That

That men for cunning can get na rewarde?
Alace that euer ane begger or ane baird:
Ane hure maker, or common hasarture,
Sould in the Kirk get any kinds of cure.

Were I ane man worthie to weir ane Croun,
Ay quhen their vakked any benefices:
I sould gar call ane Congregatiou,
The principall of all the Prelacies,
Most cunning Clarks of Vniuersities,
Most famous Fathers of Religion,
With their aduise make disposition.

I sould dispone all offices Pastorals,
Till Doctours of Diuinitie or Iure:
And cause dame Vertue pull vp all her sailes,
Quhen cunning men had in the Kirk most cure:
Gar Lords send their Sonnes, I you assure,
To seek science, and famous scules frequent,
Syne them promoue, that were most sapient.

Great plesour wer to heare one Bishop preach,
Ane Dein, or Doctour of Diuinitie,
Ane Abbot quhilk could well his conuent teach,
Ane Person flowing in Philosophie,
I tine my time, to wish quhilk will not be,
Were not the preaching of the begging Friers,
Tint were the faith amang the Seculiers.

As for their preaching, quod the Papingo,
I them excuse, for quhy? they bene sa thrall
To Propertie, and her ding dochters twa,
Dame Riches, and fair Ladie Sensuall,
They may not vse na pastime spirituall,

And in their habites they take sic delite,
To haue renunced russet and rayloch quhite.

Taking to them Scarlot and Cramosie,
With Veneuer, Mertick, Greee, rich Armine
Their law hearts exalted are sa hie,
To see their papall pompe it is ane pyne,
Mair rich array is now with freinzies fyne,
Vpon the bairding of ane Bishops Mule,
Nor euer had paulor Peter against Zule.

Then fair Ladies their chaine may not escape
Dame Sensuall sic lesd in them hes sawen:
Les sicuth it were with licence of the Pape,
That ilk Prelats ane wife had of his awin,
Nor se their bastards throughout ȝ cuntry blawn
For now be they well comd from the seules,
They fall to wark as they wer common bulles.

PEw (said the Sled) thou preches all in vaine,
Ne secular folkes hes of our cace na cures:
I grant (said she) yet men will speake againe,
How ye haue made a hunder thousand hures,
Quhilk neuer had bin, were not your lecherous
And gif I lie, heartlie I me repent, (lures
Was neuer Bird, I knaw, mair penitent.

Then she her shraue with deuot countenance,
To that false Sled quhilk fained him ane Frier,
And quhen she had fulfilled her pennance,
Full subtillie at her he gan inquier,
Chuse you (said he) quhilk of vs brethereu here,
Sall haue of all your naturall gudes the cures,
You knaw nane bene mair holie creatures.

I am

I am content (said the pure Papingo)
That you Feirt Gled, a Cozby Monk your bro-
Haue cure of all my gudes, and no mo: (ther
Sen at this time freindship I finde na vther,
We sall be to you true, as to our mother,
(Said they) and swore to fulfill her intent,
Of that (said she) I take aue instrument.

(The Pyet said) quhat sall my office bee?
Quer man (said she) vnto the vther two:
The rowpand Rauen said, sweet sister let see,
Your haill intent, for it is time to go:
The greedie Gled said, brother do not so,
We will remaine, and here hald vp her head,
And neuer depart from her till she be dead.

The Papingo them thanked heartfullie,
And said, sen ye haue tane on you sic cure:
Then part my naturall gudes equallie,
That euer I had or hes of Dame Nature:
First to the Howlet indigent and pure,
Quhilk on the day for shame dare not be sene,
To her I leaue my gay galbert of grene.

My bricht depured ene as Christall cleare,
Vnto the Backs ye sall them both present:
In Phebus presence quhilk dare not appeare,
Of naturall sicht she is sa impotent.
My birnisht beck I leaue with gude intent,
Vnto the gentill pitteous Pelicane,
To helps to pearle her tender heart in t waine.

I leaue the Soulie quhilk hes na langbot ane
My Mulick, with my voice angelicall:
And to the Gusse ye giue quhen I am gane.

My eloquence and tongue Methozicall,
And take and dry my banes great and small,
Then close them in ane case of Ebur fyne,
And them present vnto the Phenix fyne.

To burne with her quhen she her like renewes
In Arabie ye sall her finde but weir,
And sall knaw her be her maist heauenly hewis,
Gold, Azure, Goules, Purpure and Synopeir,
Her date is for to line fiue hundereth yeir,
Make to that bird my commendation,
And als I make you supplication.

Sen of my corps I haue giuen you the cure,
Ye speid you to the Court but tarying:
And take my heart of perfite portrature,
And it present vnto our Soueraine King,
I wait he will it close into ane ring,
Commend me to his Grace I you exhort,
And of my passion make him true report.

Ye thrie my tryps sall haue for your trauell,
With leuer and lung to parte equal amang you
Praying Pluto the potent Prince of hell,
Gif ye failzie, that in his feit he fang you:
Be to me true, thocht I nathing belang you,
Sair I suspect your conscience bene to large,
Dread not (said they) we take it with the charge

Adew Brether (said the pure Papingo)
To talke now mair, I haue na time to tarie,
Bot sen my spirit most from my bodie go,
I recommend it to the Quene of Farie,
Eternallie into her Court to tarie,

In

In wildernes amang the holts hoir,
Then she inclined her head, and spake no moir.

Plunged into her mortall passion,
Full greususlie she gripped to the ground,
It were ouer lang to make narration,
With sichs sair, with many stang and stound,
Out of her wound the blude did sa abound,
Ane compas round was w̃ her blude made read
Without remeid there was na thing but dead.

And be she had In manus tuas said,
Extincted were her naturall wits fine:
Her head full softlie on her shoulders laid,
Then yeeld the spirit with paines pungitiue.
The Rauen began rudelie to rug and riue,
Full ranenous like, his emptie throat to feed,
Eate softlie brother (said the greedie Gled.)

Quhile she is hate let part her euen amang vs,
Take thou ane halfe, and reik to me ane vther:
Intill our richt I wait na wicht dar wrang vs:
The Pyot said, the fiend reaue the fother,
Quhy make ye me stop-barne, & I your brother.
Be do me wrang sir Gled, I shew your hart,
Take there (said he) the puddings for your part.

Then wait ye weill my hart was wonder sair
For to behald that dolent departing,
Her angell fedders fleying in the air,
Except the heart was left of her nathing:
The Pyot said, that pertaines to the King
Quhilk to his Grace I purpose to present.
Thou (said the Gled) fall faill of thy intent.

The

The Rauen ſaid, God nor I rax in aue rape,
And thou get this till either King or Duke:
The Pyot ſaid, plaine I not to the Pape,
Then in ane ſmedie I be ſmoyed with ſmuke,
With ý the Gled the peece caucht in his cluke,
And fled his way, the reſt with all their micht,
To chaſe the Gled, flew all out of my ſicht.

Now haue ye heard this litill Tragedie,
The ſair complaint, the Teſtament & miſchance
Of this pure bird quhilk did aſcend ſa hie,
Beſeikand you excuſe mine ignorance,
And rude indite, quhilk is not to aduance,
And to the quare I giue commandement,
Make na repare quhere Poets bene preſent.

Becauſe thou bene of Rethorick denude,
Be neuer ſene neare hand na vther duke:
With King nor queene, wt lord nor man of gude,
With coat vnclean, clame kinrent to ſome Cuke
Steall in ane nuke quhen they liſt on thee luke,
For ſmell of ſmuke men wil abhorre to bear thee
Heir I forſweir ý, quherfore to lurk ga leir thee.

The

THE Dreame of ſir David Lindeſay of the Mont Knicht, familiar ſervitor to our Soveraine Lord King Iames the fift, &c.

THE EPISTILL TO THE Kings Grace.

RIcht potent Prince of hich Emperiall blude,
Vnto thy grace I traiſt it be wel knawn
My ſervice done vnto thy Celſitude,
Quhilk needeth not at lenth for to be ſhawen:
And thocht my youth-heide neere be over blawen,
Exerced in ſervice of thine Excellence,
Hope hes me hecht ane gudely recompence.

Quhen thou wert yong I bare thee in mine arme,
Full tenderlie, till thou began to gang:
And in thy bed oft happed thee full warme,
With Lute in hand, then ſweetly to thee ſang,
Some time in danſing, merelie I flang,
And ſome time playing fairſies on the flure,
And ſome time on my office taking cure.

And ſome time lik ane fiend transfigurate,
And ſome time like the greeſlie gaiſt of Gy,
In diuers formes oft times disfigurate,
And ſome time diſagyſed full pleaſantlie,
Sa ſen thy birth I haue continuallie,
Bene exerciſed, and ay to thy pleaſour,
And ſome time ſteward, capper, and carueur.

Thy purſemaſter, and ſecreit theſaurer,
Thy vſher ay ſince thy natiuitie,
And of thy chamber cheif cubiculare,
Quhilk to this houre hes keiped my lawtie,
Loving be to the bleſſed Trinitie,
That ſic ane wretched worme hes made ſa abill,
To ſic ane Prince to be ſa agreabill.

Bot now thou art be influence naturall,
Rich of ingine, and richt inquiſitiue:
Of Antick Stories, and deeds martiall,
Mair pleaſantly the time for to over driue,
I haue at lenth the Stories done deſcriue,
Of Hecture, Arthure, and gentill Julius,
Of Alexander, and worthie Pompeius.

Of Jaſon and Media all at lenth,
Of Hercules, the acts honourabill:
And of Sampſon the ſuper naturall ſtrenth,
And of true lovers the Stories amiabill,
And oft times haue I fained many fabill,
Of Troyolus the ſorrow and the joy,
And ſieges all of Tyre, Thebes and Troy.

The Prophecies of Rymour, Beed, and Marling,
And of many vther pleaſant hiſtorie:

Of

Of the reid Etin, and the gyre carling,
Conforting thee, quhen that J ſaw thee ſorie,
Now with the ſupport of the King of glorie,
J ſall thee ſhaw ane Storie of the new,
The quhilk before I never to thee ſhew.

Bot humblie I beſeik thine Excellence,
With ornate termes, thocht I can not expres:
This ſimpill mater for laik of Eloquence,
Yet notwithſtanding, all my buſines,
With heart and hand my minde J ſall addres,
As J beſt can, and moſt compendious,
Now J begin, the mater hapned thus.

¶ The Prologue.

At the kalends of Januarie,
Quhen freſche Phebus be moving circulare,
From Capricorne was entered in Aquarie,
With blaſts that had the branches made ful bair
The ſnaw, and ſleit perturbed all the air,
And ſeemed Flora, from cuerie bank and bus,
Throuch ſuppoyt of the windie Eolus.

After that J the lang winters nicht,
Had lyen waking in my bed alone,
Throch heuie thocht, that na way ſleep J micht,
Remembering of diuers thinges bygone,
Sa vp J roſe, and cleithed me anone.
Be this fair Titan with his beames licht,
Ouer all the land had ſpred his baner bricht.

With cloak and hude I dressed me belyue,
With double shoes and mittains on my handis:
Albeit the air was richt penetratiue,
Yet sure I forth lansing ouer thrinch the landis,
Toward the sea to sport me on the sandis,
Because vnblomed was baith bank and bray,
And sa as I was passing be the way,

I met Dame Flora in dule-weed disagysed,
Quhilk into May was dulce and delectable,
With sturdie strymes her sweetnes was suppryst
Her heauenlie hewes were turned into sable,
Quhilk some time were to louers amiable,
Fled from the frost the tender floures I saw,
Vnder Dame Natures mantle lurking law.

The small soules in flocks saw I flee,
To Nature making lamentation,
They lichted doun beside me on ane tree,
Of their complaint I had compassion:
And with ane pitteous exclamation,
They said, blessed be Sommer with thy floures
And waried be thou Winter with thy shoures.

Alas, Aurora, the sillie Lark can cry,
Quhere hast thou left thy balmie liquour sweet,
That vs reioised, we mounting in the sky?
The siluer drops are turned into sleete:
Of fair Phebus quhere is thy holsome heit?
Quhy sufferest thou thy heauenly face,
With mistie vapours to be obscured alas?

Quhere art thou May wt June thy sister schene,
Well bedecked with Daisies of delite,

And

And gentill Julie with thy mantle greene,
Enamled with Roses red and quhite?
Now auld and cauld Januar in despite,
Reaues from vs all pastime and pleasure,
Alas, quhat gentle heart may this indure.

Ouercyled are with cloudes odious,
The golden skyes of the Orient:
Chainging in sorrow our song melodious,
Quhilk we had wont to sing with gude intent,
Resounding to the heauens firmament:
Bot now our day is chainged into nicht,
With that they rais and flew out of my sicht.

Pensing in heart, passing full soberly,
Unto the sea forward I went anone,
The sea was out, the sand was smuth and dry,
Then vp and doun I musèd mine alone,
Till that I spied ane litill caue of stone,
Hich in ane craig, vpward I did approch,
Without staying, and clam vp on the roch.

And purposed for passing of the time,
Me to defend from Otiositie:
With pen and paper to register in ryme,
Some mirrie mater of antiquitie,
Bot ydlenes, ground of iniquitie,
Sche made sa dull my spirits me within,
That I knew not at quhat end to begin.

Bot sat still in that caue, quhere I micht see
The waltring of the waues vp and doun:
And this false warldis instabilitie,
Unto that sea making comparison,

And

And of this wretched warldis variation,
To them that fixes all their haill intent,
Conſiddering quha moſt had ſould moſt repent

Sa with my hude my head I happed warme,
And in my cloke, I faulded baith my feit:
I thocht my corps wᵗ cauld ſould tak na harme,
Wᵗ mittains held my handis well in heit.
The ſcouland craig me couered from the ſleit,
There ſtill I ſat my bones for to reſt,
Till Morpheus with ſleep my ſpirit oppreſt.

Sa throuch the bouſteous blaſts of Eolus,
And throuch my walking on the nicht before:
And throuch the ſkyes mouing marueilous,
Be Neptunus, with many reut and roare.
Conſtrained I was to ſleepe withoutten more,
And quhat I dremed in concluſion,
I ſall you tell ane marueilous viſion.

¶ The Dreme of Sir David Lindeſay

METhocht ane Ladie of portrature perfite,
Did ſalute me with bening countenance,
And I quhilk of her preſence had delite,
Till her againe made humbill reuerence,
And her demanded, ſauing her pleaſance,
Quhat was her name? ſhe anſwered courteouſly
Dame Remembrance (ſaid ſhe) called am I.

Quhilk commin is for paſtime and pleaſour,

Of

Nu hilk commed is for pastime and pleasure
Of thee, and for to beare thee company,
Becauis I see thy spirit without measure,
Sa fair perturbed by Melancholy,
Causing thy corps to waxe cold and dry,
Therefore get vp and goe anone with me,
Sa were we both in twinkling of ane eie.

Doun throuch the Earth in mids of the Center,
Ere euer I wist into the lawest hell:
Into that carefull Caue quhen we did enter,
Zouting and zelling we heard with many zell,
In flamme of fire richt furious and fell:
Was cry and many carefull Creature,
Blasphemand God, and warrand Nature.

There saw we diuers Popes and Emperours
Without recouer many carefull kings:
There saw we many wrangous Conquerours,
Withoutten richt, reauers of vthers rings,
The men of Kirk lay bounden into bings,
There saw we many carefull Cardinall,
And Archbishops in their Pontificall.

Proud and peruerst Prelats out of number,
Pyonars, Abbats, and fals flatterand Friers:
To specifie them all it were ane cumber.
Regular Chanonis, churls, Monks & Charter-
Curious Clarks and Priests Seculiers (ers
There was some part of ilk Religion,
In holie Church quhilk did abusion.

Then I demanded Dame Remembrance,
The cause of these Prelats punition:

She laid, the cauſe of their vnhappie chance,
Was Couetice, Luſt, and Ambition,
The quhilk now makes them laik fruition,
Of God, and here eternallie muſt dwell;
Into this painfull poyſoned pit of hell.

And they did not inſtruct the ignorant,
Prouocking them to penitence by preaching,
Bot ſerued warldlie Princes inſolent,
And were promoued by their fained fleiching.
Not for their ſcience, wisdome, nor teaching.
Be Symonie was their promotion,
More for denners nor for deuotion.

Ane vther cauſe of their punition,
Of the vnhappie Prelats impudent,
They made not equall diſtribution,
Of halie Kirk, patrimonie nor rent.
Bot temporallie they haue it all miſpent,
Quhilk ſould haue beue triparted into thrie,
First to vphald the Kirk in honeſtie.

The ſecond part to ſuſtaine their eſtates,
The third part is to be giuen to the pures:
Bot they diſpone that gudes all vther gates,
On cartes and dyce, on harlotrie and hures,
Theſe catiues take na count of vthers cures,
Their Kirk duety, their Ladies cleanly cled,
And richlie ruled baith at burde and bed,

Their baſtard childrew proudlie they pronide,
The Kirk gudes largelie they did on them ſpend
Iu their defaults their ſubdites were miſguded,
And counted not their God for to offend,

Quhilk

Quhilk causde thé wãt grace in their latter end:
Reuking that rout I saw in Capes of brass,
Simon Magus, and Bishop Caiphas.

Bishop Annas, and the traitour Judas,
Mahomet that traitour poysonable:
Chore, Dathan, and Abiron there was,
Hereticks we saw innumerable,
It was ane fiche richt wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay into these flammes fleeting,
With carefull cryes for greuing and weeping.

Religious men were punisht painfully,
For vaine glore and inobedience:
Breaking their constitutions wilfullie,
Not hauing their ouermen in reuerence,
To knowe their rule they take no diligence,
Unlawfullie they bled property,
Passing the bounds of wilfull powertie.

Full fair weeping with voices lamentable.
They cryed loud, O Emperour Constantine:
We may wite thy possession poisonable,
Of all our great punition and pyne,
Albeit thy purpose was to ane gude fine,
Thou baniſht from vs true Deuotion,
Hauing sic eie to our promotion.

There we beheld ane dreidfull ploroous,
Quhere that Princes and Lords temporall:
Were circuite with paines rigorous,
Bot to cryreme their paines in speciall,
It does exceid all my memoriall,
Importable paine withoutten comforting,

Thefe blude roy all made them no fupportingis

Some eatiue kings for cruell oppreſſion,
And vther ſome for their wrangous conqueſt:
Were condemned they and their ſucceſſion,
Some for publick Idultrie and inceſt,
Some ſuffred the people neuer to liue in reſt,
Delting ſa in pleaſure ſenſuall,
Quherefore their paine was there perpetuall.

There was the curſed Emperour Nero,
Of euery vice the horribill veſſell:
There was Pharao, with many Princes mo,
Oppreſſours of the childzen of Iſraell,
Herode and many moe then I can tell,
Ponce Pylate was there hanged be the halſe,
With vnjuſt Judges for their ſentence falſe.

Dukes, Marqueſſes, Earles, Barons, Knights,
With thefe Princes were puniſht painfully,
Participant they were of their vnricht,
Forward we went and let theſe Lords ly,
And ſaw quhere Ladies lamentably,
Like mad Lyons were carefully crying,
In flamming fire richt furiouſlie frying.

Empreſſes, Queenes, and Ladies of honours,
Many Dutches and Countes full of care,
They pearſed mine heart theſe tender creatures
Sa pyned in that Pit full of diſpare,
Plunged in paine with many reuthfull rare,
Some for their pride, ſome for adulteris,
Some for their tyſting men to lecherie.

Some had bene cruell and malitious,

Some

Some for making of wrangous heritours,
For to rehearse their lurs vitious,
It were a great stay to the Auditours,
Of lichorie they were the very lares,
With their prouocatiue impudicitie,
Wyght many ane man to inlecitie.

Some women for their pusillanimitie,
Ouercome with schame, they did them neuer shriue
Of secret sinnes done into quyetie,
And syne repented neuer in their liue:
Withouten ruth these ruffians did them riue,
Rigorouslie without compassion,
Great was their dule and lamentation.

That wo were made, they cryed ful oft alas,
Thus tormented with paines intolerable,
We mended not quhen we had time and space,
Bot tuke m earth our lustes delectable,
Quherefore with sklents vglie and horrible,
We are condemned forever mair alas,
Eternallie withouten hope of grace.

Quhere is the meate and drinke delicious,
With quhilk we fed our carefull carions?
Golde, siluer, silke, with stones precious,
Our riches, rents, and our possessions,
Withouten hope of our remissions,
Alas our paines are insufferable,
And our torments to count innumerable.

Then we beheld quhere many ane thousand
Common people, lay flichtring in the fire,
Of euery state there was ane baitfull band,

There micht be sene many ane sorrowfull sire,
Some for enuy suffred, and some for ire,
And some for lack of restitution,
Of wrangous gudes without remission.

Mälwoirn marchäts for their wrägous winning
Murderers of gold, and common Ockerers:
Fals men of Law in Cautelis richt cunning,
Theaues, reauers, and publick oppressers,
Some part there was of vnskill labourers,
Craftsmen there we saw out of number,
Of vile state to declare it were ane cumber.

Also langsome for me for to indite,
Of this prison the paines in speciall:
The heit, the cald, the dolour and despite,
Quherefore I speake of them in generall,
That dulefull den, that furnace infernall,
Quhose reward is New without remeid,
Euer dying, and neuer to be dead.

Hunger and thirst in sted of meat and drinke,
And for their cloathing toades and scorpions:
That darke mansion is oppressed with stinke,
They see na thing bot horrible visions,
They heare bot scorne and derisions,
Of feule fiends, and blasphemations,
Their feiling is importable passions.

For melodie, miserable mourning,
There is na solace, bot dolour infinite:
In baillfull beds bitterlie burning,
With sobbing, sighing, sorrow and with site,

There

Their consciences their hearts so did bite,
To heare them flite it was a case of care,
Sa in despite plunged into dispare.

A litle aboue that dolorous dungeon,
We entered in and cuntrie full of care,
Quhere that we sa wo many ane legion
Weeping and youling with many reuthfull rare,
Quhat place is this (said I) of bliss sa bare?
She answered and said, Purgatorie,
Quhilk purges saules ere they come to the glorie

I see na pleasure here but meikill paine,
Quherfore (said I) leaue we this sort in thrall:
I purpose neuer to come here againe,
Bot yet I do beleue, and euer shall,
That the true kirk can na way erre at all,
Sic thinges to the Clarkes does conclude,
Albeit my hope stands maist in Christs blude.

Sic was the ignorance of thei dais that mē even of sharpest judgmēt cold not espy all abuses.

Aboue that in the third prison anone,
We entered in a place of perdition,
Quher many children wer making dirry mone,
Becaule they wanted the fruition
Of God, quhilk was ane great punition,
Of Baptisme they wanted the essonzie,
Upward we went a left that mirthles menzie.

Into ane vault aboue that place of paine,
Unto the quhilk but iudgeone we ascended:
That was the Lymb, in the quhilk did remaine
Our forefatheris, becaule Adam offended,
Seafand the frute, the quhilk was so defended,

There micht be leue many ane ſorrowfull ſire,
Some for enuy ſuffred, and ſome for ire,
And ſome for lack of reſtitution,
Of wrangous gudes without remiſſion.

Mälwoirn marchäts for their wrägous wining
Murderis of gold, and common Ockereris:
Falſ men of Law in Cautelis rieht cunning,
Theaues, reauers, and publick oppreſſers,
Some part there was of vnleill laboureris,
Craftſmen there we ſaw out of numbér,
Of ilk ſtate to declare it were ane cumber.

Alſo langſome for me for to indite,
Of this priſon the paines in ſpeciall:
The heit, the cald, the dolour and deſpite,
Quherefore I ſpeake of them in generall,
That dulefull den, that furnace infernall,
Quhoſe reward is Rew without remeid,
Euer dying, and neuer to be dead.

Hunger and thirſt in ſtéd of meat and drinke,
And for their cloathing toades and ſcorpions:
That darke manſion is ſoppeſſed with ſtinke,
They ſee na thing bot horrible viſions,
They heare bot ſcorne and deriſions,
Of ſoule ſfends, and blaſphemations,
Their feiling is impoirtable paſſions.

For melodie, miſerable mourning,
There is na ſolace, bot dolour infinite:
In baillfull beds bitterlie burning,
With ſobbing, ſighing, ſorrow and with ſite,

There

Their consciences their hearts so did bite,
To heare them flite it was a case of care,
Sa in despite plunged into dispare.

A litle aboue that dolorous dungeon,
We entered in and cuntrie full of care,
Quhere that we sa w many ane legion
Weeping and youling with many reuthfull rare,
Quhat place is this (said I) of dies sa bare?
She answered and said, Purgatorie,
Quhilk purges saules ere they come to the glorie

Fer na pleasure here but meikill paine,
Quherfore (said I) leaue we this sort in thrall:
I purpose neuer to come here againe,
Bot yet I do beleue, and euer shall,
That the true kirk can na way erre at all,
Sic thinges to the Clarkes does conclude,
Albeit my hope stands maist in Christs blude.

Sic was the ignorance of thei dais that mē even of sharpest judgmēt cold not espy all abuses.

Aboue that in the third prison anone,
We entered in a place of perdition,
Quher many children wer making dirry mone,
Because they wanted the fruition
Of God, quhilk was ane greate punition,
Of Baptisme they wanted the essonzie,
Upward we went a lefe that mirthies menzie.

Into ane bault aboue that place of paine,
Unto the quhilk but iudgeone we ascended:
That was the Lymb, in the quhilk did remaine
Our forefathers, because Adam offended,
Scarand the frute, the quhilk was so defended,

Many ane yeare they dwelt in that Woungean
With darknes and with desolation.

Then throuch the earth of nature cauld & dry,
Glade to escape these places perrellous:
Nor hasted vs richt wonder spedily,
Yet we beheld the secreets maruellous,
The mynes of gould, and stanes pretious,
Of siluer, and of euery fine mettell,
Quhilk to declare it were ouer lang to tell.

Up throuch the water shortlie we intended,
Quhilk inuirons the eart wp itthoutten doubt:
Then throuch the air shortlie we ascended,
His Regions throuch behalding vp and out,
Quhilk Earth and Water closes round about,
Then shortlie vpward throuch the fire we went,
Quhilk was the highest and hatefi Element.

Quhen we had all these Elements ouerpast,
That is to say, Earth, Water, Air and Fire:
Up ward we went withoutten any rest,
To see the Heauens was our maist desire,
Bot ere we micht win to the Heauen Empire,
It behoued vs to pas the way full euen,
Up throuch the Spheare of the Planets seuen.

First to the Moone, and beheld all her speare
Seuene of the sea, and beautie of the micht:
Of nature moist and cauld, and nathing cleare,
For of her selfe she hes na vther richt,
Bot the reflex of Phebus beames bricht,
The twelfe Signes she passes round about,
In eight and twentie yeares withoutten doubt.

Then

Than we ascendit to Mercurius
Quhilk Poetis cellis the God of Eloquence,
Richt Doctour like with termes delicious,
In art expert, and full of Sapience,
It was pleasure to pass on his prudence,
Paynters, & Poetis, are subiect to his cure,
And hote and dyte, be is of his nature.

And als as cunning Astrologes sayis,
He dois complcit his cours naturally
In thrie hundreth, and eight and thirty dayes,
Syne vpwart we ascendit hastily,
To faire Venus, quhare scho richt lustelie,
Ages set into ane sait of syluer schene,
That fresche Goddes, that lustie lukis Queen.

They perfit mine heart her blenkis amorous
Howbeit that sumtime scho is chengeabill,
With countenance and cheir full dolourous,
Some times richt pleasand, glaid & delectabill,
Sumtime constant, and sumtime variabill,
Yit hir beuty, resplendent as the fyre,
Swages the wrauth of Mars, that God of Ire.

This pleasand planeit, gif I can richt discerne
Scho is bayth hote and moist of her nature,
That is the cause, scho is prouocatiue,
Till all thame that ar subiectit to hir cure,
To Venus workis, till that they may endure,
And scho completis hir courss naturall,
In twelfe moneths, withouten ony faile.

Than past we to the Sphair of Phebus bricht
That lusty Lamp and lantern of the Heuin,

And

And glaider of the starres with his light,
And principall of all the Planes seuen,
And set in midst of them all full euen,
As Roy royall, rolling in his sphoare,
Full pleasantly into his golden cheyre.

Whose influence and vertue excellent,
Giueth the life to euery earthly thing,
What prince of euery planet precelent,
Doth foster flowers and causes herbes spring,
Through the cold earth, and causes birdes sing,
Also his regular mouing in the heauen,
Is iust vnder the Zodiacke full euen.

For to discriue his Diadem royall,
Bordred about with stones shining bright.
His golden Cairt or throne emperiall,
The foure stedes that drawes it full right
I leaue to Poets because I haue no slight,
But of his nature he is hote and drie.
Completing in one yeare his course truely.

Then vp to Mars in hie we hasted vs,
Wonder hote and drier then the thunder.
His face flaming as fire right furious,
His boast & brag more awfull then the thunder,
Made all the heaue most like to shake in sunder
Who would behold his countenance and fier
Might call him well the God of men of wier.

With colour red, and looke malitious,
Right cholericke of his complexion.
Author, angry, sweare and seditious
Principall cause of his destruction.

Of

Of many good and noble Region,
Were not Venus his eye does mitigate.
This world of peace would be right desolate.

This God of griefe without soiourning,
In yeares two his course he doth compleate
Then past we vp where Iupiter the king,
Sate in his sphere right amiable and sweete,
Complexionate with moistnes and with heate,
That pleasant prince, faire dulce and delicate.
Pronokes peace, and banishes debate.

The old Poets by superstition,
Held Iupiter the Father principall,
Of all these Gods in conclusion,
For his prerogatiue in speciall:
And by his vertue into generall,
To old Saturne he makes resistance,
When in his malice, he would worke vengeance.

This Iupiter without soiourning,
Passes through all the twelue signes full euen
In yeares twelue, then without tarrying
We past into the highest of the seauen,
To Saturnus which troubles all the heauen,
With heauie cheare, and colour pale as lead.
In him we saw but dolour to be dead.

And cold and drie he is of his nature,
Foule like an Owle, of euill condition,
Right vnpleasant he is of portrature,
His intricate disposition.
It puts all things to perdition,
Ground of sicknesses and melancholious,

Per-

Peruerst and pure baith fals and enarous.

His quality I can nocht loue but lache,
As for his moning naturally but weir,
Abont the tignis of the Zodiache,
Pe dois compleit his course in thirty zeir,
And to we left him in his frosty Spheir,
Upwart we did ascend incontinent,
But rest till we come to the Firmament.

The quhilk was first full of sterris bricht,
Of figure round, richt pleisand and perfite,
Quhose influence and right excellent light,
And quhose number may not be put in write,
Zit cunning Clerks does naturally indite,
How that he does conty zit his cours but weir,
In space of one hundreth and thirty zeir.

Than the nine Spheir, and mouer principall,
Of all the laif, we vesit all that heuin,
Quhose dayly motion is continuall,
Both firmament, and all the Planets seuen,
From East to West, garris them go full euin,
Into the space of fours and twenty houris,
Zit be the mindes of the Astronomers.

The seuen Planets into their proper spheres,
From West to East, they moue naturally,
Some swift, some slow, as to their kindly effires
As I haue sheu'n afore specially,
Whose motion causes continually,
Right melodious harmonie and sound,
And al throughmoving of these Planets round

Then mounted we, with right feruent desire,

Up

And throughe the heauen called Chrystaline,
And so we entred into Heauen Empire,
Which to discerne it passes my ingyne,
Where God in his holy Throne diuine,
Raignes in his glory inestimable,
With Angels cleare which are innumerable.

In ordours nine these spirits glorious,
Are diuided, the which excellently,
Makes louing with sound melodious,
Singing Sanctus right wonder feruently,
These ordours nine they are full pleasantly,
Diuided into Hierarchies three,
And three ordours in euery Hierarchie.

The lowest ordour is the Angels bright,
As messengers to this low region,
The second ordour, Archangels full of micht,
Vertewis Potestates, Principats of renoun,
The last is called Domination,
The seuenth Thronus, the eicht hich Cherubin,
The ninth and hichest called Seraphin.

And nerr vnto the blessed Trinitie,
In his triumphing throne Imperiall:
Three into one, and one substance in three,
Whose indiuisible Essence Eternall,
The rude ingine of mankinde is too small,
To comprehend, whose power infinite,
And diuine nature no creature can write.

So my ingine is not sufficient,
For to treat of his hich diuinitie:

All mortall men are insufficient
To conſidder theſe thyre in vnitie,
Sic ſubtle matter I muſt on neede let be,
To ſtudie on my Creed it were full fair,
And let Doctours of ſic matters declare.

Then we behold the bleſſed humanitie
Of Chriſt ſitting on his ſiege royall:
At the richt hand of the Diuinitie,
With one excellent Court Celeſtiall,
Quhoſe exercition continuall,
Was in louing their Prince with reuerence,
And on this wiſe they keeped ordinance.

Nert to the thrune we ſaw the quene of queues
Well companied with Ladies of delite:
Sweet was the ſong of theſe bleſſed Virgines,
No mortall man their ſolace may indite,
The Angels bricht in number infinite,
Euery ordour into their awen degrie,
Were officiars vnto the Dietie.

Patriarks and Prophets honorable,
Collaterall counſellers in his Conſiſtorie:
Euangeliſts, Apoſtles venerable,
Were capitaines vnto the King of glorie,
Quhilk Chriſtain-like had wone the victorie,
Of that triumphant Court Celeſtiall,
Saint Peter was Lieutenant generall.

The Martires wer as noble ſtalwart Knichts
Diſcomfitours of cruell battels thyle,
The fleſh, the warld, the fiend and al his michts
Con-

Confessours, Doctours in diuinitie,
As Chapell Clarks vnto his dietie,
And last we saw infinite multitude,
Making seruice vnto his Celsitude.

Quhilk by the hich diuine permission,
Felicitie they had inuariable:
And of his God-hude cleare cognition,
And compleit peace they had interminable,
Their glorie and honour was inseparable,
That plaisant place repleate with pulchritude,
Unmeasurable it was of magnitude.

There is plentie of all pleasures perfite,
And cleare brichtnes without obscuritie,
Withouten dolour, dulcour and delite,
Withoutten rancour, perfite charitie,
Withoutten hunger, satiabilitie,
O happie are the saules predestinate,
Quhen saull and bodie are glorificate.

These maruellous mirths for to declare,
By Arithmetick they are innumerable,
The portrature of that Palice prelare,
By Geometrie it is vnmeasurable,
By Rethorick als inpronounciable,
There is no eares may heare, nor eies may see,
Nor heart may thinke, this their felicitie.

Quhereto should I presume for to indite,
The quhilk Saint Paul that Doctour sapient,
Can not expres, nor into paper write,
The hich excellent warke inuolicrit,

And

And perfit pleasure euer permanent,
In presence of that mychtie king of gloze,
Quhilk was, and is, and shall be euer moze.

At Remembrance humblie I did inquire,
If I micht in that pleasure still remaine:
Said she, against reson is thy desire,
Quherefoze my friend thou must returne again
Into the warld, quhere thou sall suffer paine,
And suffer death with cruell paines soze,
Ere thou begin to ring with him in gloze.

Then we returned fair against our will,
Doun throch the Spheare of the Heauens cleir
Her commandement behoued I to fulfill,
With sozie heart, wait ye, withoutten weir,
I wald full faine haue staied there all yeir,
Bot she said to me, there is no remeid,
Ere thou remain here, first thou must suffer dead

(Said I) I pray you heartfully Madame,
Since we haue had sic contemplation:
Of heauenlie pleasures yet ere we pas hame,
Let vs haue some consideration,
Of Earth, and of her situation.
She answered and said, that sall be done,
Sa were we baith throcht in the air full sone,

Quhere we micht se the Earth all at ane sicht,
Bot like ane moat sa it appeard to me,
In respect of the Heauins brichte,
I haue macthell (said I) how this may be,
The Earth semes of sa small quantitie,
The least starre fixed in the Firmament,

Is more then all the earth by my iudgement:

She said sonne thou hast shewne the verity
The smallest starre sted in the firmament,
Indeed it is of greater quantity,
Then all the earth, after the entent,
Of wise and cunning Clarks sapient,
What quantity is then the earth said I,
That shall I shew (said she) to thee shortly,

After the minds of the Astronomers
And specially the author of the speare,
And other diuers great Philosophers,
The quantity of the Earth circular,
Is fifty thousand Leagues withouten weers
Seuen hundreth and fifty, and no mo,
Diuiding aye one league in miles two.

And euery mile in eight staides diuide,
Each staid an hundreth pace, twenty and fine
A pace fiue foote, who would them right deuide,
A foot foure palmes, if I can right determe
A palme, foure inch, and who so would beleue,
The circuit of the earth passe round about,
Must be considered on this wise no doubt.

Suppose that there were no impediment,
But that the earth without perrell were plaine,
Then that the person were right diligent,
And went each day ten leagues in certaine,
He might passe round about and come againe,
In foure yeares, fifteen weeks, and days two,
Go read the author, and thou shalt find it so.

Of the Diuiſion of the Earth.

Then certainely ſhe tooke me by the hand
And ſaid my ſon, com on thy wayes with me
And ſo ſhe made me clearely vnderſtand
How that the earth diuided was in three,
In Africa, Europe and in Aſia.
After the minds of the Coſmographers,
That is to ſay, the woꝛlds deſcripteurs.

Firſt Aſia is contained in the Oꝛient,
And is well moꝛe then both the other twaine,
Africa and Europe in the Occident,
And are diuided by a ſea certaine.
And that is called the Sea Mediterrane.
Which at the ſtrait of Marrocke his entry,
That is betweene Spainzie and Barbarie.

Toward the ſouthweſt lyes Africa,
And in the Noꝛthweſt Europa doth ſtand
And all the Eaſt containes Aſia,
On this wiſe is parted the firme land,
It were mickle to me to take on hand,
Theſe Regions to declare in ſpeciall,
Yet ſhall I ſhew their names in generall.

In many diuers famous Regions,
Is diuided this part of Aſia:
Well planiſhed with Cities, toꝛwes and townes,
The great Inde and Meſopotamia,
Pentapolis, Perſia and Syꝛia,
Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie,
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabie.

Of Eden

Sydon, Judea, and Palestina,
Upper Scythia, Tyre and Galilie,
Hiberia, Bactria and Philestina,
Hercania, Campegena and Samaria,
In little Asia stands Galathie,
Pamphylia, Isauria and Leede,
Rhegia Arethusa, Assiria and Mede.

Secondly, we considered Africa
with many fruitfull famous Region:
As Ethiope and Tripolitana:
Zeuges, where stands that triumphant towne
Of noble Carthage that citie of renowne,
Garamentes, Nadabar and Lybia.
Egypt also and Mauritania.

Fez with Numidie and Tingitane.
Of Africa these are the principall,
Then Europe we considered in certaine
whose Regions shortly rehearse I shall.
These principals I finde aboue them all,
which are Spainzie, Italie and France,
whose subregions were mickle to aduance.

Neither Scithia, Thrace and Carmanie,
Austria, Histria and Pannonia,
Denmarke, Gotland, Gruntland and Almanie,
Pole, Hungarie, Boheme, Norica, Rhetia
Heluetia, and many diuers ma.
Also in foure diuided Italie,
Tuscane, Hethuria, Naples and Champanie.

And subdiuided sundry other wayes,

As Lombardie, Uenice and other ma
Calaber, Romane and Gennowayes,
In Grece, Cyprus and Dalmatia,
Theſſalia, Attica and Illyrica,
Achaia, Boetica and Macedone,
Archadie, Pieris and Lacedemone.

And France we ſaw diuided into three,
Belgica, Celtica and Aquitane,
And ſubdiuided in Flanders Picardie,
Normandie, Salcoigne, Burgundy and Britan
And other diuers Duicheries in certaine,
The which were too long for to declare
Wherefore of them as now I ſpeake na mare.

In Spaine lyes Caſtillie and Arragone,
Nauarre. Galice, Portugall and Granate,
Then ſaw we famous Iles many one,
Which in the Ocean ſea were ſituate,
Them to diſcrine my wit was deſolate,
Of Colmographie I am not ſo expert,
For I did neuer ſtudy in that Art.

Yet I ſhall ſome of their names declare,
As Madagaſcar, Gades, and Trapobanane,
And others diuers Iles good and faire,
Situate into the Sea Mediterane,
Aye Cyper, Candie, Corſica and Sardane
Crete, Abydos, Thoas and Sicilia,
Topſis, Colie, and many other ma.

Who would at length heare the deſcription,
Of euery ile, as well as the firme land.

And

And properties of euery Reg on,
To study and to read must take in hand,
And the auentrye wayes to vnderstand,
Of Iasius and worthy Prolomie,
Which were expert in Cosmographie.

There shall they find the name and properties
Of euery Ile, and of each Region,
Then I enquired of earthly Paradise,
Of the which Adam lost possession,
Then shewde she me the fermation,
Of that precelling place full of delite,
Whose properties were long for to endite.

OF PARADISE.

This paradise of all pleasures repleate,
Situate I saw into the Orient,
That glorious Garth of euery floure does fleete,
The lusty lilies, the Roses redolent,
Fresh, wholsome fruicts indefficient
Both herbe and tree that growes euer green.
Through vertue of the temperate ayze serene.

The sweet wholesome Aromaticke odours,
Proceeding from the herbes medicinall,
The heauenly hewes of the fragrant flowers
It was a sight wonder celestiall,
The perfection to shew in speciall,
And lopes of the region diuine,
Of mankind it exceedes the ingine.

And eke the site in situation.
Surmounting the mid region of the ayze,

Where no manner of perturbation,
Of weather may aſcend to bie as thair,
Four ſtouds flowing from one fountaine faire,
As Tigres, Ganges, Euphrates and Nyle,
Which in the weſt, tranſcurris many ane mile.

The country cloſed is full right,
With walles hie, of hote and burning fire
And ſtraitly kept by an Angell bright,
Since the departing of Adam our Grandſire
Which through his crime incurred Gods yre:
And of that place tynt the poſſeſſion,
Both from himſelfe and his ſucceſſion.

When this lufeſome Lady Remembrance
All this foreſaid had made me underſtand
I prayed her of her beneuolence,
To ſhew me to the Country of Scotland,
Well ſonne ſhee ſaid, that ſhall I take in hand
So ſodainely, ſhe brought me in certaine
Euen juſt aboue the great Ile of Britaine.

Which ſtands Northweſt in the Ocean ſea,
And diuided in famous Regions two,
The South part England, a full rich Country,
Scotland by North, with many Iles moe
By weſt England, Ireland both ſtand alſo
Quhoſe properties I will not take in hand,
To ſhew at length but onely of Scotland.

Of the Realme of Scotland.

QUhilk after my ſimple enditement,
And as Remembrance did to me repoyt,

I shall declare the truth and verament,
As I best can, and into termes short,
Quharefore effectuously, I you exhort
Howbeit my writing be nought to aduance,
Yet where I fail, excuse mine ignorance.

When that I had ouerseene this Region
The which of Nature is both good and faire,
I did propound one little question,
Beseeching her the same for to declare,
What is the cause our boundes beene so bare,
Quoth I, or what does moue our misery,
Or whereof does proceed our pouerty.

For throw the support of your hie prudence,
Of Scotland I perceiue the the properties,
And als considers by experience,
Of this country the great commodities,
First the abounndance of fishes in our seas,
And fruitfull mountaines for our bestiall,
And for our cornes, money lusty baill.

The rich riuers pleasant and profitable,
The lusty lochis, with fish of sundry kinds,
Hunting, Hawking, for nobles conuenable,
Forrest is full of Da, Ra, Harts and Hindis,
The fresh fountains, whose holesom christall
Refreshes so the flouriſht green meidis, (stradis
So lacks we nothing that to nature needis.

Of euery mettell we haue the rich mines,
Both gold, siluer, and stones pretious,
Howbeit we want the spices and the wines,

Or other strong fewtdelitiaus.
We haue as good and more needfull for vs,
Meat, drink, fire, cloths, might there be cauld a-
Which else is not into the Mappemound found.

More fairer nor of greater ingine,
Nor of more strength great deedes to endure,
Wherefore I pray you that you would define,
The principall cause why we are so poore,
For I marvell greatly I you assure,
Considering the people and the ground,
That riches should not in this realme abound.

My sonne said she by my discretion,
I shall make answere as I vnderstand,
I say to you vnder confession,
The fault is not I dare well take in hand,
Neither into the people nor the land,
As for the Land it lackes no other thing.
But labour and the people gouerning.

Then wherein lies our inprosperity,
Said I, I pray you harnly Madam,
You would declare vnto the verity,
Or who shall beare your dearar thy blame,
For by my truth to see I thinke great shame,
So pleasant people and so faire a land
And lake wherrnous deedes take in hand.

Said she, I shall after my judgement,
Declare vnto you as my gentrall,
And into termes more fully my intent,
And then vnto you more speciall,

So this is my conclusion finall,
Wanting of Justice, Policie, and Peace,
Are cause of thir vnhappines alace.

It is difficill riches to incress,
Quhere Policie maketh nā rel, dence:
And Policie may neuer haue entres,
Bot quhere that Justice does his diligence,
To punish quhere there may be found offence,
Justice may not haue domination,
Bot quhere peace makes habitation.

Quhat is the cause that wald I vnderstand,
That we lould want Justice and Policie:
Wair then does Fraūce, Italie or England,
Madame (said I) shew me the veritie,
Seri we haue many Lawes in this Counterie,
Quhy want we Lawes execution,
Quha lould put justice to execution?

Quherein does stand our principall remeid,
Or quha may make amends of this mischeif?
(Said she) I finde the fault into the head,
For they, in quhom does ly our haill releif,
I finde them rute and ground of all our greif,
For quhen the heads are not diligent,
The members must on neid be negligent.

Sa I conclude the causes principall,
Of all the troubill of this Nation:
Ar into Princes into speciall,
The quhilk has the gouernation,
And of the people domination.

Quhose

Quhole continuall exercition,
Sould be in Iustice execution.

For quhen the leuthfull hird does slug and sleip
Taking na cure in keping of his flock:
Quha wald ga se rch amang sic hirds sheip,
May able finde many pure scabbit crock,
And going wyld at large withouttin lock,
Then Lupus comes and Lowrence in ane ling.
And does but reuth the sillie sheep doun thring.

Bot the gude hird, walkrife and diligent,
Doeth so, that all his flocks are rueled richt:
To quhome quhilkell all are obedient,
And gif the wolfes commes day or nicht,
Them to denere, then are they put to flicht,
Hounded and slane be their weill danted dogs.
Sa ar they sure baith yowes, lambes and hogs.

Sa I conclude that throuch the negligence,
Of our infatuat heads insolent:
Is cause of all this Realmes indigence.
Quhilk in Iustice hes not bene diligent,
Bot to gude counsell inobediet.
Hauand small eie vnto the Common weill.
Bot to their singular profite euerie deill.

For quhen thir wolfes be oppression,
The pure people but pitie doeth oppres:
Then sould the Princes make punition,
And cause these rebels for to make redres,
That Riches micht be, and Policie incres,
Bot richt difficill it is to make remeid,
Quhen that the fault is sa into the head.

The

¶ The Complaint of the Common-well of Scotland.

AND thus as we were walking to and fro,
We saw a busteous bern come ouer the bent
But horse, on fute, als fast as he micht go,
Quhose rayment was all ragged, riuen & rent,
With vilage leane, as he had fasted Lent:
And forth wart fast his wayes he did aduance,
With ane richt melancholious countenance.

With scrip on hip, and pyk staff in his hand,
As he had bene purposed to pas fra hame:
(Said I) gude man, I wald faine vnderstand
Gif that ye pleas ero wit quhat were your name?
(Said he) my forme of that I think great shame
Bot sen thou wald of my name haue ane feill,
Forsuth they call me Iohn the Common weill.

Sir Common weill, quha hes you sa disgysed,
(Said I) or quhat makes you sa miserable?
I haue maruell to see you sa suppryked,
The quhilk that I haue sene sa honorable:
To all the warld ye haue bene profitable,
And well honoured in euerie Nation,
How happins now your tribulation?

Alas (said he) thou sees how it does stand,
With me, and how I am disherised:
Of all my grace, and must pas of Scotland,
And ga before quhere I was cherished,
Remaine I here, I am bot perished,
For there is few to me that takes tent,

That

That makes me ga ſa ragged, reauen and rent.

My tender friends are all put to the flight,
For Policie is fled agame in France:
My ſiſter Juſtice almaiſt hath tint her ſicht,
That ſhe can not hald euenlie the ballance,
Plane wrang is plane Capitane of Ordinance,
The quhilk debats lawtie and reaſon,
And ſmall remeid is found for opin treaſon.

Into the South, alas, I was neir ſlane,
Quer all the Land I could finde na releif:
Almoſt betwix the Mers and Lochmabane,
I could not know ane leill man be ane theif,
To ſhew their reill thift, murther and miſchief,
And vicious warks it wald infect the air,
And als langſome to me for to declare.

Into the Hieland I could finde na remeid,
Bot ſuddenlie I was put to ſtille:
Thefe ſweir ſwingeours they tuke of me na heid
Nor amangs them let me remaine ane quhile,
Als in the out Iles, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, ſweirnes, taiſet, pouertie and ſtrife,
Pat Policie in danger of her life.

Into the Lawland I came to ſeik refudge,
And purpoſed there to make my reſidence:
Bot ſingular profite gart me fane diſſudge,
And did me great injuries and diffence,
And ſaid to me, ſweith hait of thy cheire hence,
And in this Countrie ſee thou take na cures,
Ha fang as my authoritie indures.

And

And now I may make na langer debate.
Nor I knaw not to quhom I should me meane:
For I haue socht throw all the spirituall state,
Quhilk tuke na cure for to heare me complcane,
Their officers they held me at disdane:
For Symonie he rules vp all that rout,
And Couetice that chirle cauld bar me out.

Pryde hes chaist from him humilitie,
Deuotion is fled vnto the Friers:
Sensuall pleasure hes banisht Chastitie,
Lords of Religion the ga like Seculers,
Taking mair count in telling their dinners,
Nor they do of their constitution,
Thus are they blinded by ambusion.

Our gentlemen are all degenerate,
Liberalitie and Lawtie both are lost:
And Couetice with Lords is laureate:
Knichtlie courage turned in brag and bost,
The ciuile war misgides euerie host;
There is not else, bot ilk man for himselfe,
That makes me ga thus banisht like ane Elfe.

Therefore adew, I may na langer tarie,
Fairwell (said I) and with S. John to borrow
Bot wait ye well, my heart was wonder sorie.
Quhen Common weil sa sowped was in sorrow
Yet after the nicht comes the glade morrow:
Quherefore I pray you shaw me in certaine.
Quhen that you purpose for to come againe.

That question it sall be sune decided,
(Said he) there shall na Scot haue comforting:
Of

Of me till that I ſe the Countrie gyded,
By wiſdome of ane gude auld prudent King,
Quhilk ſall delite him maiſt abone all thing,
To put Juſtice till execution,
And on ſtrang traitours make punition.

Als yet to thee I ſay ane vther thing,
I ſee richt well that Proverbe is richt trew:
Wo to the Realme, that hes ouer yung ane King
With that he turned his back, and ſaid adew,
Ouer firth and fell, richt faſt fra me he flew,
Quhole departing to me was diſpleaſand,
With that Remembrance tuke me be the hand.

And ſune me thocht ſhe brocht me to the rocke,
And to the Caue quhere I began to ſleepe:
With that ane ſhip did ſpedelie approch,
Full pleaſantlie ſailing vpon the deepe,
And fyne did ſlaik her ſailes, and gan to creepe,
Toward the land, anent quhere that I lay,
Bot wait ye weill, I gat ane fellon fray.

All her Cannons, ſhe let crak at ones,
Doun ſhuke the ſtremers from the topcaſtell:
They ſpared not the powder nor the ſtones,
They ſhot their boats, and doun their ankers fel
The Mariners, they did ſa ſhout and yell,
That haſtelie I ſtart out of my Dreame,
Half in ane fray, and ſpeedelie paſt hame.

And lichtlie dyned, with liſt and appetite,
Syne after paſt intill ane Oratore,
And tuke ane pen, and then began to write,

All

All the vision that I haue shawen before,
Sir of my Dreame, as now thou gets no more:
Bot I beseik God for to send the grace,
To rule thy Realme in vnitie and peace.

The Exhortation to the Kings Grace.

SIr sen that God of his prouidmance,
Hath granted thee to haue the gouernance,
Of his people, and create thee ane king,
Faill not to print in thy remembrance,
That he will not excuse thine ignorance,
Gif thou be rackles in thy governing,
Quherefore dres thee aboue all vther thing,
Of his Lawes to keepe the obseruance,
And thou shape lang in Royaltie to ring.

Thank him that hes cõmanded dame Nature,
To paint thee of sa pleasant portrature,
His gifts may be clearlie on thee knowen,
Till Dame Fortune thou needs na procurature,
For she hes largelie shawen on thee her cure,
Her gratitude she hes vnto thee shawen,
And sen that thou must their as ỹ hast sowen,
Haue all thy hope in God thy Creator,
And aske him grace that thou may be his own.

And syne considder thy vocation,
That for to haue the gubernation:
Of this Kinrik thou art predestinate,
Thou may well wit be true narration,
Quhat sorrow and quhat tribulation,
Hes bene in this pure Realme infortunate,
Now comfort them that hes bene desolate,

And

And of thy people haue compaſſion,
Sen thou be God art ſa preordinate.

Take manlie courage, and leane inſolence,
And ble counſell of nobill Dame Prudence
Found the ſtrmlie on faith and fortitude,
Draw to thy Court Juſtice and Temperance,
And to the Common weill haue attendance,
And alſo I beſeik thy Celſitude,
Hate vicious men, and lone them that are gude,
And ilk flatterer thou ſcheme from thy preſence,
And falſe report out of thy Court exclude.

Do equall juſtice both to great and ſmall,
And be example to the people all:
Exerceing vertewis deeds honourable,
Be not a wretch for nocht that may be kall,
To that vnhappie vice gif thou be thrall,
To all men thou ſall be abominable,
Kings nor Knichts are neuer conuenable,
To rule people, be they not liberall,
Was neuer yet no wrety to honour able.

And take exampill of the wretched ending,
Quhilk made Midas of Thrace the michty King
That to his Gods made inuocation,
Throuch greedines that all kynd of riall thing,
That euer he touchit could turne but tarying,
Into fine gold, he got his ſupplication,
All that he touched but dilation,
Turned in gold, both meat, drink and cleithing,
And dyed in hunger but recreation.

All

And I beseik thy Maiestie sterne,
From lecherie thou keepe thy bodie clene,
Taist neuer that intoxicate poysoun,
From that vnhappie sensuall sinne abstene,
Till that thou get ane iustie pleasant Queene.
Then take thy pleasure with my benniſon:
Tak heed how pryde full Tarquine lost his croun
For the deflouring of Lucrece the schene,
And was depryued, and banisht Romes toun.

And in despite of his lecherous lining,
The Romans wald be subiect to na king:
Many lang yeares as stories doeth record,
Till Julius be berrous gouerning,
And syncerly courage gan on them to ring,
And chosen of Romans Emperour and Lord,
Muche for my fourrain into thy minde remord
That vicious life, makes oft ane euill ending,
Without it be thrw speciall grace restord.

And gif thou wald thy fame and honour grew
Vse counsell of thy prudent Lords trew;
And see thou nocht presumptuouslie pretend,
Thy owne particulare weill for till ensew:
Worke with counsell, sa sall thou neuer rew,
Remember of thy friends the fatall end.
Quhilk to gude counsell wald not condiscend,
Till bitter death (alas) did them persew,
From sic vnhap I pray God thee defend.

And finallie, remember thou must dee,
And suddenlie pas of this mortall see:
And art not sicker of thy life twa houres,

Sen there is nane from that sentence may flie,
King, Queene, nor Knicht, of law estate nor hie,
Bot all must thole of death the bitter shoures,
Quher bin they gane these Papes & Emperours
Bene they not dead. sa fall it fare on thee,
Is na remeed, Grenth, riches nor honours.

And sa for conclusion,
Make our prouision,
To get the infusion,
Of his hie Grace:
Quhilk bled with effusion,
With scorne and derision,
And died with confusion,
Confirmand our peace.

The Complaint of Sir David Lindesay of the Mont Knicht, &c. directed to the Kings Grace.

SIr I beseeke thine Excellence:
Heare my complaint with patience
My dolent hart does me constrain,
Of my infortune to complaine,
Howbeit I stand in great doubtance,
Quhom I call wyte of my mischance:
Quhither Saturnus crueltie.
Regnand in my Natiuitie.
The bad aspect quhilk workis bēgence
Or vthers heauenlie influence.
Or gif I be predestinate,
In Court to be infortunate.
Quhilk hes sa lang in seruice beene,

Continuallie

Continuall lie with King and Queene,
And entered to thy Maiestie,
The day of thy Natiuitie.
Quherethrouch my friendes bene ashamed,
And with my foes I am defamed,
Seand that I am not regarded,
Nor vo my brether in Court rewarded.
Blameand my slouthfull negligence,
That seekes not some recompence.
Quhen diners men does me demand,
Quhy gets thou not some preferrand
Als well as vther men hes gotten.
Then wis I to be dead and rotten.
With sic extreme discomforting,
That I can make na answering:
I wald some wise man did me teach,
Quhither that I sould flatter or speech.
I will not flyte, that I conclude,
For craving of thy Celsitude.
And to flatter I am defamed,
Want I rewarde, then am I shamed
Bot I hope thou sal do als well,
As did the Father of Famell,
Of quhom Christ makes mention,
Quhilk for ane certaine pension,
Fied men to worke in his winne yarde
Bot quha came last gat first rewarde.
Quherethrow the first men were displeased.
Bot he them prudentlie ameised.
For thought the last men first were serued,
Yet gat the first that they deserued.
Sa am I sure thy Maiestie,
Sall anes rewarde me ere I dee: Amen.

And rub the roust of my ingine,
Quhilk bene for langour like to thie:
Althoucht I brace not like ane baird,
Lang seruit zarnis ay rewarde.
I cannot blame thyne Excellence,
That I sa lang want recompence.
Had I solisted like the laue,
My rewarde had not bene to carue.
Bot now I may well vnderstand,
Ane dum man get nane neuer land.
And in the Court men gets na thing,
Without importune asking.
Alas my slouth and shamefulnes,
Debarred from me all greed nes.
Gr. die men that are diligent,
Richt oft obtaines their intent,
And fauzies not to conques lands,
And namelie at young Princes hands.
Bot I tuke neuer nane vther cure,
In speciall bot for thy pleasure,
Bot now I am na mair disparde,
Bot I sall get princelie rewarde.
The quhilk to me sall be mair glore,
Nor them thou did rewarde before.
Quhen thou does ask ocht at a king,
Should aske his Grace ane nobil thing
To his Excellence honourable,
And to the asker profitable,
Thocht I be in my asking ladder,
I pray thy Grace for to considder.
Thou hes made baith Lords and Lairds,
And hes giuen many rich rewardes,
To them that was full far to seeke,

Quhen

Quhen I lay nichtlie by thy cheek.
I take the Queenes Grace thy mother,
My Lord Chancellor and many vther:
Thy Nurse, and thy auld Mistres,
I take them all to beare witnes
Auld Willie Dillie were he an liue,
My life full well he could discriue:
How as a Chapman beares his pack,
I bare thy Grace vpon my back:
And sometimes strydlings on my neck,
Dansing with many bend and beck.
The first syllabs that thou did mute,
Was Pa da-lyn vpon the Lute.
Then plaied I twenty springs perqueir,
Quhilk was great pitie for to heare.
From play thou let me neuer rest,
Bot gynkerton thou loued ay best.
And ay quhen thou came from the scule,
Then I behoued to play the fule.
As I at length into my Dreame,
My sundrie seruice did exprime.
Thocht it bene better (as sayes the wife)
Nap to the Court, nor gude seruice.
I wait thou loued me better than.
Nor now some wife does her gude man.
Then men till vther did record,
Auld Lindesay wald be made ane Lord.
Thou hes made Lords (Sir) be Saint Geill,
Of some that hes not serued sa weill.
To you my Lords that stands by,
I call you shaw the causes quhy:
Gif ye list tary I call tell:
How my infortune first befell.

I prayed daily on my knee,
My young Master that I might see
Of age in his estate royall,
Having power Emperiall.
Then trusted I without demand,
To be promoued to some land.
Bot my asking I gat ouer sune,
Because ane Eclipse fell in the Mone,
The quhilk al Scotland made on fair
Then did my purpose turne arreir,
The quhilk wes lang some to declare,
And als my heart is wonder sair,
Quhen I haue in remembrance,
The sudden change to my mischance.
The King was bot twelfe yeares of age,
Quhen new rutlers came in their rage.
For Common weill makand na care,
Bot for their proper singulare.

¶ Imprudentlie like voices fules,
They take the young Prince from the schules,
Quhere he vnder obedience,
Was learned and vertue and prudence,
And hastilie plat in his hand,
The gouernance of all Scotland:
As quha wald in ane stormie blast
Quhen Mariners bene all agast,
Throw danger of the seas rage,
Wald take ane childe of tender age?
Quhilk neuer had bene vpon the sea,
And to his bidding all obey,
Giuing him haill the gouernall
Of ship, Marchand and Marshall.
For dread of rockes and forefand,

To

To put the Wuthet in his hand,
Without Gods grace is no refudge,
Gif there be danger, ye may judge,
I giue them to the Deuill of hell,
Quhilk firſt deuyſe that counſell.
I will not ſay that it was treaſon,
Bot I dar ſweare it was nat reaſon.
I pray God, let me neuer ſee ring,
Into this Realme ſa young ane King.

I may not tary to deryde it,
How then the Court ane quhyle was gyded:
Be them that partlie take on hand,
To gyde the King and all Scotland.
And als langſome for to declare,
Their facound flattering wordes fair,
Sir, ſome wald ſay your Maieſtie,
Shall now ga to your libertie,
Ye ſall to na man be coacted,
Nor to the ſchule na mair ſubiected.
We thinke them very naturall rules,
That learnes ouer meikill at the ſcules.
Sir ye muſt learne to ryn ane ſpeir,
And gyde them like ane man of weir.
For we ſall put ſic men about you,
That all the warld and ma ſall doubt you.
Then to his grace they put ane guarde,
Quhilk haſtilie gat their rewarde.
Ilk ane after their qualitie,
They did ſolift his Maieſtie.
Some gart him rauell at the ratches,
Some harled him to the hurly hatket.
And ſome to ſhaw their courtly craftes,
Wald ryde to Leith and ryn their hoſtes,

And wichtlie gallop ouer the lands,
Ye neither ſpared ſpurres nor wandes:
Caſtand galmonds with bends and becks,
For wantonnes ſome brack their neckis.
There was no play bot carts and byre,
And ay ſir flattery bure the pryce.
Roundand and rewkand ane till ane vther,
Take thou my part (ſaid he) my brother.
And make betwix vs ſicker bands,
Quhen ought fall wark amongs our hands,
That ilk man ſtand to helpe his fallow,
I hald thereto man be alhallow.
Swa thou ſalbe not within my bounds,
That ſall I not (be Gods wounds)
(Said he) bot rather take thy part,
Sa ſall I thine be Gods heart.
And gif the Theſaurer be our friend,
Then fall we get baith take and teind.
Take he our part, then quha dar wrang vs?
Bot we ſall part the peice amang vs.
Bot haſte vs quhile the King is young,
And let like man keepe well ane toung.
And in like quarter haue ane ſpy,
Vs till aduertiſe haſtily.
Quhen any caſualities,
Sall happen intill our Countries,
Lat vs make ſure proviſion,
Ere he come to diſcretion.
Na mair he waits nor does ane Sanct,
Quhat thing it bents to haue or want.
Sa ere he be of perfite age,
We ſall be ſicker of our wage,
And ſyne let like ane earll cryne vther.

That

That mouth speake more, said he my brother,
For God not I rap in a rope,
Thou might giue counsell to the Pope,
Thus laboured they within few yeares,
That they became no Pages peares
So hastily they made a band,
Some gathered gold, some conquest land,
Sir, some would lay by Saint Denice,
Giue me some fat benefice,
And all the profite you shall haue,
Giue me the name, take you the laue,
But be his bulls were well conde hame,
To make seruice he would thinke shame,
Then slippe away without n more,
When he had gotten that he long for
We thought it was a pittious thing.
To see that faire yong tender king,
Of whome those Gallants stoode no awe,
To play with him plucke at the craw.
They became rirly I you assure
But aye the Prince remained poore,
There was a few of the Garrison,
That learned him a good lesson,
But some to crarke and some to clatter
Some played the foole, and some did flatter
Said one, Diuell sticke me with a knife,
But sir I know a maide in Fife,
One of the swiftest wanton lasses,
Whereto sir, by Gods blood she passes,
Hold thy tongue brothes said the other,
I know a fairer by fifteen further,
Sir when you please to Lithgow passe
There shall you see a lusty lasse,

Now

Now trittle trattle trow low
Said the third man, thou dockt but mow
when his Grace comes to faire Stirling
There shall he see a dayes darling.
Sir (said the fourth) take my counsell
And goe all to the high Bordell.
There may we loupe at liberty,
Withouten any gravity,
Thus every man said for himselfe
And did among them part the pelfe,
But I alas, ere ever I wist,
Was troden downe into the dust,
With heavy charge withouten mare,
But I knew never yet wherefore.
And hastily before my face,
Another slipped in my place,
Which full lightly got his reward,
And styled was the auncient Laird
That time I might make no defence
But tooke perforce in patience,
Praying to send them a mischance
That had the Court in governance,
The which against me did maling
Contrary the pleasure of the King,
For well I knew his Graces mynd
Was ever to me true and kind,
And contrary their intention
Cauld pay me well my pensio n,
Though I a while lacked presence,
He let me have noindigence,
When I durst neither peep nor looke
Yet would I hide me in a nooke,
To see those uncouth beauties,

How

How they like my busie bees,
Did occupie their golden howres
With helpe of their new Gouernors,
But my complaint for to complete,
I got the lowze, and they the heere
And John Macrery the Kings foole
Got double garments against Yule,
Yet in his most triumphant gyse,
For his reward got the grandgyse
Now in the Court seldome he goes
In dread men trode vpon his toes
As I that time durst not be seene,
In open Court for both mine eyne.

Alas I haue no time to tarry,
To shew you all the seely sary,
How those that had the gouernance,
Among themselues raisde variance
And who most to my shath consented,
Within few yeares full sore repented,
When they could make me no remeed,
For they were harled out by the head,
And others tooke the gouerning,
Woze wozse then they in all kin thing
These Lords tooke no moze regard
But who might purchase best reward
Some to their friends got benefices,
And other some got Bishoprics,
For euery Lord as he thought best,
Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
To be a watchman to his marrowe,
They gan to draw at the Catharrowe,
The proudest Prelates of the Kirke,
Were faine to hide them in the mirke.

That

That time so failed was their light,
Since that they might not abide the light
Of Christs true Gospel to be seene,
So blinded is ther corporall eine,
With worldlie lusts sensuall,
Taking is Realmes the gouernall:
Both guiding Court and Session,
Contrarie to their profession,
Whereof I thinke they would haue shame,
Of spirituall Priestes to take the name,
For Esaias iuts his wordes,
Calles them like dogges that cannot barke:
That called are Priests and cannot preach,
Nor Christs Law to the people teach.
If for to preach bene their profession,
Why should they meill with Court or Session?
Except it were in Spirituall things,
Referring vnto Lords and Kings
Temporall caules to be decyded,
If they their spirituall office guided,
Each man might say they did their parts,
But if they can play at the Carts.
And mollet moylie on a Moole,
Though they had neuer seene the schoole,
Yet at this day as well as than,
Will be made such a Spiritnall man.
Princes that such Prelats promoues,
Account thereof to giue behoues:
Which shall not passe without punishment,
Without they mend and for repent.
And with due ministration,
Worke after their vocation.

I wishe the thing that will not be.

These

Thesepernerse Prelates are so hie
When once they beene cald Lords,
They are occasion of distrords.
And largely will proppynes bight,
To cause each Lord wnth other sight,
If for their part it may availe
So to the purpose of my tayle.
That time in Court rose great debate,
And enery Lord did striue for state,
That all the realme might make no reading
Till on each side there was blond shedding,
And fielded other in Land and Burgh
At Linlithgow, Melros and Edingburgh
But to deplore I thinke great paine
Of nobls men that there was slaine,
And als langsome to be reported,
Of them which to the Court resorted,
Als tyrants, traytors and transgressors
And common publike plaine oppressors
Men murtherers and common thieues
Into that Court gat their relieues,
There was few Lords in all these lands,
But to new Regents made their bands.
Then rose a verse ere euer I writ,
The which rouzde all their hands bzit
Then they alone which had the guiding,
They could not hold their feet for sliding
But of their lines they had such dzeed,
That they were faine to trot ouer Tweed.
Now Potent Prince I say to thee
I thanke the holy Trinity,
That I haue lined to see this day,
That all that world is went away

And

And thou to no man is subiected
Nor to such Counsellers coacted
The foure great vertuous Cardinals
I see them with three principals
For Justice holds her sword on hie
with her ballance of equity,
And in this Realme hes made such order
Both throgh the Hieland and the border
That Oppression and all his fellowes,
Are hanged hie vpon the gallowes
Dame Prudence hes thee by the head,
And temperance does thy bridle lead
I see dame Force make assistance,
Bearing thy targe of assurance
And lusty Lady Chastity
Hes banisht Sensuality.
Dame riches takes on thee such cure
I pray God that she long endure,
That Pouerty dare not be seene
Into thy houle for both her eyne,
But from thy Grace fled many miles
Amongst the Hunters in the Iles
Dissimulance dare not shew her face
which wont was to beguile thy Grace
Folly is fled out of the towne,
which aye was contrary to reason
Policy and Peace beginnes to plant,
That vertuous men can neuer want
And as for slothfull idle lownes,
Shall tettered be in the Gallizeouns
John Vponland bene full glad I trow,
Because the Rush-bushe keepes his Kow
Nor is there not I vnderstand

Without good ordre in this land,
Except the Spirituality
Praying thy Grace thereto haue eye
Cause them make ministration,
Conforme to their vocation,
To preach with vnfained intents
And truely vse the Sacraments,
After Christs institutions
Leauing their vaine traditions,
Which does the filly sheepe illude
For whome Christ Jesus shed his blude.
As superstitious Pilgrimages,
Praying to grauen Images
Expresse against the Lordes command:
I doe thy Grace to vnderstand,
If thou to mens lawes assent,
Against the Lords commandement
As Jeroboam and many moe
Princes of Israel also
Consenters to Idolatry,
Which punisht were right pittiously
And from their regimes were rooted out
So shalt thou be withouten doubt,
Both here and hence withouten more,
In lacke the euerlasting gore
And if thou wilt thine heart encline,
And keepe his blessed law diuine.
As did the faithfull Martirs
Both in their words and in their works
And as did many faithfull Kinges
Of Israel during their Kings,
As king Dauid and Salomone,
Who Images would suffer none

In their rich temples for to stand
Because it was not Godscommaund
But destroyed all idolatry,
As in the Scripture thou may see,
Whose rich reward was heauenly blis
Which shall be thine, thou doing this,
Since thou hast chosen such a guard
Now am I sure to get reward,
And since thou art the richest king
That euer in this realme did ring,
Of gold and stones pretious
Most prudent and ingenious
And hes thy honour done aduance,
In Scotland, England and in France.
By martiall deedes honourable,
And art to euery vertue able,
I know thy Grace will not forget me
But thou wilt eyther giue or lend me
Would thy Grace lend me to one day,
Of gold a thousand pounds or tway,
And I shall fare with good intent,
Thy Grace a day of payment,
With sealed Obligation,
Under this protestation.
When the Balle and the Ile of May,
Bees set vpon the mount Synai,
When the Lairmond defies Fairland,
Bees lifted to Northumberland,
When Charlemen praises his dignity,
Nor wiues no longer mirthy,
When winter without frost, flouds, wind or raine
Then shall I giue thy Gold againe,
Or I shall make ther payment

After the day of iudgement:
within ane Moneth at the leist,
Quhen S. Peter sal mak a feast
To all the fishers of Aberladie,
Sō I haue my acquitance readie,
Failling thereof be S. Phillane,
Thy Grace gets neuer a grot againe.
Gif thou be not content of this,
I must requeist the King of bliss,
That he to me haue some regarde,
And cault thy Grace me to rewarde.
For Dauid King of Israell,
Quhilk was the great Prophet royal,
Sayes, God hes haill at his command
The hearts of Princes in his hand:
Euen as he list them for to turne.
That must they do without sudsome.
Some to exalt to dignitie,
And some to deprive impowertie:
Some time of lowe men to mak Lords
And sometime Lords to bind in cords.
And them aluterlie destroy,
As pleases God that royall Roy.
For thou art bot ane instrument,
To that great God Omnipotent.
Sa quhen it pleases his Excellence,
Thy Grace sall make me recompence
Or be sall cause me stand contentt,
Of sober life and quyet rent.
And take me in my latter age,
Vnto my simple hermitage:
And spend that my elders hes wun,
As auld Diogenes in his tun.

In their rich temples for to stand
Because it was not Gods commaund
But destroyed all idolatry,
As in the Scripture thou may see,
Whose rich reward was heauenly blis
Which shall be thine, thou doing this,
Since thou hast chosen such a guard
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Would thy Grace lend me to one day,
Of gold a thousand poundes tway,
And I shall fare with good intent,
Thy Grace a day of payment,
With sealed Obligation,
Under this protestation.
When the Balle and the Ile of Skay,
Bees set vpon the mount Sinai,
When the Lobsters defide Scotland,
Bees lifted to Northumberland,
When Churchmen praises no dignity,
Nor wiues no soueraintie,
When winter without frost, snow, wind or raine
Then shall I giue thy Gold againe,
Or I shall make ther payment

After the day of iudgement:
within nine dayes of the feast,
Quhen S. Peter sal mak a feast
To all the fishers of Aberladie,
Sa pay haue my acquitance readie,
Failling thereof be S. Phillane,
Thy Grace gets neuer a grot againe.
Gif thou be not content of this,
I must requeist the King of blis,
That he to me haue some regarde,
And cause thy Grace me to rewarde.
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Euen as he list them for to turne.
That must they do without sudsoyne:
Some to exalt to dignitie,
And some to deprive impourtie:
Some time of lowe men to mak Lords
And sometime Lords to bind in cords.
And them aluterlie destroy,
As pleases God that royall Roy.
For thou art bot ane instrument,
To that great God Omnipotent.
Sa quhen it pleases his Excellence,
Thy Grace sall make me recompence
Or he sall cause me stand contente,
Of sober life and quyet rente.
And take me in my latter age,
Vnto my simple hermitage;
And spend that my elders hes wun,
As auld Diogenes in his tun.

Of this Complaint with minde full meeke,
Thy Graces answere (Sir) I beseeke.

Quod Lindesay to the King.

The Tragedie of the vmquhile most reverent Father, *Dauid* by the mercy of God, Cardinall and Archbishop of S. Androes &c. *Compyled be sir Dauid Lindesay of the Mont Knicht*, alias, *Lyon King of Armes.*

Mortales cum nati sitis ne contra Deum vos extuleritis.

THE PROLOGVE.

NOt lang agoe after the houre of Pryme,
Secretlie sitting in my Oratorie:
I tuke ane buke to exercise the tyme,
Quhere I found many Tragedie and Storie,
Quhilk John Boccas had put in memorie,
How many Princes, Conquerours and Kings,
Were dulefullie deposed fra their Rings.

How Alexander the potent Conquerour,
In Babilone was poysoned pittrouslie:
And Julius the michtie Emperour,
Wurthered at Rome, caufles and cruellie.
Prudent Pompey in Egypt shamefullie,
He murthered was, quhat needs proces moyr?
Quhese Tragedies were pittie to deplore.

I sitting sa vpon my buke reading,
Richt suddenlie before me did appeare
Ane wounded man, aboundantlie bleeding,

With diſage pale, and with ane deidly feare,
Seming ane man of two and fiftie yeare.
Inrayment red, cloathed full curiouſlie,
Of Uelwet and of Satine Cramoſie.

With feeble voice, as man oppreſt with paine,
Schortlie he made me ſupplication,
Saying my friend, go read and read againe,
Gif thou can finde be true narration,
Of any paine like to my paſſion:
Richt ſure I am were Iohn Boccas on liue,
My Tragedie at length he wald deſcriue.

Sen he is gane, I pray thee to indite
Of my miſfortune ſome remembrance:
Or at the leaſt my Tragedie to write,
As I to thee ſall ſhaw the circumſtance,
In termes breue of my vnhappie chance,
Sen my beginning to my fatall end,
Quhilk I wald to all creatures were kend.

I not (ſaid I) make ſic memoriall,
Bot of thy name I had intelligence:
I am Dauid that carefull Cardinall,
Quhilk does appeare (ſaid he) to thy preſence,
Thus ſome time hath ſa great preheminence:
Then he began his heids to indite,
As ye ſall heare, and I began to write.

The Tragedie of the Cardinall.

I Dauid Beton, ſometime Cardinall,
Of gentle bigde be line I did diſcend:

During my time I dyd in portgall ryall
Bot now (alas) it is to my fatal end,
Ay grce be grce vpward I did ascend,
Sa that into this Realme did never ring,
Sa great ane man as I vnder ane King.

Quhen I was ane young gallant Gentleman,
Princes to serue I set my haill intent,
First to attend at Archyeth I began,
Ane Abacie of great riches and rent,
Of that estate yet was I not content,
To get mair riches, dignitie and glore,
My heart was set (alas) (alas) therefore.

I made sic seruice to our soueraine King,
Yt did promoue me to mair hich estate:
Ane Prince aboue all Priests for to ring,
Archbishop of Sanct Androes consecrate,
To that honour quhen I was eleuate,
My proudfull heart was not content at all
Till that I create was ane Cardinall.

Yet preased I to haue mair authoritie,
And finallie was chosen Chancellare:
And for vphalding of my dignitie,
I was made Legate, then had I na compare:
I purchast for my proffite singulare,
My Bores and my Treasurie to aduance,
The Bishoprick of Heropole in France.

Of Scotland I had the gouernall,
Without my aduice concluded was nathing:
Abbot, Bishop, Archbishop, and Cardinall,

Into

Into this Realme na hicher could I ring,
Bot I had bene Pape, Emperour or King,
For shortnes of the time I am not able,
At length to shew my actes honourable.

For my princelie prodigalitie,
Amang Prelats in France I bare the price.
I shew my Lordlie liberalitie:
In banketting, playing at Carts and Dyce,
Into sic wildome I was halden wise,
And spared not to play with King nor Knicht,
Thre thousand Crounes of gould upon a nicht.

In France I made sicr honest voyages,
Quhere I did acts digne of remembrance,
Throuch me were made triumphant mariages,
To our soueraine both profite and pleasance:
Queene Magdalen the first dauchter of France
With great riches was into Scotland brocht,
That mariage throch my wildome was wrocht.

After quhaes death in France I past againe,
The secound Queene hameward I did convoy:
That luckie Princes Marie de Loraine,
Quhilk was receiued with great triumph & joy,
Sa serued I our richt redoubted Roy:
Sone after that Henrie of England King,
Of our soueraine desired a commoning.

Of that meeting our King was well content,
Sa that in Poyke was set both time and place:
Bot our Prelats and I could neuer consent,
That he sould see King Henrie in the face:

Bot we were well content, albeit his Grace,
Had failed the sea to speake with any vther,
Except the King, quha was his mother brother.

Quherby there rais great war & mortall strife,
Great herships, hunger, derth and desolation:
On either side did many lose their life.
Gif I wald make ane true narration.
I caused all that tribulation,
For to take peace I neuer wald consent,
Without the King of France had bene content.

During this war were taken prisoners,
Of nobill men fechting full furiouslie:
Many ane Lord, Barron and Batchellers,
Quherthroch our King take sic melancholie,
Quhilk drave him to the death richt dullullie,
Extreme dolour ouerset did sa his heart,
That from this life, alas, he did departe.

Bot after that both strenth & speach was leased,
Ane paper blanke I causde his Grace subscriue
Into the quhilk I wrate all that I pleased.
After his death, quhilk lang were to deserue,
Throuch that wryting I purposed to haue
With support of some Lords benevolence,
In this Region to haue preheminence.

As for my Lord our richteous Governour,
Gif I walde schortlie shaw the veritie:
To him I had na maner of fauour.
During that time I purposed that he
Sould neuer come to na authoritie,

For

For his support therefoir he brocht amang vs,
Furth of England the noble Earle of Angus.

Then was I put aback from my purpose,
And suddenlie cast in captiuitie,
My pridefull heart to daunt, as I suppose,
Deuiled be the hich diuinitie,
Yet in my heart sprang no humilitie,
Bot now the Word of God full well I knaw,
Quha does exalt him selfe, God will bring law.

In the mean time quhen I was sa subiected,
Imbassadours were sent into England,
Quhere they bath peace & mariage contracted,
And mair surelie for to obserue that band,
Were promist diuers pledges of Scotland,
Of that contract I was na way content,
Nor neuer wald thereto giue my consent.

To Captaines that keeped me in warde,
Gifts of gold I gaue them great plentie:
Ruelers in Court I gaue them rich rewarde,
Quherethroch I eschaped from captiuitie,
Bot quhen I was free at my libertie,
Then like ane Lyon louked of his cage,
Out throch the Realme I gan to reale and rage

Contrare the Gouernour and his companie,
Oft times made I insurrection:
Purposing for to haue him hastilie
Subdued vnto my correction,
Or put him to extreme subiection.
During this time gif it were well decided,

This Realme be me was vtterlie deuided.

The Gouernour purpoling to ſubdew,
I raiſed ane hoaſt of many bald Barroun,
And made a raide, quhilk Lithgow zet may rew
For we deſtroyed ane myle about the toun,
For that I gat many black maliſon,
Yet contrary the Gouernours intent,
With our young Pzinces we to Stirling went.

For hich contemption of the Gouernour.
I bzocht the Earle of Lennox out of France:
That luſtie Lozd liuand in great pleaſour,
Did loſe that land and honeſt ozdinance.
Bot he and I fell lone at variance,
And thzouch my counſell was within ſhozt ſpace
Forfaulted and flemed, he gat nane vther grace.

Then thzouch my pzudence, pzactick & ingine,
Our Gouernour I cauſed to conſent:
Full quyetlie to my counſell incline,
Quhereof his Nobles were not well content,
For quhy? I gart diſſolue in plaine Parliament,
The band of peace contracted with England,
Quherthzouch came harme & herſhip to Scotland.

That peace bzoken arais, new moztall weirs
Be ſea and land ſic reif without releif:
Quhilk to repozt my frayed heart effeirs,
The veritie to ſhew in termes bzeif.
I was the rute of all that great miſchiefe,
The South Countrie may ſay it had bene gude
That my Nurice had ſmozed me in my cude.

I was

I was the cauſe of meikle moꝛe miſchance,
Foꝛ vpheld of my glory and dignity,
And pleaſure of the potent king of France,
With England ſhould I haue no vnity
But who conſider would the verity
We might full well haue liude in peace and reſt
Nine or ten yeares, and then plaid looſe oꝛ faſt.

Had we with England keeped our contracts,
Our noble men had liued in peace and reſt,
Our Marchants had not loſt ſo many packs,
Our common people had not beene oppreſt
On either ſides all wꝛongs had beene redreſt
But Edinburgh ſince then Leeth and Kingoꝛn,
The day and houre may curſe that I was born.

Our Gouernour to make him to me ſure,
With ſweet and ſubtle words I did him lyle
Till I his ſonne and heire got in my cure,
To that effect I found that crafty wyle
That he no maner of way might me beguile,
Then leugh I when his Leages did alledge,
How I his ſonne had gotten into pledge.

The Earle of Angous and his german bꝛother
I purpoſed to make them loſe their life,
Right ſo to haue deſtroyed many other,
Some with the fire, ſome with the ſwoꝛd & knife
In ſpeciall many Gentlemen of Fife
And purpoſed to put to great toꝛment,
All fauoꝛers of the old and new Teſtament

Then euery man they tooke of me ſuch feare,
That

That time when I had so great gouernance
Great Lords dreading I should doe them deare
They durst not come to Court without assurance
Since then there hes not beene such variance
Now to our Prince Barrons obediently,
Without assurance they come full courteously.

My hope was most into the King of France
Together with the Popes holinesse,
More then in God my worship to aduance
I trusted so into their gentlenes
That no man durst presume me to oppresse:
But when the day came of my fatall houre,
Far was from me their support and their succor.

Then to preserue my riches and my life
I made a strength of wals high and braid
Such a fortresse was neuer found in Fife,
Beleeuing there no man durst me inuade.
Now find I true the saw which Dauid said.
Without God of an houke be master of warke
He works in vaine though it be neuer so starke.

For I was through the whole power diuine,
Right dulefully beat downe among the as
Which could not be through mortal mans engin
But as Dauid did kill the great Goliag
Or Holopherne by Judith killed was
In mid among his triumphing armie,
So was I slaine in tomy chiefs city.

When I had greatest domination
As Lucifer had in heauens Empire,

Came ſudainely my depriuation,
By them which did my dolent death conſpire
So cruell was their furious burning ire
I got no time, leaſure nor liberty,
To ſay In manus tuas Domine.

Behold my fatall infelicity,
I bring in my ſtrength incomparable,
That dreadfull Dungeon made me no ſupply,
My great riches and rents profitable
My ſiluer worke, iewels inestimable
My Papall pompe of gold and rich treaſure,
My life and all, I loſt in halfe an houre.

To the people was made a ſpectacle,
Of my death and deformed corſon,
Some ſaid it was a manifeſt miracle,
Some ſaid it was diuine punition
He to be ſlaine into my ſtrong Dungeon
When euery man had iudged as him liſt,
They ſalted me, then cloſde me in a kiſt.

I lay vnburied ſeuen moneths and more
Ere I was borne to cloyſter, Church or Quere,
In a dunghill, great pitty to deplore.
without ſuffrage of Canon, Monke or Frier,
All proud Prelates at me may leſſons leere,
Which rang ſo long and ſo triumphantly.
Since in the duſt beare downe ſo dulefully.

TO THE PRELATES.

O Ye my Brether Princes of the prieſtes.
I make you hearty ſupplication,

Both

Both night and day reuolue into your breasts
The proces of my deprivation,
Consider what bene your vocation,
To follow me I pray you not pretend you
But read at length this Cedull that I send you.

Ye know how Iesus his Disciples sent,
Imbassadors to euery nation
To shew his law and commandement,
To all the people by predication
Therefore I make to you narration
Since ye to them are very successors
Ye ought to doe as did your predecessors,

How dare ye be so bold to take on hand
For to be Heralds to so great a King
To beare his message both to burgh and land,
Ye being dumbe and can pronounce nothing.
Like Minstrils that cannot play nor sing,
Or why should men giue to such birds hire
That cannot guide their sherpe out of the mire.

Ashame ye not to be Christs seruitors,
And for your hire his great temporall Landes
Since of your offices ye cannot take the cures,
As Canon Law and scripture you commands,
Ye will not lacke tend sheris nor offrands
Teend wool, teen lamb, teend calfe teend geese
To make seruice ye are all out of vse. (guse,

My deare brethren do not as ye were wont
Amend your life now while your day endures,
Trust well ye shall be called to your count

Of

Of euery thing belonging to your cures
Leaue halfatry, your harlotris and hures
Remembring on my vnprouided dead
For after death may no man make remead

Ye Prelates that beg thousands for to spend
Ye send a simple Frier for you to preach,
It is your craft I make it to you kend
Your selues in your temples for to teach,
But maruaile not though fillie Friers fleach
For if they plainely shew the verity,
Then will they lacke the Bishops charity.

Wherefore is giuen to you such royall rent,
But for to finde the people spirituall food,
Preaching to them the new and old Testament
The law of God does plainely so conclude
But not your hope into vaine worldly gude
As I haue done, behold my great treasure,
Made me no helpe at my vnhappy end,

The day when I was Bishop consecrate
The great Bible was bound vpon my backe,
What was therein little I knew God wate
More then a beast bearing a precious packe,
But hardily my conscience I slake,
For I was oblist with my owne consent,
The law of God to preach vnto good intent.

Brethren right so when ye were consecrate
Ye oblist you vpon the selfe same wise
Ye may be called Bishops counterfeit
As Gallants dubbed for to make a guise,

Now

Now thinke I Princes are nothing to prise
To giue a famous office to a foole,
As who would put a myter on a Poole.

Alas if ye that sorrowfull sight had seene,
How I lay ballering bathed in my blude,
To mend your life it had occasion beene,
And leaue your old corrupted consuetude,
Failing thereof, then shortly I conclude
without ye from your ribaldrie arise,
Ye shall be serued on the selfe same wise.

TO THE PRINCES.

IMprudent Princes without discretion,
Hauing in earth power emperiall.
Perb enz the cause of this transgression,
I speake vnto you all in generall,
which does dispone all offices spirituall,
Giuing the soules which are Christes sheepe
To blinde Pastors without conscience to keep.

When ye Princes does lacke an Officer,
A Baker, Brewer or a maister Coake:
A trim Tayler, a cunning Confessor,
Ouer all the land at length ye will cause looke,
Most able men such offices to brooke.
A Brewer that can brew most wholsome ale
A cunning Coake that best can season caile.

A Tayler who has soiourned beene in France,
That can make garments of the gayest guyse,
Ye Princes are the cause of this mischance,

That

That when there does vakke any Benefice
He ought to doe vpon the selfe same wise
Cause search and seeke both into burgh & land,
The law of God who best can vnderstand.

Make him Bishop that prudently can preach,
As does pertaine to his vocation,
A Parson who his Parachon can teach;
Cause Vicars make due ministration
Alsq I make you supplication,
Make your Abbots of right religious men
Which to the people Christs law may ken.

But not to Rebalds new come from the rost
Nor of a Stuffet stollen out of a stable,
The which into the schoole made neuer no cost,
Nor neuer was to spirituall science able,
Except the Carts, the Dyce, the Clyes and table,
Of Romerakers, nor of rude Ruffians
Of callay, pallers nor of Publicans,

Nor of fantasticke fained flatterers
Most meete to gather nettles into May,
Of Cowbubies nor of clatterers
That of the Church can neither sing nor say
Though they be cloaked vp in Clarks array,
Like Doated Doctors new come out of Athens
And mummilouer a payre of magled matines.

Not qualified to keepe a Benefice,
But through sir Symonies solistation,
I was promoued on the selfe same wise
Alas through Princes supplication

And

And made at Rome through false narration
Bishoppe, Abbot but no religious man
who me promoued I now their bones ban.

Albeit I was Legate and Cardinall
Little I knew therein what should be done
I vnderstood no science spirituall,
No more nor did blind Allane of the Moone,
I dread the King that sittes high aboue
On you Princes shall make some punishment,
Right so on vs through righteous iudgement.

On you Princes for vndiscreete giuing
To ignorants such offices to vse,
And we for our importune asking
which should haue done such dignity refuse
Our ignorance hes done the world abuse
Through couetite of riches and of rent,
That euer I was a Prelate I repent

O kings make ye no care to giue in cure
Virgines profest into Religion
Into the keeping of a common hure.
To make thinke ye not great derision
A woman person of a parishon,
where there is two thousand soules to guide,
That from harlots cannot her hips hide.

What if King Dauid liued in these dayes
Or out of heauen if he looked downe,
The which did found so many fayre Abbaes,
Seeing the great abomination,
In many Abbaes of this nation

He

He would repent that narrowed so his bounds,
Of yearely rent three score of thousand pounds.

Wherefore I counsell every christian King,
Within this Realme make reformation
And suffer no more rebalds for to ring,
Above Christs true Congregation,
Failing thereof I make narration,
That ye Princes and Prelates all at ones
Shall buried be in hell, soule, blood and bones

That ever I keeped Benefice soye I rue,
Or to such hight so proudly did pretend,
I must depart, therefore my friends adue,
Where ever it pleases God now must I wend,
I pray thee to my friends me recommend
And faile not at length to put in write
My tragedie gas I have done indite.

The Deploration of the Death of *Queene Magdalen.*

O Cruell Death ouer great is thy puissance,
Deuourer of all earthly liuing things:
Adam we may blame thee of this mischance
In thy default this cruell tyrant rings,
And spares neither Emperour nor kings,
And now alas bes reft forth of this Land,
The floure of France and comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam, alas that thou abused,
Thy free will being inobedient.
Thou rhoosed death, and lasting life refused

Thy Succession, alas, that may repent
That thou hast made mankinde so impotent,
That it may make to death no resistance,
Exemple of our Queene the flowrs of France.

O dreadfull Dragon with thy deadfull dart,
Which did not spare of femenine the flower,
But cruelly did pearse her through the hart
And would not giue her respite for an houre,
To remaine with her Prince and Paramour.
That she at leysure might haue tane licence
Scotland on thee may cry a loud vengeance.

Thou let Methuselem liue nine hundreth year
Therefore and nine, but in thy furious rage
Thou didst deuore this yong Princes but peare,
Ere she was compleat fiueteene yeare of age
Greedie Gormand why did thou not asswage
Thy furious rage contrare that lusty Queene
Till we some fruit had of her body seene.

O Dame Nature thou did no diligence
Contrare this thief who al the world confounds
Hadst thou with naturall targes made defence
That bryber had not come within her bounds
And had been saued from such mortall stounds
This many a year, but where was thy discretion
To let her passe till we had seene succession.

O Venus with thy blind sonne Cupide
Fie on you both that made no resistance,
Into your Court you neuer had such two
So leale louers without dissimulance,

At

As Iames the fift, and Magdalens of France
Descending both of bloud Imperiall:
To whome in loue I finde no peregall.

For as Leander swam out through the flond
To his faire Lady Hero many nights, (wood
So did this Prince through buttering streames
With earles, Barons, Squires & with Knights
Contrare Neptune & Eole and the r mights
And left this Realm into great disperance
To seeke his loue, the first daughter of France.

And she the prudent Queene Penelope
Right constantly would change him for no other
And for his pleasure left her owne country
Without regard to Father and to Mother,
Taking no care of sister nor of brother,
But shortly tooke her leaue and left them all.
For loue of him to whome loue made her thrall.

O dame Fortune where was thy great comfort,
To her to whome thou wert so fauourable
Thy sliding gifts made to her no support,
Her high linage nor riches inestimable,
I see thy puissance is but variable,
When her Father the most high Christian king,
To his deare child might make no supporting.

The potent Prince, her lustie loue and Knight
With his most hardie Nobles of Scotland,
Contrare that bashfull Boybont had no might,
Thocht all the men had beene at his command
Of France, Flanders, Italie and England,

With fifty thousand Millon of treasure,
Might not prolong that Ladies life ane houre.

O Paris of all Cities principall,
Who did receive our Prince with laud and glory
Solemnely through a the triumphall.
Which day beene digne to put in memory,
For as Pompey after his victorie,
Was int o Rome receaued with great ioy
So thou receiude our right redoubted Roy.

But at his marriage made vpon the meyne
Such solace and solemnization,
Was never seene before since Christ was borne,
Nor to Scotland such consolation,
There trailed was the confirmation
Of the well keeped ancient alliance,
Made betweene Scotland & the realm of France

I never did see a day more glorious,
So many in so rich abulzements,
Of silke and gold, with stones pretious,
Such banketting and sound of instruments,
With song and dance, and martiall turnaments
But like a storme after a pleasant morrow
Soone was our solace turned into sorrow.

O traytor death, whom none may contremand
Thou might haue seene the preparation
Made by the three Estates of Scotland,
With great comfore and consolation,
In euery city, castell, towre and towne
And how each Noble set his whole intent

To

To be excellent in abulzement.

Theefe saw thou not the great preparatines
Of Edinbureh, that famous noble toun?
Thou saw the people labouring for their liues,
To make triumph with Trump and Clarion,
Sic pleasure was neuer sene in this Region,
As sould haue bene the day of her entrace,
With great proppynes giuen vnto her Grace.

Thou saw making riche coastlie scaffalding
Depainted well with gould and azure fine:
Readie prepared for the vplerring.
With fountaines flowing water clear and wine
Bilgiled folkes like creatures diuine,
On like scaffold to play ane sundrie Storie.
Bot all in weeping turned thou their glorie.

Thou saw full many ane fresh galland
Well ordoured, for to retaine their Queene:
Ilk Craftf man with bent bow in his hand,
Richt gallantlie in short cloathing of greene.
The honest Burges cled thou sould haue seene
Some in Scarlet, and some in claith of graine,
For to haue met their Ladie Souereine.

Proueist, Bailies, and Lords of the toun.
The Senatours in ordour consequent:
Cled into silke of purpure black and broun,
Then the great Lords of the Parliament,
With many Knichtlie Barron and Baurent,
In silke and gould, in sailours comfortable,
Bot thou (alas) all turned into sable.

Then all the Lords of Religion,
And Princes of the Priests venerable
Full pleasantly in their procession,
With all the cunning Clarks honourable,
But thirteously thou tyrant treasonable
All their great solace and solemnities
Thou turned into dulefull dirigies.

Then next in order passing through the towne
Thou sholdst haue heard the noise of instrumēts
Of tabern, trumpet, shalme and Clarion
Which reard redounding through the elements
The Heraulds with their awfull vestiments
With Maces vpon either of their hands
To rule the preasse with burnisht siluer wands.

Then last of all in order triumphall,
That most illustre Princes honourable
With her the lusty Ladies of Scotland,
Which should haue beene a sight most delectable
Her rayment to rehearse I am not able.
Of gold and pearle and pretious stones bright
Twinckling like starres in a frosty night.

Vnder a pale of gold she should haue past
By Burgesses borne clothed in silkes fine
The great master of household at the last
With him in order all the Kings trine
Whose ordinance were langsome to define
On this maner she passing through the towne
Should haue receiued many benison.

Of Virgines and of lusty Burges wiues

which

which should haue beene a light celestiall,
Vive la Roine, crying for their liues
with an harmonious sound Angelicall
Into euery corner mirths musicall,
But thou tyrant in whome is found no Geare
Our Allelvya is turned in alas.

Thou shouldst haue heard the ornate orators
Making her Highnes salutation,
Both of the clergy, towne and counsellors
With many notable narration
Thou shouldst haue seene her Coronation
In the fayre Abbay of the holy Rude,
In presence of a mirthfull multitude,

Such banketing such awfull tornaments,
On horse & foot that time which should haue been
Such chappell royall with such instruments
And crafty musicke singing from the spleene,
In this country was neuer heard nor seene.
But all this great solemnity and Game,
Thou turned hast in requiem æternam.

Unconstant world thy friendship I defie,
Sithence strength nor wisedome riches nor honor,
Vertue nor beauty none may certifie,
Within thy bounds for to remaine an houre
What auailes it to be king or Emperour.
Sithence princely puissance may not be exemid
From death whose dolour cannot be expremed.

Sithence man in earth hes to place permanent,
What all must passe by that horrible port.

Let vs pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
That dulefull day to be our great comfort,
That in this Realme with him we may resort:
Quhilk frō the hel with his blude ransond keene
With *Magdalene* sometime of Scotland Queene.

O Death, thocht thou the bodie may devore,
Of euery man, yet hast thou na puissance
Of their vertue, for to consume the glore,
As sall be sene of Magdelane of Fraunce:
Some time our Queene, quhom Poets call ad-
And put her in Imperiall memorie, (uance
Da sall her fame of thee haue victorie.

Thocht ȳ hes slane the heauenly floure of France
Quhilk imped was into the Thrissell keene:
Quherein al Scotland saw their hail pleasance
And made the Lyon reioyced from the splene,
Thocht rute be pulled from the leaues greene,
The smell of it sall in despite of thee,
Keepe ay twa Realmes in peace and amitie.

The Answere quhilk Sir David Lindesay made to the Kings flyting.

REdoubted Roy your ragment I haue red,
Quhilk does perturbe my dul intendement
From your flyting wald God that I were fred,
Or elles some Tygers tongue were to me lent:
Sir pardon me, thocht I in dispatime,
Quhilk am sa vō your prunzeing pen detracted,
And rude report from Venus Court deiected.

Lufte

Lusty Ladies that on your lydell lookes
My company does hold abhominable,
Commaunding me beare company to Cookes,
Most like a Quill they hold me detestable,
They banish me, saying I am not able.
Then to complesse or please to their presence
Upon your pen I cry a loud vengeance.

Were I a Host I should prease with my penne
To wreche me on your venemous writing.
But I must doe as dog does in his den,
Fold both my feet, and flee far from your fliting
The meikle duell may not endure your diting.
Wherefore Cor mundum crea in me I cry,
Proclaiming you the Prince of Poetry.

Sir with my Prince pertains me not to play,
but since your Grace hes giuē me such cōmand
To make answere I must it needes obey,
Though ye be strong now like an Elephant,
And into Venus workis most valiant
The day will come and that within few yeares,
That you will draw at leysure with your feares.

What can you say further but I am fayled
In Venus workis I grant sir that is true,
The time hes beene I was better artailed
Nor I am now, and yet full sore I rew,
That euer I did wouth thanbeis so pursue
Wherefore take heed o your fine powder spare
And waist it not, but if you know well where.

Though ye rum rud ely like a restles Ram
Yhoo.

Shooting your bolt at many sundry shells
Beleeue right well it is a biding game,
Therefore beware for doubling of the bells
For many one doth hast their own soules knelles
And specially when that the well goes drie
Then cannot get againe such stuffe to buy.

I giue your counsell to the fiend of hell
That would not of a Prioress you prouide
Suffering you run shooting from hell to hell
Wasting your corpse, letting the time ouer slide:
For like a busterous bull you runne and ride
Moutously like a rude Rubeatour,
Ye fucking like a furious fornicatour.

On ladrons for to loupe ye will not lat
How euer the carribalds crie the corinoch,
Remember how beside the Wasking sat
Yon cuik a quirne ouer thort a stinking troch
That fiend with fuffling of her rosted hoch
Cast down the fat, wherthrogh drink drafflings
Came rudely running down about your lugs.

Would God that Lady that louts yon best
Had seen you ther lie wallering like two swine
But to vndirstand how that duddron you dreft,
Drowped with dregs, wompling with many
That proces to report it were a pine, (whine
On your behalfe I thank God times ten sceore
That you preserued from gut & from grandgore

Now sir farewell because I cannot flite,
And though I could I were not to aduance

Against

Against your ornate meeter to endite,
But yet be ware with labouring of your lance.
Some says there cums a buckler out of France,
which will indure your dints though they be doure
Farewel of flowing Rhetorick the floure.
Quod Lyndesay in his flyting
Against the Kings dyting.

The Complaint and publike Confession of the Kings olde Hound, called *Bawe*, directed to *Bawtie* the Kings beloved Dog & *his companions. Made at commaund of King* James *the fift, by sir* David Lindesay *of the Mount Knight*, alias *Lyon King of Armes.*

ALas, whome to should I complaine
In my extreme necessity,
Or whom to should I make my mone
In Court no dog will doe for me,
Beseeching saint for charity,
To heare my supplication,
To Scudlar, Luffra and Bawty
Now ere the King past of the towne.

I haue followed the Court so long
while in gude faith I may no mare,
The Countrie knowes I may not gang
I am so crooked, old and laire,
That I know not where to repaire,
For when I had authoritie,
I thought me so familiar,
I neuer feared necessity.

I rew the race that Geordy Steele
Brought Bawty to the kings presence,
I pray God let him never dee well
Since then I got no audience.
For Bawty now gets such credence
That he lyes on the kings night gowne,
Where I perforce for my offence
Must in the closse lie like a lowne.

For I haue been aye to this houre
A wirrier of Lambe and Hogge,
A tyrane and a tulzeour,
A murtherer of many dog
Fiue foules I chast out thrugh a scrog
Wherefore their mothers did me weary,
For they were drowned all in a bog
Speare at John Gordon of Pittarie,

Which in his hauld did bring me vp
And bled me to kill the Deere
Sweet milke and meale he made me sup
That trade I learned soone perqueer
All other vertue ran arreers,
When I began to barke and bite,
For there was neither Monke nor Frier,
Nor wife nor barne but I would bite.

When to the king the tale was known
Of my vnhappy hardiment,
And all the south vnto him showne,
How euery dog I did oppresse,
Then gaue his Grace commaund expresse
I should be brought to his presence.

Notwit

Notwithstanding my wickednes,
In Court I gat great audience.

I shew my great ingratitude,
To the Captaine of Badzeno,
Which in his house did finde me fude
Two yeares with other hounds mo:
But when I saw that it was so
That I grew hie into the Court,
For his reward I wrought him woe
And cruelly I did him hurt.

So they that gaue me to the king,
I was their mortall enemy:
I tooke cure of no kind of thing
But please the Kings Majesty
But when he knew my cruelty,
My false and plaine oppression:
He gaue commaund that I should be
Hanged without confession.

And yet because that I was olde
His Grace thought pitty for to hang me.
But let me wander where I would
Then set my foes for to fang me,
And euery boucher dog downe dang me.
When I trowed best to be a Laird
Then in the Court each wight did wrong me
And this I got for my reward.

I had wirried blacke Mackison,
Were not the rebalds came and eed,
But he was flamed of the towns,

when

When once the King saw how I bled,
He could e lay me vpon a bed,
For with a knife I was mischieued
This Mackilon for feare he fled,
A long time ere he was relieued.

And Patricke Stirling in Argyle,
I bare him backward to the ground,
And had him slaine within a while,
Were not the helping of an hound,
Yet got he many a bloudy wound,
As yet his skin will shew the marks
Finde me a dog where euer yee found,
Yes made so many bloody sarks.

Good brother Lancreman, Lindesayes dog
Which euer hes keeped thy lawty,
And neuer wirried Lambe nor Dog
Bray Lukker, Scodlar and Bawtie,
Of me Bashe to haue pitty,
And prouide me a portion,
In Dumferling where I may dyie,
Pennance for my extortion.

Get by their collation.
A letter from the Kings Grace,
That I may haue collation,
With fire and Candiem the place
But I will liue how euer alas
Lacke I good fresh flesh for my gammes,
Betweene Ashwednesday and Pashe,
I must haue leaue to wirry Lambs.

Bawty consider well this bill.

And

And reade this Cedull that I send you:
And euery point thereof fulfill,
And now in time of mirth amend you,
I pray you that you not pretend you,
To climbe ouer high, nor doe no wrong,
But from your foes with right defend you
And take example how I gang.

I was that no man durst come neare me
Nor put me forth of my lodging:
No dog durst from my dinner skar me,
When I was tender with the king,
Now euery tyke dogs me down thring:
The which before by me were wronged
And I weares I serue no other thing,
But in a halter to be hanged.

Though ye be homely with the king,
Ye Scudlar, Luffra and Bawty,
Beware that yee doe not downe thring,
Your neighbours through authority,
And your example make by me
And beleeue well yee are but dogs,
Though yee stand in the highest gree,
Yet ye bite neither Lambs nor Hogs.

Though ye haue now great audience,
See that by you be none oppreſt
Ye shall be punisht for your offence,
When once the king be well confeſt
There is no dog that hes trangreſt,
Through crueltie, tkhe may sang him,
His Majestie will take no reſt,

Till

When once the King saw how I bled,
He could e lay me vpon a bed,
For with a knife I was mischieued
This Mackison for feare he fled,
A long time ere he was relieued.

And Patricke Stirling in Argyle,
I bare him backward to the ground,
And had him slaine within a while,
Were not the helping of an hound,
Yet got he many a bloudy wound.
As yet his skin will shew the marks
Finde me a dog where euer yee found,
Hes made so many bloody sarks.

Good brother Lancemau, Lindesayes dog
Which euer hes keeped thy lawty,
And neuer wirried Lambe nor Yog
Pray Lusker, Scadlat and Bawtie,
Of me Bashe to haue pitty,
And prouide me a portion,
In Dumferling where I may dzie,
Pennance for my extortion.

Get by their collation.
A letter from the Kings Grace,
That I may haue collation,
With fire and Candlem the place
But I will liue short time alas
Lacke I good fresh flesh for my gammes,
Betweene Ashwednesday and Pashe,
I must haue leaue to wirry Lambs.

Bawty consider well this bill.

And

And trade this Cedull that I send you:
And euery point thereof fulfill,
And now in time of misse amend you,
I pray you that you not pretend you,
To climbe ouer high,nor doe no wrong,
But from your foes with right defend you
And take example how I gang.

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And sweares I serue no other thing,
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Your neighbours through authority,
And your example made by me
And beleeue well yee are but dogs,
Though yee stand in the highest gree,
See ye bite neither Lambs nor Hogs.

Though ye haue now great audience,
See that by you be none oppressed
Ye shall be punisht for your offence,
When once the king be well confest
There is no dog that hes transgrest,
Through cruelitie,if he may fang him,
His Maiestie will take no rest,

Till

Till on a gallowes he cause hang him.

I was once as great as you are,
And had in Court as much credence
And aye pretended to be higher,
But when the kings Excellence,
Did know my kaiset and offence.
And my pridefull presumption
I got no other recompence,
But hoyed and hounded out of the towne.

Was neuer so vnkind a corse,
As when I had authority
Of my frends I tooke no force,
The which before had done for me,
This Prouerbe is of verity
Which I heard read into a letter.
Highest in the Court, nert the widdie,
Without he guide him all the better.

I tooke no more count of a Lord,
Nor I did of a kitchin knaue:
Though euery day I made discord,
I was set vp aboue the laue:
The gentle hound was to me slaue,
And with the kings owne fingers fed,
The silly ratches would I reaue,
Thus for my euill deedes I was dread.

Therefore Bawty looke best about,
When thou art highest with the king:
For then thou standst in greatest doubt,
Be thou not good in gouerning.

Put

But no poore tyke from his feeding,
Nor yet no fillie ratches reaue
He sittes aboue that sees all thing,
And of a knicht can make a knaue.

When I came stepping benne the flure
All ratches great roupte to me red,
I of no creature tooke cure,
But lay vpon the kinges bed,
With cloth of gold though it were spred
For feare each fricke would stand on tar,
With euery dog I was so dread
They trimbled when they heard me nar.

Good brother Bawty beare thee euen,
Though with thy Prince thou be potent
It cries a vengeance from the heauen,
For to oppresse an innocent,
In wealth be then most diligent.
And do no wrong to dog nor bitch
As I haue done, which I now repent.
No meslane reaue to make thee rich.

Nor for augmenting of thy boundes,
Aske no reward sir at the king,
Which may doe hurt to other hounds,
Oppresse against Gods bidding
Chase no poore tyke from his midding,
Through cast of Court or kings request
And of thy selfe presume no thing
Except thou be a brutall beast.

Trust well there is no oppressour,

Nor dowcher dog drawer of blend
A tyrane nor a transgressour
That shall now of the king get gude
From time forth that his Celsitude,
Wees clearely know the verity,
But he is deemed for to conclude
Or hanged hie vpon a tree,

Though ye be coupled all together,
With silke and souls of siluer fine:
A dog may come out of Balwhidder,
And make you lead a lower trine:
Then shall your pleasure turne in pine:
When a strong hunter blowes his horne
And all your credence make you tyne
Then shall your labour be forlorne.

I say no more, good friends adue:
In dread we neuer meet againe:
That euer I knew the Court I rue
Was neuer wight so will of waine,
Let no dog now serue our Soueraigne:
Without he be of good condition,
Be he peruerst I tell you plaine
He hes need of a good remission.

That I am on this way mischieued
The Earle of Huntlie I may warie
He wend that I had been relieued,
When to the Court he caused me carrie
Would God I were now Pittadie
Because I haue been so euill beedie
Adew I dare no longer tarry,

In

In dread I hang into a widdie.

A Supplication directed from Sir David Lindesay of the Mont, to the Kings Grace *in contemption of side tales & misseled Faces.*

SIr though your Grace hes put great ordor
Both in the Highland and the Bordor:
Yet I make supplication
To haue some reformation
Of a small fault which is not treason
Though it be contrary to reason
Because the matter beene so vile,
It may not haue an ornate stile,
Wherefore I pray your Excellence
To heare me with great patience
Of stinking weedes maculate,
No man may weare a rose chaplate
Soueraigne I meane of these side tailes
Which throgh the dust and dubs trailes
Three quarter long behind the heeles
Expresse against the common weales,
Though Bishops in their Pontificals
Haue men for to beare vp their tales,
For dignity of their office,
Right so a Queene or an Empresse,
Albeit they vse such grauity
Conforming to their maiestie,
Though their Robe Royals be vpborne,
I thinke it but a beery scorne,
That euery Lady of the land.
Should haue hir taile so side trailand
Albeit they be of high estate

The Queene they should not counterfeit,
Where euer they goe it may bee seene
How Church and Cassey they sweepe cleane
The Images into the kirke,
May think of their side tailes great irke,
For when the weather beene most faire
The dust flees highest in the ayre,
And all their faces does begarie,
If they could speake they would them warie
To see I thinke a pleasant sight,
Of Italie the Ladies bright,
In their cleathing most triumphand
Aboue all other Christen land,
Yet when they trauell through the townes,
Men sees their feet beneath their gownes
Foure inch aboue their proper heeles,
Circulate about as round as wheeles,
Where through there does no powder rise,
Their faire white limbs to suppryse,
But I thinke most abusion.
To see men of Religion
To beare their tales through the street
That folkes may behold their feet,
I trow S. Barnard nor S. Blais
Could neuer man beare vp their claiis
Peter nor Paul, nor S. Androw,
Could neuer beare vp their tailes I trow,
But I laugh best to see a Nun
Could beare her taile aboue her bun,
For nothing else as I suppose,
But for to shew her lillie whits hose,
In all their rules they will not find
Who should beare vp their tailes behind

But

Bot I haue mo8 into deſpite,
Poore clagachs clod in rayloch quhite,
Which hes ſcarce two marks fo2 her fies,
Will haue two elles beneath her knees.
Kittock that cleged was yeſtrene,
The meyne will counterfute the Queene,
A mureland Meg that milks the yowes,
Clagged with clay aboue the howes:
In barne nor byre ſhe will not byde,
Except her kittie taile be ſide.
In Bozrows wantou burges wifes,
Who may haue ſideſt tailes ſtriues:
Well bo2doured with beluot fine,
Bot following them it is a pyne:
In ſommer quhen the ſtreets dryes,
They raiſe the duſt aboue the skyes,
None may go neare them at their eaſe,
Without they couer mouth and neaſe.
From the pouder to keip their eine,
Conſidder if their cloaues be cleane.
Betwene their cleauing and their knees,
Quha wald behald their ſweaty thees,
Begaried all with dirt and duſt,
It were enouch to ſtanch the luſt
Of any man that ſaw them naked,
I think ſic gigglots ar bot glaiked,
Without profite to haue ſic pryde,
Harling their clägged tailes ſide.
I wald theſe bozrwſtoun bairns had bzecks
To keep ſic miſt from Makins cheeks,
I dzead rouch Makin die fo2 dzouth,
When ſic dzy duſt blawes in her mouth,
I think moſt paine after ane raine,

To see them towked vp againe.
Then quhen they step out throch the streit
Their falding flaps about their feit:
That loathly lyning outward flyped,
That hes the muck and middings wyped
They waill mair clairly within few yeares
Nor wald cloath fiftie scoir of Freirs.
When Marion from the midding goes,
From her morne darge she strips the nose
And all the day quhereeuer she go,
Sic liquor she licks vp also:
The turcumes of her taill I trow,
Micht be a supper to a sow.
I knaw a man quhilk swair greit aithes
How he did lift a kittocks claithes,
And wald haue done, I wait not quhat,
Bot sone remeed of loue he gat:
He thocht na shame to make it writtin,
How her side taile was all beshitten.
Of filthy sic figure strak to his heart,
That he behoued to depart.
Said she, gude sir, me think ye rew,
Said he, your taill castis sic a stew,
That be S. Bryde I may not byde it,
Bot were not wile that wald not hyd it.

Of tailes I will na mair indite,
For dreid some dyddion me despite.
Nathwithstanding I will conclude,
That of side tailes can come na gude.
Syder nor may their hancleths hide,
The remanent proceeds of pride:
And pride proceedes of the deuill,
Thus alwayes they proceed of euill.

Ane

Ane vther fault, ſir may be ſene,
They hide their face all bot the ene:
When gentle men bids them gude day,
Without reuerence they ſlide away.
That nane may knaw I you aſſure,
Ane honeſt woman be ane hure.
Without their naiked face I ſee,
They get na ma gude dayes of mee.
Heiſe ane French Ladie quhen ye pleaſe,
She will diſcouer mouth and neaſe.
And with ane humble countenance,
With viſage bare make reuerence.
When our Ladies does ride in raine,
Should na man haue them at diſdaine.
Thocht they be couered mouth and neis,
In that caſe they will none diſpleaſe.
Nor quhen they ga to quyet places,
I them excuſe to hide their faces:
When they wald make collation,
With any luſtie Champion:
Thocht they be hid then from the ene,
Ye may conſidder quhat I meane.
Bot in the kirk and market places,
I think they ſould not hide their faces.
Without theſe faults be ſure amended,
My flyting, ſir, ſall neuer be ended.
Bot wald your Grace my counſell take,
Ane Proclamation you ſould make
Baith thoch the land and borrowſtouns
To ſhew their face, and cut their gounes.
Nane ſould from that exemed be,
Except the Queenes Maieſtie,
Becauſe this mater is not fare,

Of Rhetorick it may be bare.
nomen will say it is na bourds,
To write sic vyle and filthy words.
Bot wald they clense their filthie tailes,
Which ouer the myres & middings trails
Then sould my wryting clensed be,
No vther mends they get of me.
The suth sould not be halden clos.
Veritas non quærit angulos.
I know good wemen that bene wise,
This rurall ryme will not displyse.
None will me blame I you assure,
Except a wanton glorious hure.
Whose flyting I feare not a flee,
Farwell ye get na mair of mee.

Quod Lindesay in contempt of side tailes.
That Duddrons and Douneboures throgh the dubs trailes.

Kitties confession, compyled (as is beleeued) *by sir* Dauid Lindesay *of the Mont Knight, &c.*

The Curate and Kittie.

The Curate Kittie could confesse.
And she tauld on both meze and lesse
Quhen she was talking as she wist,
The Curate Kittie wald haue kist.
Bot yet a countenance he bure,
Digest, deuote, bane and demure.
And then began her to exame,
He was best at the after game.

Said

Said he, haue ye ony wrangous geir,
Said ſhe, I ſtall a peck of beir.
Said he, that ſould reſtored be,
Therefore deliuer it to me,
Tibbie and Peter bad me ſpeare,
By my conſcience they ſall it here.
Said he, liue you in Lecherie,
Said ſhe, Thom Leno mowed me.
Said he, his wife that ſall I tell,
To make my quaintance with her ſel.
Said he, know you no Treaſie,
I know not quhat that is, ſaid ſhe.
Said he heard you no Engliſh bukes,
Said ſhe, my maiſter on them lukes.
Said he, the Biſhop that ſall know,
For I am ſworne that for to ſhaw.
Said he, quhat ſaid he of the King,
Said ſhe, of gude he ſpake na thing.
Said he, his Grace of that ſall wit,
And he ſall loſe his life for it.
When ſhe in minde did mair reuolue,
Said he, I can not you abſolue,
Bot to my chamber come at euen,
Abſolued for to be and ſhriuen.
Said ſhe, I will paſs to ane vther,
Gif I meet with ſir Andrew my brother.
And he full cleanlie did me ſhriue,
Bot he was ſome quhat talkatiue
He asked many a ſtrange caſe.
How that my loue did me imbrace,
What day, how oft, what place & quhere,
Said he, I wald I had bene there.
He me abſolued for ane plack,

Thought

Thocht he with me na pitie walde make.
And meikle Latine he did mumle,
I heard na thing bot hummill bummill.
He shew me not of Gods word,
Quhilk sharper is nor any sword:
And deepe into our heart does pirle,
Our sin, quherethrough we do repent.
He put me nothing into feare,
Wherthrough I could my sinne forbeare.
He shew me not the malediction
Of God for sinne, nor the affliction:
And in this life the great mischief,
Ordained to punish hure and thief.
He shew me not the helles paine,
That I micht feare and vice refraine.
He counsailed me not to abstaine,
To lead ane holie life and cleane:
Of Christs blond nothing he knew,
Nor of his promises full trew.
That saues all that will beleue,
That Sathan sall vs neuer greeue.
He teached me not for to traist,
The comfort of the halie Gaist.
He bade me not to Christ be kinde,
To keepe his law with heart and minde.
And lone and thanke his great mercy,
From sinne and hell that saued me,
And loue my neichbour as my sell,
Of this na thing he could me tell.
Bot gaue me pennance euery day,
Ane Ave Marie for to say.
And Frydayes giue na flesh to eate,
Bot butter and egges is better meate.

And

And with a plack to buy a Wesle,
From drunken sir Iohn Latinesse.
Said he, a plack I will cause send,
Giue thee againe at hand band.
Then into pilgrimage to pas,
The very way to wantonnes.
Of all his pennance I was glade,
I had them all perquere I said.
To mow and steill I know the pype,
I call it set on cinque and syes.
Bot he my counsell could not keepe,
He made him be the fire to sleepe.
Then cried collers, beik and coales,
Hoes and shoes with double soles:
Caiks and candle, creish and salt,
Kurnes of meale, and luffulles of malt.
Wollen and linning, warp and woft,
Dame keepe the keyes of your woll loft,
Throch drink and sleep made him to raue,
And sa with vs they play the knaue.
Freirs sweares be their profession,
Nane can be saif but this confession.
And makes all men vnderstand,
That it is Gods awin command.
Bot it is nathing bot mans dreame,
The people to confound and shame.
It is nocht else bot mens law,
Made mens mindes for to knaw.
Wherethroch they syle them as they will,
And makes their lawes conforme theretil
Sitting in mens conscience,
Aboue Gods magnificence.
And does the people teach and tyste

To

To ſerue the Pape and Antichriſt.
To the great God Omnipotent,
Confeſſe thy ſinne and thee repent:
And truſt in Chriſt, as wrytes Paul,
Quhilk ſhed his blude to ſaue thy ſaull.
For none can thee abſolue but hee,
Nor take away thy ſinne from thee.
Gif of gude counſell thou hes need.
Or hes not learned well thy Creed:
Or wicked vyces raigne in thee,
The quhilk thou can not mortifie:
Or be in diſperation,
And wald haue conſolation:
Then to a Preacher trne thou pas,
And ſhew thy ſinne and thy treſpas:
Thou needs not to ſhew him all,
Nor tell thy ſinne both great and ſmall.
Quhilk is impoſſible to bee,
Bot ſhew the vice that troubles thee.
And he ſall of thy ſoule haue ruth,
And thee inſtruct into the truth.
And with the word of veritie,
Sall comfort and ſall counſell thee.
The Sacraments ſhew thee at lenth,
Thy little fauth to ſtrong and ſtrenth,
And how thou ſould them richtly vſe,
And all hypocriſie refuſe.
Confeſſion firſt was ordained free,
In this ſort in the Kirk to bee,
Sa to confeſſe, as I diſcriue,
Was in the gude Kirk Primitiue.
Sa was Confeſſion ordained firſt,
Thocht Codzous Lyt ſould cleime ȝ birſt.

The

THE JVSTING BETWEENE *James Watson* and *John Barber* Seruitors to King JAMES the fifth.

Compyled by sir David Lindesay of the Mont, Knight, alias Lyon King of Armes.

IN Saint Iudroes on Whitson Monday,
Two Campions their manhood to assay:
Past to the Barrace enarmed head and hands
Was neuer seene such Justing in no-lands,
In presence of the Kings Grace and Queene:
Where many a lusty Lady might be seene
Many a Knight, Barron and Baurent,
Came for to see that awfull Tornament.
The one of them was gentle James Watson,
And John Barber that gentle Champion
Unto the King they were familiars,
And of his chamber both cubiculars.
James was a man of great intelligence
A Medicine full of experience,
And John Barber he was a noble Leech
Crooked carlings he wold cause thē get speech.
When once they entred were into the field
Full womanly they wielded speare and shield
And wightly waued in the wind their heeles,
Rolling like Cadgers riding on their creeles

But

But eyther ran at other with such hast.
That they could neuer their speare get in the rast
Whē gentle James trowed best wᵗ John to meet
His speare did fall among his horses feet,
I am right sure good James had beene vndone
Were not that John his marks tooke byᵗ moon
Said John albeit tʸ thinkst my legs like rocks
My spear is good, now keep thee frō my knocks
Tarry a while said James, for by my thrift,
The fiend a thing I can see but the lift
No more can I said John by Gods head,
I see nothing except the Steeple head,
Yet though my brans be like two barrowᵗ trams
Defend thee man, then ran they to like Rams
At that rude rink James had bin stricken down
Were not that John for fearcenes fell in swone,
And right so James to John had don great dear
Were not among his horse feet brake his speare,
Said James to John, yet for our Ladies sakes
Let vs together strike three market strakes:
I hold said John that shall on thee be wrocken:
But ere he spured his horse, his spear was broke
Frō time wᵗ spears none can their marrow meet
James drew a sword with a right awfull spirit
And ran to John to haue raught him a rout
J. sword was rousted, & would no way come out.
Then James let drive at John wᵗ both his fistes,
He mist the man, and dang vpon the lists
And withᵗ stroke he trowed tʰ John was slaine
His sword stacke fast, and got it neuer againe
Wᵗ this good John had gotten out his sword
And ran to James with many a wfull word
Wʸ furiousnes forgeth no wᵗ hale thou find,

Stri-

Striking at Iames his ſword flew in the wind
Then gentle Iames begã to crack great words,
Alas ſaid he, this day for lacke of ſwords
Then either ran at other with new races
With gloues of plate they beat at others faces,
No bo wan the field no creature could name
Till at the laſt, Iohn cryed ved for ſhame
Vered (ſaid Iames,) for that is my deſire
It is an houre ſince I began to tyre
So be they had ended that royall rinke,
Into the field might no man ſtand for ſtinke
Then euery man that ſtood on far cryed fie:
Saying adue, for durt parts company.
Their horſe, harnes, and all geare was ſo good,
Louing to God that day was ſhed no bloud.

FINIS.

Quod Lyndeſay, at commaund of
King Iames the fift.

THE IMPERIAL HEAVEN
THE FIRST MOVEABLE
CRISTALINE HEAVEN
THE PRIMUM MOBILE
THE EMPYREAL HEAVEN
THE SEAT OF GOD
AND OF ALL HIS ELECTE